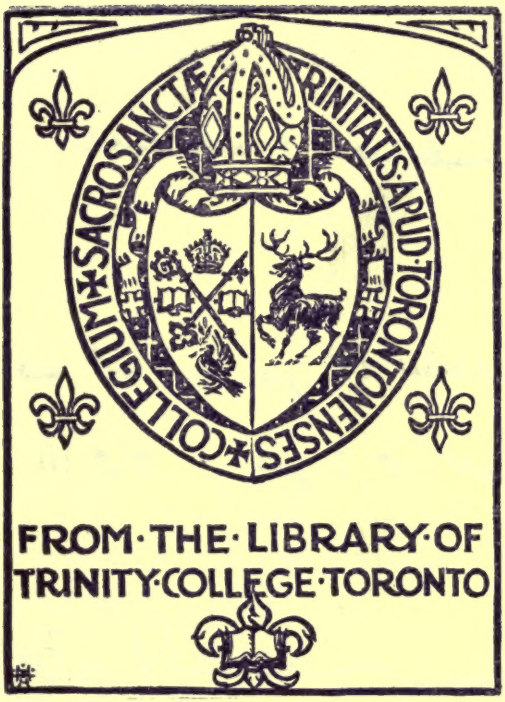
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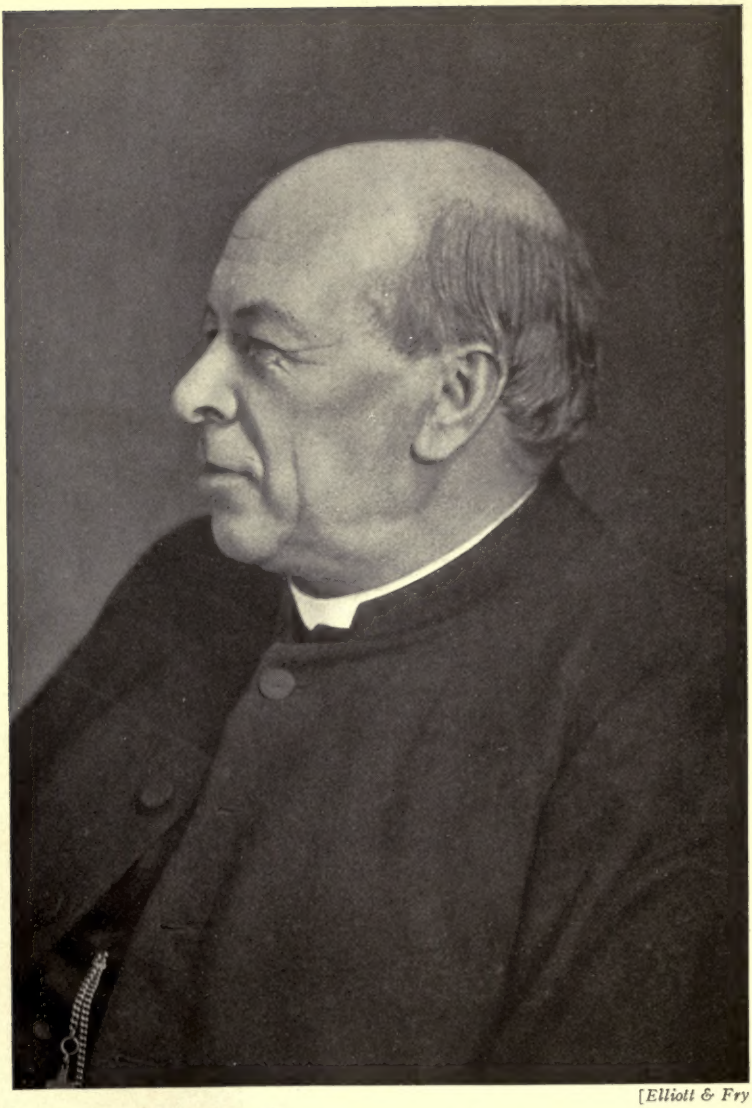
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HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND

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[*Elliott & Fry*

Yours truly
W. Ward

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND

HON. D.D. ABERDEEN: HON. D.LITT. OXFORD
REGIUS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY IN OXFORD
CANON OF ST. PAUL'S

MEMOIR AND LETTERS

EDITED BY

STEPHEN PAGET

"The central fact of Christianity is not the Divinity of a man, but the Humanity of a God; not life out of life, so much as life out of death." (1870.)

"We are what our brothers are. We and they stand and fall together. If they are contemptible, so are we. If we are struggling after higher things, so are they. If we see visions, so do they. One fate; one flesh and blood; one story; one strife; one glory—this is the underlying secret of humanity." (1897.)

"Very good it is to have been alive: very dear is the Earth which has been so kind a home." (1915.)

P. 292.

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY
1921

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TO

SPENCER AND ALICE HOLLAND

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JAN 2 1 1985

PREFACE

So many of Scott Holland's friends have helped me, that it is impossible for me to thank each of them here. Mrs. Ady, whose friendship with him goes back to 1870, was to have written this book: she and her daughter collected and arranged some of the materials for it: a long illness interrupted the work, and it was entrusted to me.

I have given a full account of his early life, especially of the years between 1868 and 1874. I hope that I have not done wrong to make free use of R. L. Nettleship's letters. They do not represent all that was in him: they belong to a time when differences of belief were taken gravely, as a tragedy, which now are taken lightly, as a comedy. Men who only knew him as a teacher of pure philosophy in Oxford will wonder at them, and perhaps will feel that they were too intimate for publication. But I could not get away from them, nor could I give without them a clear picture of Holland at Balliol. Besides, I doubt whether the present statements of differences of belief are so well worth studying as the interchange of thoughts, half a century ago, between T. H. Green, Nettleship, and Holland.

In his letters, Holland was rather prodigal of little affectionate phrases, and of capitals—I find him, for instance, writing "of Course"—and of words underlined. I have not always copied these: and I have not always marked the omission of sentences in letters from or to him.

He was fond of keeping letters ; and his friends treasured his letters to them. It has been a fine experience, to trace through a thousand or more letters the chief events of his life, and to watch the development of his gifts. I was not in the nearer circle of his friends and disciples. Many of them have written of him, with admirable knowledge and insight : it is open to everybody, to see what they say of him : and this memoir is hardly more than a record of episodes and a collection of letters. He lived in the lives of his friends, and of his legions of hearers and readers, delighting and inspiring them : he was like sunshine filling a room and bringing out every spark of colour latent in it. I could not describe the look of his face, the brightness of his wit, and the magic that he exercised over non-productive talk, as a conjurer gets flowers out of an empty hat. Nor could I appraise his theological and political teaching. Least of all could I describe him in his prayers and retreats and communions : yet in them—above all, in his communions, from the day of his confirmation at Eton to the day of his death in Oxford—is the key to him as he showed himself to the men and women of his time.

Still, this memoir may be welcome to his friends now, as a frame in which they can put their thoughts of him ; and to some of his contemporaries who misjudged him, and believed this or that against him. And it may serve another purpose, many years hence. For I am inclined to believe that he will then be studied with new attention. The urgency of national and international anxieties makes us forget him : but the time will come, perhaps, for him to be discovered. When it comes, his philosophy and religion, his interpretation of St. John, his defence of " the supernatural setting of the Faith," his Christian Socialism, his politics, his criticism of men and books, and the whole range of his influences, will be diligently investigated. There

will be one or more Holland Societies. The members of them, who were not yet born when he died, will read papers on him: they will look him up in the catalogue of the British Museum Library, and in that quiet atmosphere will seek to reconstruct him as a historical figure.

A great body of literature is already waiting there for them. His own books, to begin with, and his introductions to the books of others: for he was godfather to a multitude of children and a multitude of books. All the continuous output of his journalism, from 1894 to 1918, in Goodwill and Commonwealth. His letters to Mrs. Drew, in Some Hawarden Letters (1917) and A Forty Years' Friendship (1919). The full and authoritative statement of his doctrine, in Canon Richmond's book, The Philosophy of Faith and the Fourth Gospel. The collections of his sermons and articles, by Mr. Cheshire. Last but not least, the series of articles, by friends who knew him well, published in Commonwealth just after his death, and republished in book-form under the title, Henry Scott Holland: Some Appreciations. And many notices of him in the newspapers and magazines of 1918. One of the best of these notices was written by Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, in the Nation:—

. . . The attachment of titles and honours and positions to this man creates in itself a sense of absurdity. He was so conspicuously himself, alone; so conspicuously not the Oxford don and the popular preacher and the Doctor of Divinity instructing the would-be ordinand in the narrow ways he should go. All who knew him and loved him will think of him quite otherwise. The remembrance is of a flaming vitality, so alive as to give to most of those around him an air of intellectual torpor. It was as a sword, a flame, a challenge—always the simile of battle—that Scott Holland appeared in his lifetime: whether in the humour and brilliance of intellectual debate, in which he could hold his own against all men; or in his proclamation of faith in the ideal, defiantly overwhelming with ridicule and

mystical appeal the little sordid aims of the generation in which he lived.

. . . In the days when the Christian Social Union was almost alone in proclaiming the injustice of present society, he would address vast audiences in the North—at St. George's Hall at Bradford, or the Coliseum at Leeds, or the great railway sheds at Derby. The common people there heard him gladly, and were swept off their feet by the fire of his eloquence: so that many who attended those meetings are still certain that none of the later popular orators—for this was a time before interest in poverty was the easiest way to power—ever so moved an audience or maintained an argument so convincing in the reasonableness and conviction of its appeal.

. . . It was as a prophet, that he preached: testifying, in the heart of the capital of Empire, amidst its splendours and squalors, against its amazing materialism. Many of his published sermons strike the same passionate note as those of the Hebrew prophets towards older civilizations, equally self-satisfied, equally insecure. The "burden" of Tyre or Nineveh was interpreted by him as the burden of London.

. . . His greatest preaching was in the work of Christian Apology. He was passionately of his age. He had no use for those who turned their back upon its problems or stood aloof from its difficulties. He faced life as he found it, surging all around him. . . . Above all, he was moved to anger by cruelty and oppressions. He would have no toleration for a passive virtue. He set up the standard of the poor and called men to their redemption as to a crusade.

All the many books and articles about him, and this memoir among them, will be useful to future students of him. But no amount of reading will give them all that he was: and they will obtain only a faint and wavering image of the man whom we knew.

Memorials to him have been placed in St. Paul's, and in Oxford Cathedral. That in Oxford says of him, Invisibilem tanquam videns Deum, Regnum Ejus cœleste fide inconcussâ, spe vividâ, caritate hilari, nunquam non in terrâ præstruebat.

[As beholding God Invisible, he was unceasingly founding on earth His Heavenly Kingdom, in unshaken faith, vivid hope, joyous love.] The Holland Memorial Fund, instituted in 1918, has been well supported, and well applied; but it still needs contributions. It is for three purposes: (1) To meet the initial expense of bringing-out his unpublished writings; (2) To assist in the maintenance of the Maurice Hostel at Hoxton; (3) To found a Holland Lecture, on the theology of the Incarnation in its bearing on the social and economic life of man. *

Looking over the proofs of this memoir, I fear that some of the dates and references may be wrong. He was not methodical in the dating of his letters: and I have been hindered by illness from verifying some of the references. But I hope that I have, at least, kept myself out of the light of his life and his work. Not long ago, I said to a man whom I greatly honour, "My difficulty is, that I can't be sure whether Holland, with his Christian Socialism, was really bringing the Kingdom of God nearer to earth, or was only sowing the wind and we are reaping the whirlwind." And he said, "Perhaps, after all, there's not much difference between the two things." Holland seemed to live again in that answer, with his love of "paradoxes."

It was easy for men to distrust him in politics. With his "flaming vitality," he could not always display the patience of Job. He could not stop to weigh-out his mind, word by word, across the political counter. Here and there in Commonwealth, his invective writing is impaired by extravagance or prejudice. Yet, for one over-statement, there are many grave and prophetic judgments, carefully thought-out and magnificently worded. Again, he was too ready with his approval of certain exponents of the causes

* Contributions may be marked for any one of the purposes and may be sent to S. L. Holland, Crossways, Berkhamsted.

which he was upholding. Yet, behind this off-hand approval, his resolute will to judge for himself was alert and waiting for action. Again, it was easy for some of "the respectables" to say that they found him elusive, or fantastical, or bewildering; that he cared more for pleasant visions than for hard facts. Yet, under the play of colours on the surface of his life, there was a depth of reserve, hardness, and unfailing recognition of things as they are.

The later years in Oxford are a sort of epilogue to his life. He did not live to see the end of the War; but his death was not ill-timed for him: it prevented him from seeing the disappointments and miseries of the past two years. But he would have held his own against them, *fide inconcussâ, spe vividâ, caritate hilari;* and would have inspired many of us to be of one mind with him.

December, 1920.

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PART I

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND

I

FROM 1847 TO 1867

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND was a son of George Henry Holland, and a grandson of Swinton Colthurst Holland, of the firm of Strickland and Holland, merchants and agents. Swinton Holland, in 1806, was representing his firm in Trieste during the French occupation; and was detained there by order of Massena. His elder son, Edward Colthurst Holland, was born at that time: "born under a French Government," Swinton Holland writes, "yet I could scarcely wish for his existence, could I suppose he would adopt either their manners or their principles." On his return to England, Swinton Holland lived at the Priory, Roehampton. Later, he became a partner in Baring's. In 1822, he bought Lord Somers's estate, Dumbleton, near Evesham, and built the present Hall.

His son Edward, who inherited Dumbleton, was a well-known agriculturist, one of the founders of the Agricultural College at Cirencester. He was Member for Evesham Borough from 1855 to 1868.

The younger son, George Henry Holland, inherited sufficient means to make him independent of any business or profession. He was fond of travelling: he visited Spain, Greece, Turkey, not without risks and adventures. At home, he was fond of hunting, and of driving a four in hand. He married Charlotte Dorothea, eldest daughter of the first

Lord Gifford; who, as Sir Robert Gifford, Attorney-General, conducted two famous cases, the one against the Cato Street conspirators, the other against Queen Caroline; was raised to the Bench as Baron Gifford of St. Leonard, Devon; was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords, and Master of the Rolls. He and Swinton Holland were neighbours at Roehampton. After Lord Gifford's death, Lady Gifford and her family lived near Edinburgh for some years, and then at Woodchester, near Stroud: and George Holland and Miss Gifford first met in 1842, when he was hunting with her brother in Gloucestershire.

They were married in 1844. Their first child, Anne Harriet Lillian, was born in 1845, at Gayton House, near Ross. Henry Scott was born on January 27, 1847, at Underdown, Ledbury; he was baptised in Ledbury parish church; and was named Henry after his father, and Scott after his uncle Scott Gifford, who was named after John Scott, Lord Eldon, King George the Third's Chancellor. Arthur Gambier was born in 1848; Lawrence Gifford in 1850; Amy Charlotte in 1853; and Spencer Langton in 1855.

Episodes of Scott Holland's childhood are noted in his mother's diaries:—

1847. He is the best baby possible, never cries at washing, dressing, or anything but hunger, always smiling, laughing, or sleeping . . . an excellent travelling baby, never crying or fidgeting, but smiles or sleeps away his happy little life.

1848. Scotty is very merry and funny and most independent, walking by himself and delighted to escape outside and run down the row opening all the garden gates: he is quite in extacies when he sees horses, and imitates the soldiers marching.

1849. Scotty is very sociable with every one, and a great favourite with all from his bright and engaging ways: full of spirits and fun, and the best, most obedient, and

sweetest child possible. I have begun his prayers regularly now, and he always says his grace very solemnly.

In 1850, she records "a few battles of obstinacy with Scotty"; and a visit to the Zoological Gardens: "he was greatly excited there: always, when any stranger spoke to him, immediately inquired, Have you seen the hippo-ippo-popamus?" In 1851, a little hymn that he wrote; and a little poem—

The Lion is a noble beast,
It roams about the land,
And eats up all the other beasts
That in its reach do stand.

In 1851 Mr. and Mrs. Holland went to Rome for the winter; and took with them—it is a good instance of the tenacity of home life seventy years ago—Lilly, Scott, Arthur, Lawrence, and two nurses. The children had need to be "good travelling babies": for the family drove from Dijon to Geneva, over the Jura; into Italy over the Simplon; were in Rome till April, 1852; and came back by Florence, Venice, Innsbruck, Salzburg, Vienna, and Prague.

From Mrs. Holland's diaries

(*The Simplon.*) The children all enjoyed this journey very much: they were very curious to "get into the clouds" hanging over the mountains, and were delighted with the torrents, and rather alarmed at the bad roads; Scotty exclaiming, "Oh what horrible roads that Napoleon did make with his three thousand soldiers." . . . It has particularly struck me, in driving the journey, his readiness to give up anything to please others, never thinking of himself, tho' with his merry spirits and perpetual movements the confinement of the carriage might have been so trying to him for so many hours together, but he was always good-humoured.

(*In Rome.*) "What a very unkind Pope this is," said Scotty, walking down the Via Babuino with me one day.

"Why, Scotty?" "Because he will not let the ladies wear their pretty pink bonnets when they go to see him, but makes them put on black gowns. If I was them, I would not go and see such an unkind Pope, unless I might wear what I like: and if I was the Pope, I should like the ladies to look pretty." He likes trying to talk Italian, and calls to our Donna, "Viene qui subito," and announces "Pranzo e pronti," and I often hear him exclaiming, "O molto bello," "Cosi cosi," and "Come si chiame cosi?" He would go and speak to the French soldiers on the Pincian Hill, and talk to any one he fancied. Once, on the railroad, we stopped to change trains, and he with his usual independence strolled away by himself, and when we were just starting off we saw the little figure strutting composedly back, with his cane, and hat on one side; and we said, "Scotty, you were nearly left behind. What should you have done if the train had gone on without you?" "Oh, I should have gone to the guard and said Donnez-moi place."

In 1852, at five years old, he was beginning to ask questions about his religion. "If Jesus Christ died in obedience to God's wish for our sake, why did he pray God not to let him die?" And again, "How could Jesus die to save us from sin, when we are so often sinning? I cannot understand that."

From Mrs. Holland's diaries

1852. He feels so much if I read a pathetic story to him: poor little fellow, with all his spirit, his tenderness will I fear cause him many a sad hour in schoolboy life. I often wish he was a girl, and had not to face the world's hardness.

1853. He is very fond of young ladies, and one evening at a party in Lowndes Street he looked very hard at Miss Alderson, and said, "That's a nice girl, and she looks old enough—why is she not married?" He calls all the young ladies he likes, his wives; and he charmed Mrs. Marsh by his fondness for Lilly and saying, "I have nine wives, but this is the most precious of all," and flung his arms round

her. He is very fond of learning the piano, and at all moments is practising " Jenny Jones " and his exercises. He gets on very well with everything that he learns: is very fond of his lessons and ready to go to them. . . . Scotty is very fond of poetry, and likes me to read to him any ballads or histrionic poem, " Chevy Chase," " Hohenlinden," and " Battle of Blenheim," and he learns them very quickly from my reading them, and his face glows with delight as I read these ballads. . . . I never saw such natural and real feeling for holy things in a child. . . . Arthur is very methodical, and keeps his toys and things safely: a contrast to Scotty, who has " no head," and leaves and loses his books and things dreadfully, and cannot remember where he puts anything.

Even his father's diaries, through the six years, find fault with him on two occasions only, and no more. In 1851, he was " very naughty and disobedient " for some days: " It is the age when boys are apt to ' fly out ' : he is much improved since he came to London, which I attribute to his being again under parental control." In 1853, he was in some disgrace: " I begged his mother not to let him go to Church, as a punishment. He is a thoughtless boy: I fear that the punishment and the admonition and all will soon be forgotten: such is childhood, and forgetfulness one of its enjoyments, in which fact I entirely agree." A later note is more favourable: " Scotty is a dear little thoughtless fellow, but manageable and affectionate, full of life and a charming keen spirit."

In 1854, the Hollands moved to Wellesbourne Hall, in Warwickshire: it was their home for six years. In his earliest letters, 1854–55, Scott writes of learning to ride, of cutting his name on a tree, and of playing at the Crimean War: with a touch of chaff here:—

I have made a falling pit by the trench, to prevent the Russians getting in. The trenches are getting on very well. We found some coal yesterday: if we find a coal

mine, it will save the carts coming from Warwick and Stratford. We have made four cannon holes, and now have only to send to Birmingham for the cannons.

In February, 1856, he went to Mr. Bedford's school, Allesley, near Coventry. He writes home, after a fortnight there, "I get on very well in school with my lessons, and with the boys. I like school still very much, and am very happy." He had plenty of lessons, nearly eight hours a day: but he seems to have enjoyed the life thoroughly, both work and play. In the holidays, he used to visit his cousins at Dumbleton, or his cousins at Boughton House, near Worcester, the home of his aunt Mrs. Isaac. He writes to his mother from Allesley, May 31, 1857, of Lady Gifford's death, "I was very sorry to hear of dear Grandmama's death, though it is sure to be for the best. I was glad to hear that Uncle Scott was in time to see dear Grandmama, who is now perhaps interceding with God for us, and much happier than any one on earth, and even a better Christian than my own sweet Mama." When he left Allesley, in December, 1859, Mr. Bedford wrote to Mr. Holland, "I parted with Scotty with many regrets, as I loved him very much indeed for his own sake, and I can certainly never expect to have so satisfactory a pupil again: for in all my experience and recollection of my own school days, I never saw so quick and willing a little fellow. Great talents and love of learning are so often clouded by some moroseness, but he was always amiable and respectful. I sincerely trust that I treated him wisely, as I was most anxious not to spoil him or over-indulge him, tho' I could scarcely disguise my real fondness for him."

He went to Eton in January, 1860, when he was just thirteen. His people were in Rome for the winter: he was taken to Eton by his cousin, Thurstan Holland. He boarded

at Miss Gulliver's, one of the smaller houses. As a new boy, he was put in the Lower Fourth Form: after a few weeks, he was put in the Upper Fourth: "so I shall be in Fifth Form and out of fagging in a little more than a year."

To his Father

Jan. 25, 1860.—I like Eton very much already, though it is a great bother answering the usual questions, "What's your name? Where do you board? Who is your tutor?" My room is rather small, though it is very warm and comfortable: I shall get a bigger at Easter, but the house is very full now. I like Mr. Johnson very much, though he is rather bearish: and I think I am getting on pretty well with him in lessons. I have got a picture of a Highland sporting poney, and a clock which I find very useful, but I miss a watch rather. There is always a fellow appointed to take care of a new fellow and to tell him what to do, etc., and I have got a very nice fellow called Sutherland. I am to be fag to the captain, so I shall get on very well.

His tutor, William Johnson,* the author of "Ionica," was "a man of genius, and has written poetry which one can hardly think will ever cease to be reckoned among the treasures of English literature. As a scholar he was quite first-rate, but he was very far from being only a scholar. He was deeply read in history ancient and modern. He knew all that there was to know about political economy.

* See "Extracts from the Letters and Journals of William Cory": selected and arranged by Francis Warre Cornish. Oxford. Printed for the subscribers, 1897. He was born Jan. 9, 1823: son of William Charles Johnson and Mary Theresa Johnson, daughter of Peter Wellington Furse, and sister of Charles Furse, Archdeacon of Westminster. William Johnson was King's Scholar at Eton, 1832: Newcastle Scholar, 1841: Scholar of King's College, Cambridge, 1842: Chancellor's Medallist for English Poem, 1843: Craven Scholar, 1844: Fellow of King's College, 1845. Appointed Assistant Master at Eton, Sept., 1845. Left Eton, Easter, 1872. Took the name of Cory, Oct., 1872. Married, 1878. Lived in Madeira, 1878–1882. Returned to England and settled at Hampstead, Sept., 1882. Died June 11, 1892.

And in his views on education and the training of the mind he was far in advance of those who were his colleagues at Eton. He was a most inspiring teacher, and there are many who look upon his intellectual influence as the most powerful force in their lives at school. Withal he had some of the eccentricities which so often accompany genius, and he probably found the task of drilling dunces a very tedious one. He was full of wit and wisdom." ("Eton Sixty Years Ago," by A. C. Ainger. 1917.) He delighted in music, and in criticism. He was impatient of all talking-down to boys: as he writes to Holland in June, 1868, "We had a clerical rough here yesterday, preaching to the boys about 'coming forward,' 'carrying weight,' and similar athletic slang." *

Among Holland's friends at Eton were W. H. Ady, Alberic E. Bertie, C. E. Buckland, Dalmeny (Lord Rosebery), S. J. Fremantle, G. W. Kennion (now Bishop of Bath and Wells), A. G. Legard, Philip E. Lee, (Lord) Northcote, (Sir) Hubert Parry, Everard Primrose, and F. G. L. Wood, son of the first Lord Halifax. Some of them—Dalmeny, Fremantle, Northcote, Primrose, and Wood—were in Johnson's pupil-room with him. For nicknames, Ady was Gruff: Fremantle was Bird: Holland was Monkey or Link: Wood was Mouse.

* Thirty-three years after Eton, in July, 1897, Holland wrote of him, "The old tutor who was our genius and our inspiration has been brought back by the printing of his letters and journal, just out this week; with touching pathetic memories, and delicate flashes of insight, and lovely allusions, all flocking back upon our hearts out of the records. He was a poet, and a lover, and a man of genius, all three." Later still, in *Commonwealth*, Oct., 1909, he wrote of him, "He was a Whig, a tough resolute Whig. And his Whiggery, coupled with the delicate and sensitive fastidiousness of the scholar-poet, held him back from democracy. He shrank from its crude colours. He could not tolerate the wild plunge of Mr. Gladstone into the welter of popular forces. He recoiled from Home Rule. He clung to high memories of the days when the wit and wisdom of the elect won and held the leadership of the people by right of its excellent quality."



[*Hills & Saunders*

WILLIAM JOHNSON



C. Voss Bark, Clifton

THOMAS HILL GREEN

1871

To his Mother

Nov. 30, 1860.—I have been thinking about my confirmation a great deal lately. I have read the Bible nearly every night this half, sometimes two or three chapters, and I have got to know and like the Epistles much more; but still I have no strength of mind to keep my resolutions. I am so wretchedly weak. I have not laughed, when fellows have spoken about what we talked about, and have tried not to say anything myself; but I have no strength to speak out or stop it all, though there is very little of it now in my Dame's; I do not think I have any influence for good, and I sacrifice every day nearly to my old idol, popularity. I am so careless, and keep saying things by accident which I am very sorry for afterwards. I pray nearly every night for strength and decision, but I do not think I improve at all. One thing God and you, his agent on earth, have given me, and that is, in all my little troubles I naturally begin to pray to God in everything. I often think of my first Communion, and how I shall be prepared for it, and whether I shall mind laughter, etc., as I do now. Oh, how I wish I could stop the thoughts that will come. I have much fewer temptations in that way now.

It is bewildering, to find that his father, in June, 1861, asked Baring's to take Scott into their office. Happily, there was no immediate chance of a vacancy. This year, the family moved to Gayton Lodge, Wimbledon. Next year, he was in the Middle Fifth at Eton; with Bertie, Buckland, Dalmeny, Eldon, Edward Hamilton, Kennion, Mowbray Morris, Northcote, and Wood. In the Christmas holidays, his tutor writes to him :—

Dec. 15, 1862.—Two hours a day given to the history would make you not merely fit for Trials but stored for life with valuable knowledge. A man who knows one important period of history well has for life an historical perception which saves him from all kinds of error and delusion. You

should read this Reformation period in more than one book. Do not look at Froude: he lies monstrously: no one has falsified history more scandalously. Hume is good in the Tudor period: it is the best part of his book: but any history of England is better than Froude. I prefer the Pictorial: but it is hard to get hold of, and very long. Now, as you are not good at composition, you must try to be first-rate in the history papers. You will know the lessons well enough, and I suppose your mathematics are sufficient for Trials, though probably a year behind where they would be if you were at Rugby. (At Rugby you would be thought a very good composer.)

In May, 1863, his father notes in his diary, "During this month Scotty's tutor at Eton wrote to say that he was not progressing favourably, and advising me to decide on his future career. I am willing enough to do so, did I know that the boy had any particular turn of mind for any profession, but alas! it is not so." But there was no thought now of putting him into business: the talk was of getting a junior appointment for him in the Foreign Office, under his uncle Scott Gifford: and the choice lay between the Foreign Office, and Cambridge or Oxford.

To his Father

Eton, June, 1863.—Please do not put yourself to any inconvenience in the way of income for the sake of sending me to a University: I am sure you have done enough for me at Eton in that way, and I do so hate the feeling that you are stinting yourself at all for my sake. I wish I had repaid half you have done for me at Eton; I am such a weak sort of fellow; I always want some definite thing to work for, like Trials, in order to work properly, some stimulant, like a donkey with a bunch of carrots before its nose to make it go on; I find it so hard to go on working in a regular round of verses, themes, etc., every week: and this perpetual plodding seems to be what I should

get in the law or the F.O., so I suppose this would be the chief thing to work against, here and at college, if I go there. My tutor has got in his head that I am a great swell at mathematics because I take pretty high in Trials at this; but really I get all the marks by Euclid, which I can do, but very few by algebra, which I cannot do, and abominate. This idea rather biasses him towards Cambridge, I think. If Cambridge is my destination, I must set to work at once at mathematics; if Oxford, then continue classics, which I myself greatly prefer, though my tutor must decide whether I shall ever get a scholarship in them. Once at College, and I am ready for any profession almost; scarcity of money would, I cannot help feeling, be a great stimulant, from my desire-of-popularity feeling, to getting the £50 scholarship, though I really feel the most intense happiness at getting praise from you. I have never felt such delight as writing to tell you I had taken second in Trials: and there was no gain to me there. I am afraid the Church, which my tutor advised, would never do for me, or rather I should never do for it, with my lightheadedness.

He left Eton at the end of the summer term, 1864. It is a great pity that he did not stay for one year more. He was in the Upper Division of Fifth Form. On the river, he had steered the *Dreadnought* in 1863, and the *Victory* in 1864: and had won a sculling-race.* He had been fairly good at cricket, and in football had been in the house-eleven that won the challenge cup in 1863.

* In 1871, he writes from Oxford to his brother Spencer at Eton who was steering one of the eights: "Such a jolly life, with the eight swinging along bounding under you, and you feel it lift out of the water, and the stream rushes by and the water curdles with that most delicious of all noises under the bending oars, and oh! how the bank flies by you as you tear along in the stream that catches you coming out of dear old Boveney Locks, sneaking along close to the shore which dances with all its daisies and dandelions as you whirl away to the Hopes. Then too the long sweet hours at Monkey, twining the dog-roses in your hat: and 4th of June with all the glory of white ducks and gigantic bouquets, and the wild spin in the dark night down the black-gliding waters through the misty shadowy banks whirling along, till you come with a rush into the roar and blaze and yelling crowd and phizzing fire and pealing bells and flashing lights of the Brocas. Ah, how lovely it all is."

Two of his friends have written of him at this time of his life :—

1. (*From Mr. C. E. Buckland, C.I.E.*) He had among us the reputation of being more studious and better versed in general literature than the ordinary boy. To the best of my recollection, he was still in jackets when he left : he had not developed sufficiently to attain the position and distinction which he would surely have acquired in another year. As a boy, he was always popular, without any effort : a delightful companion, abounding in health and spirits, genial and lively, good-tempered and amusing, with a great sense of humour ; he made warm friends, and incurred no dislikes. It was evident that he was, also, serious and devout, the result of home teaching and influence.

2. (*From the Rev. the Hon. Alberic Bertie.*) He gave me a friendship that I have dearly valued and he never forgot. He had the art of taking the best out of the thing he touched, whether it was a play or a sermon, a concert or an anthem, a game or even a punishment. His tutor, instead of giving him the usual lines for some trivial offence, ordered him to bring an epigram : the epigram was a great success : Johnson was much pleased with his pupil, and congratulated him warmly : Scott was proud and happy. He was a lightly built, friendly, good-humoured boy, and not devoid of "cheek." There was a boy at my Dame's (Gulliver's), a "fetish" several years older than us, and a swell in the Boats. We ventured to chaff him about his cricket, and were rather taken aback when he said "I could beat you two brats together." We were bound to accept the challenge. I remember well the energy with which Scott played, racing after the ball on that hot summer morning as if he really enjoyed H. P. Senhouse's hard hits.

Sundays were great days for walks ; also for talks, in which he passed swiftly from fun to seriousness. Only a few have not vanished in the mist—conversations about the services at St. Barnabas, Pimlico, by which he was much attracted : the cumulative effects of little efforts : the relative difficulties of no beginning and no end, in our conception of eternity : the puzzle of destiny and free-will.



Hills & Saunders

ETON

1863

They were in our minds then. They are not out of my mind yet.

Long after Eton, his friend Kennion wrote to him: "Let me tell you, old fellow, what my beastly reserve almost forbids my letting out, that I owe more of the happiness which I have now, and I trust for ever, to your quiet influence at Eton, than to anything else I know of upon earth." *

In his tutor's journal, there is a description of the leave-taking at the end of the term—

July 28, 1864.—This morning I gave a lecture on the examination papers, and told the boys how they had done. By 10 a.m., all school-work was over. At breakfast we had Charles Wood's eager proposal that I should go at once to Hickleton. It was a great help towards breaking the fall. But there was nothing to comfort me in parting with Holland; and he was the picture of tenderness. He and others stayed a good time, talking in the ordinary easy way—no confessional—and one by one they shook hands; first N. Lyttelton, veiling his grief at leaving school in his quaint hard Stoic manner, shaking hands with ——: they used to hate each other, but have been great friends this summer. Then R. Hussey spent some time with me, copying out two of his honoured exercises into my book while I did business. M. Lewis came, and his shyness did not prevent my saying what I wished to say to him.

* In *Commonwealth*, March, 1908, more than forty years after Eton, there is a reference to his school life: it comes in a criticism of "undenominational" teaching: "For myself, looking back to Eton days, I am quite certain, out of the experiences of my life, that the only stable religious result that I carried away with me from school came entirely from what I should call the denominational side. The shadowy teaching of the sermons ran off me, like water off a duck's back: but my confirmation, illuminated by the magic power of Samuel Wilberforce, left a deep and life-long impression on my soul. From the beautiful music sung by the St. George's choir, I learned to delight in liturgical worship: and this delight has never failed me. And, then, I mercifully gained the habit of constant Communion: and this habit was the one permanent stronghold of my faith, when in after years at Oxford the violent storms of intellectual trouble broke over my mind."

But to Holland I could say nothing: now that I am writing about it I cannot bear to think that he is lost.

There are some verses by Holland, about this time, full of regret for idleness, and of gratitude toward his tutor:—

> Urged by one
> Loved then, loved since, and loved for aye,
> I caught from him a glimpse of truth,
> And cast frivolities away. . . .
> I culled from his gigantic stores
> Whate'er my little mind could hold.

Here and there are phrases too good to be lost:—

> Where music waits with open arms. . . .
> To guide the golden reins of life. . . .
> Till death shall fill
> The measure of life's golden cup. . . .

In the autumn of 1864, he was at Dieppe, boarding with a French family, to learn the language. He must have found the life dull, after Eton: "All the Protestants here think that I am one of them, and a 'devoted Calvinist.' They *will* ask me here how I liked the sermon; thinking that, like their mother, I go to church to hear the sermon. The sons have a very curious religion: they hate the priests, and hope the Pope will go to pot (translation of 'au diable') as soon as possible."

From his Tutor

1. *Eton, Oct.* 29, 1864.—Yesterday the Mouse came for the first visit since he left: he came after lock-up, just in time for Mr. Vidal's dinner. Mr. V. had killed the fatted calf in the shape of champagne ordered on purpose, and Dalmeny was invited to meet him. He was grown in the

two months that passed since I saw him at his home. He was full of Cambridge and was very cheerful, and incomparably gentle and sweet. Fremantle and Knight came to see him just before they went back to Oxford. The Mouse came here and sat in the old chair an hour talking to me quietly. I made him look at the Keats which he read with you, which I keep as a sacred relic: he gave a capital account of himself. But we missed the dear Link. Joab never forgets you. Lewis K. S. remembers you with great attachment, and read the other day some of your blank verse done in Collections: I believe you do other verse, don't you? If you were to let me see it, I would not cut it up like a copy of Latin verse, but treat it reverentially, as I do the English verse of a very interesting boy now in the School, the deaf Campbell. How soon do you come home? If you come here we shall be very much happier and better for it. Life is short: let us love one another: there is nothing else worth living for. It makes me weep to think that you and the Mouse are parted, and I hope you will know each other as men in London without any film of shyness between you.

2. *King's Coll., Cambridge, Jan.* 2, 1865.—I shall be here on the 10th, or else I should hesitate about declining your tempting invitation to your plays, though the plunge into crinolinesy would abash me: I am sadly afraid of strange ladies, and I hate being asked, "What are the numbers at Eton?" which is the established opening for conversation. I sat at dinner yesterday next to old Mathison, tutor of Trinity, who looks like a withered boy: he is the Mouse's tutor, so I inquired after him, and got, as I expected, a warm eulogy. He went on to say that the Eton lads were the best he had; the most entirely free from conceit. "They do not put themselves forward, but they are always pleasant to deal with, pleasant to meet," etc., etc. This kind of thing comforts me, after reading a wicked malignant attack on the School (though not without plenty of true charges in it) in the National Review.

I hope your plays will go off as well as what you did with Fergusson at Tarver's. I am sorry France has broken down with you after a fair start. I am reading the life of a thoroughly wise, good, patriotic Frenchman who lived in the reign of Louis XV, when people would have you believe that there was nothing in France but vice and

unbelief. He was called Turgot: and if you are to be a diplomat, you ought some day to know something about him: he was a perfect reformer: that muff Louis XVI let him be turned out of office.

In 1865, Holland was with a private tutor, Rev. Charles Cookson, in Northamptonshire, reading for Oxford. In October, he went up for the entrance examination at Balliol; a very hard examination, and he failed, and the Master strongly advised that he should not try again. In Jan., 1866, he did try again, and was successful; he writes to his father:—

The Mitre, Oxford, Jan. 25.—I am delighted to tell you that I am a Balliolite. They called me up first, so I suppose I took first; and as there were only two fellows got through, I cannot have been very far off it. Dr. Scott admitted me by saying some Latin formula; I am to have my rooms to-morrow. I am afraid you must have been very anxious.

From Mr. Cookson to Mr. Holland

Jan. 31, 1866.—. . . He is now within reach (by all accounts) of the very best that is to be had. I can say nothing more specific about his examination than that Palmer wrote to me saying that he "passed with flying colours"; and we know he must have been either first or second. I take no credit at all to myself; I rather confess myself to have been floored. Nevertheless, I am quite prepared for a succession of Balliol pupils. Anything rather than teach fools.

From his Tutor

Eton, Feb. 1, 1866.—Why did you not tell me you had got into Balliol? Dalmeny told me of it just now: and said you were grown too. It does you great credit, to persevere after a repulse. I am learning Spanish, and going on steadily with Italian. I hope to go to Paris at

Easter. Read Italian: it is well worth while to spend £5 on it, when you are grounded in French. Don't get into debt, whatever you do. Have at least an hour a day *alone*, however sociable you may be.

He went into residence on his birthday, Jan. 27, 1866. It is to be noted that he was not one of Jowett's pupils; and that Jowett was not Master of Balliol till Sept., 1870, only three months before Holland left Balliol for Christ Church.

Eton and home had not induced him to work steadily at set subjects; but they had given him everything else for his University life. His tutor at Eton, with almost extravagant affection for him, had taught him to think for himself, to take a wide outlook, to find his way up in history, literature, and music, and to be fearless in the pursuit of friendship and of happiness. Besides, he was a good all-round athlete. Having these gifts, and coming from Eton, he found University life very like school life. The freshmen who came from lesser schools, and from dull homes, might find Oxford wonderful: he could not. His first and second years at Balliol did not do much for him. Eton friends and Eton ways were all round him: Oxford was hardly more than Eton over again, on a different stretch of the same river. He had for his tutors James Riddell—of whom T. H. Green wrote, "one of the best men I ever knew"—and, after Riddell's death in Sept., 1866, Edwin Palmer. He bought the usual things, attended the usual lectures, went to hear Pusey and Liddon, and so forth: but these two years were a time of uneventful waiting; Oxford waiting for him, and he waiting for Oxford, but without any definite sense that he was waiting for anything.

In the summer of 1866, he was with his people in Switzerland. There is a note in his father's diary: "On 17 June,

my eldest son Henry Scott joined our party at Andermatt, having walked up from Fluellen, and as usual he had lost his luggage. . . . All excursions were stopped later by the illness of my son, who unfortunately was seized with the fever of the district, and who suffered for six weeks from this cause, typhoid: his life was spared mercifully: at one time of the fever I despaired." In the summer of 1867, he and Fremantle and Buckland were reading in a cottage at Dalmally on Loch Awe. Mr. Buckland remembers that they read independently: "there was no tutoring. Our chief amusements were bathing, rowing on the lake, taking long walks, and climbing the hills. My friends seemed to have, for their ages, a considerable knowledge of theology and of Church matters, so that in the constant discussions on such subjects I found myself a respectful listener and learner." A few weeks later, Fremantle writes to Holland:

I have practically made up my mind to take orders, and I trust that lesser obstacles will fade away. . . . I cannot help thinking of the possibility of your taking orders —of course there is no hurry about the decision—but it may be proposed to you to begin to "eat dinners" directly after Mods., as many men do: and it is always a comfort, where it is possible, to have determined one's course of life beforehand. . . . It seems to me that you would be half lost in the ungracious work of a lawyer: there was never a more crying want for clergymen (especially educated ones) than now; and (it is a grave fact, which you must not shrink from) people with such a faith and love of God as you have are hardly anywhere to be found to do the Church's work. I believe you would enter into the grand work with all your soul—and you must not wonder at my wanting you if possible to take orders. Forgive the long rigmarole. God bless you.

Holland had said that an eldest son, if he were ordained, would be less useful to his brothers and sisters, and less

apt for family affairs. Besides, his mother had wanted him to go into the Foreign Office: and his father was strongly opposed to his taking orders. But he never gave much thought to any other calling. In his letters home, during the first two years at Oxford, he is dogmatic and intolerant over questions of religion: he has absolute confidence, but he is repeating what he has read or heard: he is holding his position on the authority of others, he has not mastered it for himself. There is a letter, for instance, in June, 1867, to his brother Lawrence at Radley, to prepare him for his Confirmation and first Communion:—

It is the body and blood of your Saviour which are given to you, the same which really hung on the cross, given spiritually, you know not how, but still most certainly given. It is given in the bread, as the fire in the coal: the coal is not changed, but the flame is there which was not there before; the body which walked the earth and died on Calvary is there, in the bread, mysteriously, ineffably, but most certainly. No religion which doubted those words has ever influenced mankind to purity and humility. Believe, and all things are possible. You do not ask how God came into the Virgin's womb; you only believe and know that He was there. . . . The Bishop stands before you as Jesus Christ on earth; he has received the full stream of the Holy Spirit from Bethlehem; St. Peter's hand, our Lord's hand, have touched that head and consecrated those hands; a real living power shines through them and passes into you.

At the end of 1867, he was in for honours in Moderations: a long and rather pedantic examination, mostly in Greek and Latin, requiring strict accuracy of grammar and familiarity with set books. He had read for it, but had not cared for it: and he only got a third class. On Dec. 15, T. H. Green writes to him, "I am extremely sorry and surprised to hear of your break-down in Moderations. I don't at all know how it happened, and don't write to

commiserate you, but to express a hope that you will not allow the present failure to discourage you in reading for the final schools, in which I should expect you to do very well. You will probably find it much more congenial work than that for Mods., and I always look forward with pleasure to the office of instructing you."

II

BALLIOL, 1868–1870

He took his disappointment lightly: "You dear Gruff," he writes to Ady, Dec. 16, 1867, "how awfully jolly of you to write to me about those beastly schools. I would be ploughed, to get a letter like that. I ought never to have been such an idiot as to think that I could succeed. It serves me right." Anyhow, he had not been ploughed; Moderations were done with: and Literæ Humaniores were calling to him to come and study them.

At Balliol, he twice steered the College Torpid, and three times rowed in the College Eight. He won the high jump at the College Sports: "to the astonishment of everybody," Mr. A. G. C. Liddell writes, "as he had never shown any jumping capacities. He jumped in a way quite his own, not the orthodox style, but taking off at a long distance from the bar, with a prodigious bound like that of a horse." Mr. George Horner writes that "he jumped like a deer, and quite unscientifically." Lord Kilbracken, who went to Balliol in the autumn of 1866, writes:—

I have a clear recollection of Holland's personal appearance in those days; he was tall and thin; quick, active, and springy in all his movements; his arms and legs seemed to hang rather loosely on him. I can see him now, hurrying to lecture in his commoner's gown—my impression of him is that he was generally in a hurry—or at the College barge in his red blazer and white flannels. During the first year

or so of my acquaintance with him, I hardly thought of him as "a reading man": and I recollect feeling some little surprise at the great disappointment of his Eton friends when his name appeared in the third class in Moderations. The fact, of course, was that the refinements of classical scholarship did not appeal to him, and he probably never worked heartily so long as he was pinned down to studies not very different from those at Eton. But the moment he began to read for the Final Schools, everything was changed. He was in his element, and it soon became known that he was among the most promising candidates for honours in Greats. Wordsworth tells us that years "bring the philosophic mind": but it is certain that some men are born with the philosophic mind ready-made, and equally certain that Holland was one of them. . . .

His pen was very nearly as fluent and effective then as it was in after-life, and his gift of writing was already most remarkable. Among his older friends in the University was John Conington, Professor of Latin; and I well remember the admiration with which I listened to a manuscript essay of Holland's, which Conington had somehow got hold of and read aloud to me. It was a revelation; and from that day forward I was certain that in some line of life—I did not then know which—he must become a marked man. And it was no surprise to me or to any of his friends, when he not only got his first class, but was reported to have done the most brilliant set of papers that had been seen in the Schools for some time.

The philosophy then fashionable at Oxford was that of the utilitarian school of Mill: while T. H. Green, who was at that time our chief teacher of philosophy in Balliol, was, as is well known, the exponent of a very different system, of a more spiritual and less materialistic kind, founded upon the writings of Kant and Hegel. To these doctrines Holland was, no doubt, naturally predisposed; he absorbed them readily; and it was thought remarkable that, this being so, he should have been so successful in an examination conducted mainly by adherents of the opposite school of thought, who had distinguished themselves, the year before, by placing Nettleship in the second class.

Holland's close friendship with Nettleship I have already mentioned; but it was hardly greater than that which



W. D. Benson. S. D. Darbishire. J. Y. Hay. H. S. Holland.
W. Farrer. B. Entwistle. H. W. Primrose.
R. L. Nettleship. F. H. Peters.

THE BALLIOL EIGHT

1869

he formed with Green, whose influence upon his intellect and character was profound, and endured, unquestionably, till the end of his life, 36 years after Green's death.

Also, he was fond of the Balliol Shakespeare Society; it used to meet on Sunday evenings and read the plays; he was in demand for the women's parts, for the pleasantness of his voice: and he joined the choir which was started in 1869 for the College chapel. In athletics, besides rowing, he excelled in racquets, and in skating: and near the end of the Michaelmas Term, 1869, he broke his leg at football, and came back to Balliol on a shutter. Above all, he enjoyed bathing; especially the dangerous bathing in Sandford Lasher.

During these three years of his life, 1868–1870, it is impossible to isolate him from Green and Nettleship and Fremantle.* All students of Holland's life ought to read the memoir of Green, by Nettleship, in the third volume of Green's collected works: and the memoir of Nettleship, by A. C. Bradley, in the first volume of Nettleship's

* Thomas Hill Green: born April 7, 1836. Rugby 1850–1855. Balliol 1855: second class in Moderations, 1857: first class in Final Schools (Literæ Humaniores), 1859: lecturer and fellow of Balliol, 1860. Chancellor's Prize Essay, 1862. Assistant-commissioner of education in middle-class schools, 1865–66. Married Miss Charlotte Symonds, sister of J. A. Symonds, in 1871. Whyte Professor of Moral Philosophy, 1878. Died March 26, 1882. His chief writings are his Introductions to Hume's Treatise of Human Nature, 1874–75: and his Prolegomena to Ethics, published after his death.

Richard Lewis Nettleship: born Dec. 17, 1846: brother of Henry Nettleship, Professor of Latin in Oxford; of John Nettleship, artist; and of Edward Nettleship, ophthalmic surgeon. Uppingham School. First Entrance Scholarship at Balliol, 1864. Hertford Scholar, 1866: Ireland Scholar, 1867: fellow of Balliol, 1869: Arnold Prize Essay, 1873: lecturer on philosophy: editor of Green's collected works. Died on Mont Blanc, Aug. 25, 1892.

Stephen James Fremantle, youngest son of 1st Lord Cottesloe. Eton: Newcastle Scholar, 1863: Balliol, Entrance Scholarship, 1865: first class in Final Schools, and senior studentship at Christ Church, 1867, tutor 1870. Ordained deacon 1870, priest 1871. Ellerton Prize Essay, 1870: examining chaplain to Bishop of Ely, 1871. Died Sept. 16, 1874.

philosophical lectures. These two memoirs, which are both of them admirable, must not be quoted in scraps here. It is to be remembered that Green was not only a teacher of philosophy, he was also a reformer; one of the very few men who were zealous in Oxford, half a century ago, for the improvement of popular education, for temperance, and for purer politics.

But no man dictated to Holland what he should believe, or what he should be. He was under conflicting influences, which left their mark deep on him. But he held his own way through them all: he let neither Green, nor Nettleship, nor Fremantle, have the making of him.

1868 (*æt.* 21)

At the end of the Summer Term, he and A. F. Walter and others started to row down to London; sleeping in the fields by day, and rowing by night; but they did not get more than half-way. In August, he and Fremantle were reading at Bettws y Coed; in the cottage, Tyn-y-bryn, belonging to "the beloved aunt," Miss Jane Gifford; of whom he wrote in 1874, "she has long been my ideal of womanhood"; and, many years later, "she and I have been like brother and sister."

Nettleship writes to him, in July from a reading-party in the Lakes, and in September from Kettering, his home:

1. *Rosthwaite, July* 29, 1868.—The whole thing is perfectly lovely and breathes Wordsworth. The hills are grander than I expected, but it is all very pure and calm, with his sort of sublime homeliness about it.

I agree very much with what you say about Jowett. I think you hit the vital point when you say that it won't do against bodily passion. But then don't you think the people to whom Jowett rather addresses himself are just the people to whom bodily passion does not come in a very serious way? I mean that there appear to be a

great many people who have never really felt what it is to have "a war in their members." They have perhaps had to work hard and have lived in decent society and so married and begotten children without ever having to think of the body as anything but the medium of a certain amount of pleasure which there is no harm in enjoying. I don't envy them their immunity, but I think that they do require some principle to make their decent commonplace money-making life a little higher if possible; and it is such a principle that Jowett seems to me to preach, the principle of recognising something divine in everything. And surely this is one side of Christianity: of the other side, "Believe and ye shall be saved," Jowett no doubt makes very little. I hardly dare speak on a subject in which I know I have got such a little way, but are not the two sides really the same? I see, however, that this does not lessen the difficulty, for you would say that they are both absorbed in "Believe and ye shall be saved." To take the most crucial case, what is the answer to the question "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death"? I don't know whether the question ever forces itself on you, but if it does you must have answered it somehow. I quite feel that what is ordinarily called education absolutely fails in such a case. I always think that the whole question is put in the most terribly intense way in the words "Shall I take the members of Christ and make them the members of an harlot?" And if one could but realise even a little of them, they could not help being like a refiner's fire to him.

But here again I am afraid you will realise them in a different way from me, though perhaps the difference is only external. What makes the thing so fearfully hard is a good deal, I think, the artificiality of society: here are people simpering and being polite, and all the time perhaps a small heaven and hell going on inside them, and no one to help them or sympathise with them or even recognise the possibility of anything except uninterrupted respectability. However—society when it is jolly is very jolly; only sometimes one gets gloomy about it, and especially on this particular point of the body.

You don't mind talking about these things, do you? If you do, please tell me at once. Perhaps it doesn't do much good, but it is a relief, though I'm afraid the fact of its being a relief shows a want of self-reliance.

2. *Kettering, Sept.* 4, 1868.—I must write once more: if my letter interested you I am sure yours was like wine to me. Nothing gives me more strength than to find some one who has felt the same as I have and doesn't mind talking about it. It isn't often that I do find any one. . . . I am in a haze about the Eucharist—but I have this definite feeling about it, that whereas now it is usually made the stronghold of sectarianism, it ought to be the one thing in which all Christians in the widest sense of the word can meet on a common ground. Knowing so little as I do of the dogmatical part of the question, it may be foolish of me to say this, but I feel that it is true for me. But I dare not say that I find it the single and sufficient power able to kill the body of death. And yet theoretically I do believe that the indwelling of Christ through his Spirit in our bodies, the being bone of his bone, and the hope of being made like him, are the powers which can keep me pure; and I also think that the Eucharist does in the strongest way embody all these ideas. But then there are times when this belief seems to be drowned in the one pervading consciousness of animality. There is the difference—you find in the belief an external and palpable reality face to face with the external and palpable reality of the body—I do not, not at least when I ought most to do so. It is this that sometimes makes me feel as if I should like to rush out and work myself to death in a coal-mine, or go in for St. Anthony's line—anything that would break through all subtleties at one coarse blow. Intellectually, Carlyle is my resort: I think he ought to be published in volumes "for the waistcoat pocket," that one might drink of him whenever one felt faint.

. . . I hope for my own sake that you will go to the Bar (though I certainly think you ought to take orders, and even then perhaps you would be in town) but it would be jolly if we could see one another still after leaving Oxford. We had a most happy month at Rosthwaite, though I can't say we did as much work as we intended. However, I got through the text of Herodotus, which is something to say one has done, as it doesn't appear to be the slightest use for the schools—confound them—I can't make out for the life of me what is of use for them. I also attempted a little Grote, but what a beast he is to write in that way, putting poor old Herodotus into the stocks at every word

with his pedantry and woodenness: heaven forbid that I should have to read much of him. It is after dinner and I have been hearing some Mozart. He is pure, if you like. Why has art so little moral effect? It is always a puzzle to me.

In December, Nettleship and Holland were with Green for a week at Shanklin. "I am off to-morrow," Holland writes to his sister, Dec. 14, "with Green the don, and Nettleship my familiar friend—one of my greatest possible friends; also he is *the* rising young man, and has gained every honour the University can pour upon him: he combines three Scholarships in his single person": and in future years, "when he is Lord High Chancellor, Prime Minister, and Archbishop of Canterbury," Mrs. Holland will be "proud to say she once had his legs under her own mahogany": for Nettleship and Holland were coming back to Gayton Lodge together, that they might see a Balliol friend at Roehampton, who had been received into the Roman Church and was preparing to enter the Order of the Jesuits.

From T. H. Green

Dec. 29, 1868.—I am glad that you and Nettleship saw Hopkins. A step such as he has taken, tho' I can't quite admit it to be heroic, must needs be painful, and its pain should not be aggravated—as it is pretty sure to be—by separation from old friends. I never had his intimacy, but always liked him very much. I imagine him—perhaps uncharitably—to be one of those, like his ideal J. H. Newman, who instead of simply opening themselves to the revelation of God in the reasonable world, are fain to put themselves into an attitude—saintly, it is true, but still an attitude. True citizenship "as unto the Lord" (which includes all morality) I reckon higher than "saintliness" in the technical sense. The "superior young man" of these days, however, does not seem to understand it, but hugs his own "refined pleasures" or

(which is but a higher form of the same) his personal sanctity. Whence, and not from heterodoxy, ruin threatens Christian society.

The above is not meant to edify you, but is merely a vent for passing irritation. It vexes me to the heart to think of a fine nature being victimised by a system which in my "historic conscience" I hold to be subversive of the Family and the State, and which puts the service of an exceptional institution, or the saving of the individual soul, in opposition to loyal service to society.

Holland wrote back, "I will try and digest your remarks on Hopkins, as I have a lurking admiration for Jesuitry. In cases of beneficent monkery, if loyalty to Society can be kept as the ruling motive, are not some wants of Society only to be supplied by institutions of ascetic co-operation?" This careless answer drew from Green a full statement of his thoughts on ἄσκησις, training, discipline :—

Jan. 9, 1869.—I feel a certain restlessness till I have set myself right with you on the matter of "Jesuitry." Please don't suppose that I am against "ascetic co-operation," as such, because I question the monastic form of it and wholly demur to the purposes to which, as a matter of history and as a consequence of the Catholic theory, it has been applied by Jesuits. I am all for ἄσκησις. The notion that we can do without it is a perversion by philosophers, who don't understand their philosophy, of the truth that "the real is the rational." So it is, only *for us* it is *being made* rational, and this process for the individual must involve an ἄσκησις. How far this, again, need involve detachment from personal participation in the common interests of life, must depend upon circumstances : but for many in these days, students no less than "priests," it must be so. Such people must be content with the converse lot of Wordsworth's poet, and "understand the things which others enjoy." For co-operation every one goes now-a-days : nor am I less for religious co-operation ; and tho' dogma partially secludes some of us from it for the present, I don't at all acquiesce in the seclusion, and believe that it may be overcome. A

morality that reflects on itself must needs refer itself to God, *i.e.*, be religious. If there seems now to be a reflective morality, which yet is not religious, this is not really unreligious, but its religion is for the time dumb; and this dumbness mainly results from the action of philosophy upon the dogma of the revelation of God in Christ. When it is found that this dogma (tho' in a wrong, because dogmatic, form) embodies the true idea of the relation of the moral life to God, the morality of speculative men will find its religious tongue again.

If, then, I question the monastic form of ascetic co-operation, it is because (1) I doubt whether on the whole (tho' it may have some special uses) it is the right form for acting either on the luxury, or on the derangement of family life, which seem to be the ultimate social evils of this day. What the sick man of modern society wants is regulated diet; and monasticism at best only offers strong physic. It does nothing to organise life. The real movement of the world has passed it by. It lets the muddy tide have its way, and merely picks up a few stones thrown on the shore, which will take the saintly polish—not without satisfaction that the tide should be as muddy as it is by way of contrast.* Nor is this weakness accidental. It results (2) from the wrong principle, on which, historically, monasticism rests, of the antithesis between Church and World, the religious and the secular, etc. This antithesis, doubtless, had its work to do, but the rational movement of mankind has got beyond it. Just so far as ordinary religion, "Catholic" or "Protestant," is governed by it, it loses its interest for the fully-educated citizen of the European commonwealth, to lapse into, it seems to me, at best, a piece of spiritual invalidishness. Catholicism embodies the antithesis in its most objectionable form, inasmuch as it fixes the Divine, falsely opposed to the human, in a definite institution claiming supremacy over secular and civil interests, and represents the "objective

* Eight years later, March, 1877, Holland writes to W. H. Ady, "I read an interesting letter of yours to Oakley about School Board elections, etc. It made me rather wonder whether we are to retire from the big public work which seems to bring-in so little, as you imply. Would it not be a retirement? a retreat? I always recall a bitter saying of Green's to me once, about our being content, we Xtian priests, to go into a corner of the beach on the great sea-shore, and polish a pebble or two of our own."

presence" of the incarnate God as a sensual presence in the sacraments instead of a moral one in the Christian society, and makes Him speak authoritatively thro' the priest instead of rationally thro' the educated conscience. . . .

I can fancy that to speak of the antithesis between "the secular and the religious" as a false one may seem a tedious commonplace in presence of the life of a great city, and within hearing of the strife of tongues talking themselves into atheism. But don't let us put-to the shutters because daylight is tedious, noisy, and full of ugly sights. If one thinks the matter out, does it not appear that *mere* religious agency does but touch the surface of our modern rottenness; that the people who cry "Lord, Lord" do no wonderful works and never get nearer to any organisation of life; that the only hope lies in such "secular" agency and "human" philosophy as it requires a religious zeal, not less self-denying and much more laboriously thoughtful than that of the monk, to bring into action? I quite admit that Protestantism, as hitherto organised, scarcely seems able to deal with modern life. Where it has been fairly wrought into education (as it never has in England), and where life has continued simple, it does very well, as may be seen in Germany. So far, however, it has not been able to moralise masses. But Catholicism can throw no stones at it in this respect. At least it does not actually oppose the longer and sounder methods of social improvement, as Catholicism, from the exigencies of its position, has done and still does—witness Dupanloup's denunciation of the improvement of the education of women in France. . . .

Whether the outcome will be new forms of religious society or a gradual absorption of all such forms in simple religious citizenship, I do not predict: but I have faith that the new Christianity, because not claiming to be special or exceptional or miraculous, will do more for mankind than in its "Catholic" form, hampered by false antagonisms, it has ever been able to do.

I am quite aware that this position of sitting apart and whistling for some new organisation *in posse* is open to much chaff. For all that, what Cromwell used to call "a waiting spirit" is the highest. It is more manly, quietly making the best of the institutions among which

one finds oneself, to follow the lead of the foremost ideas at work in the world, than out of terror or impatience or even saintly aspiration to take sides with a Church, or plunge into a society, resting on an untenable theory and from the nature of the case unable to escape from the past. . . .

I don't at all expect my particular theological nightcap to fit you, any more than my boots, but I want you to understand its cut. Pray stick to your books.

1869 (*æt.* 22)

Holland to Legard

1. *Jan.*, 1869.—Your " place " [as private tutor to young Lord de Grey] sounds beautiful ; think what an opportunity for you, with a virgin mind to impress yours into. If he had been at any other school, it would have been just tainted by a savour of bad classics, useful for nothing, and only just enough to spoil it for an able tutor's handling : but since he has had the good fortune to be at the best of schools, without being stuffed with conceited half-ignorance, he knows how to act courteously, to be kind and sociable, to feel what would be offensive to him in such a ticklish position ; how to receive and use what he hears, without any priggishness : to be unconscious of his superiority in rank, and, if he has any sense, to hate the snobbery and the truckling which he will get at every other part of his life except his Eton time : it is the only place in the world, it seems to me, where tufts are unknown. If you find all this true, don't abuse Eton education.

. . . Jowler [Jowett] preached yesterday in Chapel amidst intense excitement, 110 people in Chapel. He looked so fatherly and beautiful and brought out the best bell-like silvern voice with quite rich tones that he had hitherto hidden in the depth of his stomach, and preached the most lovely little practical sermon in a quite perfect style with the most wonderful grace. I have only said all this laud in anticipation of having to confess that though I felt how beautiful it was in its way, it was most unsatisfying to me. It was just Platonism flavoured with a little Christian charity : Christianity is gutted by him : it becomes perfectly

meaningless, if it is only an attempt to take some useful moral hints from just what happens to strike you in a very good, " perhaps I may be excused in saying " a Divine life. He is perfectly self-sufficient; self-dependent, without any consciousness of anything beyond a certain human weakness in carrying out his ideal; there is not an atom of the feeling of prayer, of communication with God, of reliance on any one but self. He even begs pardon for using as vague an expression as " sharing in the Spirit of God." I admire the Symposium with all my heart and soul; but I must have something more to have brought God down to death to procure for me.

2. *March*, 1869.—I meant prayer morally in the case of Jowler, meaning the consciousness of the want of prayer. Prayer about material things is full of difficulties to me. Whatever way you expect God to work, it will be by physical causes producing physical effects: our question is, who brought about the physical cause? Science, far from giving the real cause, seems to give nothing but a chain of effects. However long a string it may make of them following each other, there is no mention of any reason for their doing what they do: except that it allows that some one must originally have set it all going by rigid laws, retiring himself into private life. Now this seems to me perfectly monstrous. " My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," every minute, not omitting the Sabbath. The world is the ever-living garment of God: it is the expression of his working thought, his energy: it is his language to man: it is relative to man as to God. Laws of Nature are the interchange of his mind and ours: he is ever expressing in infinite variety his essential qualities, which are lasting, permanent: our minds are of the same quality, and can only grasp this variety of sensation by the permanent character stamped upon it by his mind and acknowledged by ours. By law we twain communicate in the highest parts of our nature.

3. *July*, 1869.—I spent a beautiful racketing fortnight in London: oceans of music, and heaps of pictures, and such a lot of people and horses and carriages, which things are tremendously exciting. Oh! such an opera for our last night, Don Giovanni, beating everything I had ever expected of blackguardism and loveliness: such melody has never been written since, or ever will be.

Fremantle to Holland

Swanbourne, Easter Day, 1869.—How very wrong of you not to write. Really it would be kinder if you wrote sooner. You know it is hard not to think a little of it, when you promised to write first and I have been expecting a letter. I hope you are taking life easily: you had got rather too much into the way of sitting up talking, I suspect, and not getting good nights: perhaps there is self-denial to be exercised in going to bed, when it seems jollier and more improving to be up and talking or reading. Do you remember that letter of my tutor's to you, advising you to get an hour a day alone? Isn't it rather a tear and bustle at Oxford, that reading for Greats, and Torpids, and racquets, and dinners, and then all the great things that one begins to think about—theories of Church and State, and difficulties of religion, and philosophical puzzles? intensely engrossing, and that is why one wants sometimes to be able to be quiet and think of one thing at a time.

Always, there was in Fremantle this anxiety over Holland, this nervous longing to put him on his guard against himself and to make him perfect. It was Fremantle's way with his friends: he must be as careful of them as of himself. He was senior to Holland; he had been Newcastle Scholar at Eton; he preceded Holland from Eton to Balliol, and through the Schools, and from Balliol to Christ Church, and to ordination. He had not that intellectual and imaginative power which was in Holland. He was fairly strong and active; but he was watchful of his health, and had not Holland's everlasting delight in his own existence. He was gentle, sensitive, deliberate; quietly practical, delicately scrupulous, vigilant over all his motives and tendencies, though they hardly needed so much vigilance; strict in the observances of religion, submissive to authority, and set, heart and soul, on the attainment of spiritual gifts. Always, he was on the side of self-examination, self-distrust, self-restraint. There is

a story of the Newquay reading-party in 1874—the mid-day meal, and Holland uncovering an ill-looking dish of mince, and saying, "Bah, how filthy! beg pardon, Fre: *Benedictus benedicat*"—objurgating and blessing the mince with impartial haste: Fremantle would have blessed it before criticising it. His letters to Holland are wearisome with their praise of rule and method, their insistence on the fact that Holland is too "natural," * too ready to suit himself to his company, and to take the world as he finds it: and there are signs, now and again, of mere querulousness, or of half-jealousy that Holland is leaving him out. Little reproofs, hints, trivial bits of advice, little affectionate phrases, from which the life departed long ago, are in his letters. But there was stronger stuff in him. The limitations of his range are plain enough: he was unadventurous, he was unwisely timid over Holland's paradoxes and audacities, he was frightened lest Holland should come to be too fond of metaphysics: but there are no such limits to his dutifulness, humility, loyalty to his friends, and incessant recognition of the presence of God in his daily life. Their friendship had begun at Eton, and was increased by every year at Oxford. And it must be measured, not only by the years which they had together, but by the years in which Fremantle, after his death, was still one of the factors of Holland's life.

In the Summer Term, 1869, Nettleship and Holland were in lodgings, 56 St. Giles'; at the end of the term

* *Holland to Fremantle, June* 20, 1872. I cannot understand the mystery these dear good people find in the ways of an evil world under a good God—it is all *natural* to me; a result of physical mechanism, of natural law; I see no need to suppose it might be otherwise. . . . I have that sort of disposition to which nothing comes amiss: I do not feel the slightest tinge of desire or expectation that things should be otherwise than they are—and yet I see that faith in a good God may be defined as "faith in things being otherwise somewhere," "faith in a goodness balancing this evil." Life never strikes me as odd, out of order, disturbing: except in gross cases which do not affect me, as it happens.

Nettleship was in for Greats, and the benighted examiners gave him only a second class. One of his friends describes how Jowett asked them for an explanation: they said that he had not done well in philosophy: Jowett told them that Nettleship knew more philosophy than all of them together.

Nettleship to Holland

June 20, 1869. *Kettering.*—It seems as if one ought to say something at the end of a term like last, and in London I could not say much. To say that it was very very happy is not to say much. It was only my fault that there was anything at all to mar or cast a shadow on it. I know you are much too good to think about these things, and I know too that it is poor work talking and regretting when it is too late.

But however much I hate myself for having let my own wretched troubles come to the surface, in time to come, when perhaps we shall never be together again as we have been, I shall keep hold of memories of this time—memories of walks together under the stars—memories of water and green trees and gardens and sunny streets enjoyed together —memories of music and poetry and nightingales drunk in together—memories of everyday joys and sorrows idealised together—memories of God approached together —memories of life and death, sin and holiness, depths and heights, talked about, dreamed about, wondered at, together, in the communion of souls.

And so one part of Oxford life has ended in a second—and all this. I can almost thank the second for making a little mark to measure the tide by—that tide of love which has always seemed reaching its height but has never yet reached it, and must now go on rising higher and higher, deeper and deeper, till we die. Words are foolish things, Monk, but you will understand them and make the foolishness into something better.

In July, Holland was on a reading-party at Skelgill, near Keswick, with Fremantle, Ady, Philip Lee, and A. F. Walter. After Skelgill, Nettleship and Holland had a

walking-tour in North Wales; then the Wye valley, and Tintern.

Holland to Legard

You may talk about Milan till you are black in the face: but you will never know what a church can be till you have been to that abbey on the Wye. It is ridiculous to call it a ruin: it is in far better order than most cathedrals I have been to: and even if it has no roof, or pavement, or oak stalls, or choristers, the blue sky covers it, and the green grass enamels it, the hanging ivy drapes it, and the birds carol and chant in it: for the rest, the mouldings are as clean as the day they were cut, the gables and mullions are whole and upright as ever, framing woods and clouds brighter than ever glass was coloured, the stones are all smooth and unworn, stained with all the mellow purple glow that time and weather can give them, without any of the green, greasy darkness, and dirt of mouldering whitewash that usually remind one that good Queen Anne, tho' indeed dead now, certainly did live once; only the four great gables seem to remember the glories they have known, and stand up, reft of their roof, to protest against the desecration they have been put to by a corpulent, covetous wife-butcher. The whole stands among the hills like a visible hymn, a prayer that has taken bodily shape. The shock was to find, when we went out to bathe our shining limbs where "sylvan Wye" still, as we thought, "to matins joined a mournful voice nor failed at evensong," that it is a nasty, dirty, foul, mud-banked tide-river, looking like the Thames at Barking, so filthy that we dared not go in.

Nettleship to Holland

Sept. 4, 1869. *Kettering.*—Well, and so it is all over, Monk. You know well enough what it has been to me, more bright, more happy, even than I had hoped: and that is saying very much. I shall think of it often and often—so will you: of that quiet evening lake, set in the meadows, and watched over by the mountains—of those brown and amber rivers, gliding over the rocks, festooned with birches and ferns—of Snowdon, standing up like a king, with the

incense-clouds rising at his feet and veiling his face—of the hills sloping purple in the sunset and quivering black in the moonlit river—of the valleys opening out their green arms to the sea—of Tintern, standing grey and ghostly, with ceiling and windows of sky and pavement of grass, speaking amid the silent woods—of purple heather and golden furze steeped in sunlight—of a great and awful moon, brooding over dim woods and valleys—of these and much more we shall think, when the "burden of the mystery" weighs heavy, when "the mortal body presses down the immortal soul," when the world looks all grey and weary —then we shall think of them, and remember that we looked at them together.

In September, Nettleship was reading for a Fellowship at Balliol. He writes to Holland on the question, How was it possible that Christ should be subject to temptation? Possibly, he says, Christ bore not isolated or individual temptations, such as come to every man, but the "accumulation and concentration" of all temptations, the "very and undivided essence" of sinful nature :—

And so, out of that great face-to-face struggle came, not isolated and personal precepts, but words like stars, centres of light and life—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,"—and "Whoso looketh after a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart"—words going to the deeps of every heart, and revealing in their great calm strength glimpses of a struggle such as no mortal man could have met and lived. Do you think this is any good? . . .

I hope, old boy, you are not setting your heart too much on the fellowship: from a common-sense point of view I don't think I ought to have a better chance than several other men. But don't be afraid, I will do my best: with a view to which I am at present endeavouring to concentrate my wandering thoughts on a fine medley of subjects, including Hegel's Æsthetik, Comte's Positive Philosophy, Sismondi's Fall of the Roman Empire, Gibbon, Latin Prose, Sappho; also Voltaire's Charles XII, in order to secure the latest French tip from the Revue des deux Mondes. There!

About September, Holland writes to his mother of a visit to Conington: and of his decision to take orders. The visit was not long before Conington's death, on Oct. 23, after a few days' illness.* "Conington overwhelmed me with affection: he lives a lonely life for the sake of his poor old mother, and so longs for some one to be with him: he is somehow very fond of me, and throws all his affection on his younger friends. . . . Dear old Mother, I do not the least repent my choice, but I do feel sometimes half afraid of the questions that I shall have to answer as a parson: it is such an eventful time, and I shall have to break, I fear, with many of my friends here, when it comes to taking an active part in these fights and struggles. Anyhow I shall be sure of home sympathy."

In October, there are two letters from Green, commenting on essays which Holland had written for him.

1. I am heartily ashamed of myself for being so slow in thanking you for your letter and the essay. The reason of the delay, I believe, has been that in my anxiety for the latter to prove good I felt a sort of unwillingness to look at it—even as the northern farmer will not look at his weather-glass in harvest-time, lest he should find it falling. However, a return to Oxford has brought me to a sense of responsibility. Your discourse pleases me very much. I think you really have the "speculative" intelligence,

* There is a long letter to Holland, Oct. 6, 1869, from Conington: it is concerned with the translation of the Æneid; with the contrast between Balliol and Keble; and with Nettleship's Balliol Fellowship. And he says to Holland, "To have gained you is one of the chief reasons for thankfulness which I note in reviewing, *more meo*, what the past twelvemonth has done for me: and as I think how ignorant I was, on yesterday of last year, that we should ever be anything to each other, I feel a new reason for looking on to the future trustfully, not, as I am apt to do, despondingly. . . . There is one topic on which you keep unaccountably silent, Courthope's poem [Ludibria Lunæ]. Is it that the Keswick booksellers were absolutely unable to get it for you? or that you were afraid to break ground on it while engaged in your mechanical course of mental training? There is no subject on which I hear you with more satisfaction than on literature."

and if you care to attend to such subjects at all continuously, you may get an unusual hold of them. My only fear is lest you should not work your thoughts out with sufficient clearness, and for lack of this should take refuge in tropes (which you work exceedingly well) or in prostration before a "Principality or Power" which is not the true Θεὸς νοητός. [God to be found in thought]. I trust you not to take this last remark amiss. Of course you must follow your own leading; but it can scarcely be helped that a special regard for any one should result in an involuntary and unreasonable desire to bring him to one's own way of looking at things.

I defer detailed criticism till we meet. For practical purposes, *i.e.* with a view to a first class—which you really must get—you ought to familiarise yourself with the sort of logic and psychology which is familiar to examiners and which perhaps, from the nature of the case, is alone available in examination, since an examination means that one cuts one's mind into scraps. In brief, you must get up Mill. You will find it a very good discipline. You should also keep Schools questions constantly before you and be always thinking how you would answer them. If this is a humiliation, it will only last 7 months. You must also learn to slip the essay style, on occasion, for the "dodgy" examination style. Finally, be diligent in getting available information about philosophy and history, and keep it together by means of concise summaries and notes. Will you write something more for me against the time when you come up, or before?

. . . When you get to work with the "suffering classes," you will despise my easy life. Somebody must live it, however, nor will it be too late to abandon it and take a turn with the suffering classes, when 7 years are past. If only certain books will get themselves written in the interval, this will make up for some loss of the unction spiritual in the individual. Towards my refutation of the empirical psychology in the person of Hume I have as yet only laid the foundation in a close critical account of Locke. His hash I seem to myself to have pretty well settled: whether J. S. Mill will think so is another question.

I am in much contentment at Temple's Episcopacy, mainly for the reason that it gives him a stump and that

he strikes me as being better worth hearing either on politics or the Christian life than any one else before the public. When you are a "parson," I trust that you will possess your soul in seclusion from Congresses. The proceedings at Liverpool elicit all my dangerous nature against Anglican Churchmen. It will require a long pull at St. Paul to get over the effects of it.

2. "Culture" and the "International" present themselves to me as due to the same disease of modern life as the High-Church revival. I don't mean by this either to put all three on a level, or to imply their condemnation. I regard the "Church" as having, in virtue of the ideas which it retains from the New Testament, a much higher and truer Gospel for the individual than either "Culture" or the "International": and when I speak of them as due to a disease, I quite admit that in a sense all human life is a disease, and that any system which is to do good to man must be adapted to the present stage of the disease. But no recognition of the good present effect of any mode of sentiment or discipline can reconcile one to it when one finds it resting on doctrines that seem untrue. And what strikes me as most conspicuously lacking in the best writing of Churchmen that I come across is any attempt to meet the objection that their distinctive doctrine is untrue. They are very successful in adapting it to the spirit, and showing that it will meet the wants, of the age; but they scarcely seem aware that all this makes no difference to those whose first interest is in truth.

This remark, however, has no bearing on your essay, which was written not for opponents but for friends. It is a great blessing for you (you must forgive my speaking from an outside point of view) to be able to sympathize and work with a great religious society, and it is pure good, in which every one not cynical must rejoice, that such a society should have so much high thinking breathed into it as is forthcoming from men like you. I think you have a noble mission before you and, in spite of my "Protestant enthusiasm," I shall take silent delight in watching it. When the bother of the opening of Term is over, we must have a walk. Yr. affect. T. H. GREEN.

In December, Green invited him to come again to the Isle of Wight: "Your company is always a delight to me,

and I should like to try to give you some *bonâ fide* coaching in the evenings, for which I have not time during Term. . . . I have nothing so much at heart as that you should get a Fellowship. It is a great gain to have leisure for study and turning things over in one's mind before entering on a profession, especially if it is to be clerical. It would not seem indeed that Oxford just now is very favourable to calmness of view—judging at least from some letters about Tests that I have been reading—but that depends on the way one uses it. According to my experience, there is no place where one can keep so remote from irritation whether by the enlightened or by priests."

Nettleship to Holland

1. *Dec.* 13, 1869.—Every term we are together seems somehow to crowd into itself more than the term before it, and yet it is very hard to express what it is that makes them seem so great: I mean the feeling is so strong and the inner consciousness so intense and active all the time with me, that words, especially in a letter, seem almost a mockery. It isn't any want of sympathy: I know we always have that, don't we? I know we think of each other, and live each other's lives. It is only the having got so far, so very far beyond anything I ever dreamed of, that makes me sometimes long to get further, long to find freer expression. But it is a foolish longing; one might as well long to be a poet—for that is what it comes to. Not being a poet, I know, and ought to be satisfied with knowing, that the very deepest spiritual communion is only possible now and then, when the great dividing stream of the world is bridged over for the time, and souls can come close to each other. And we have come very close this term, very close. Death is a fearful thing, and there is a cloud of death over the term; but love is stronger than death, and can look into it and through it, and see the light of life beyond. I don't like to talk much to you about John Conington, for I know I cannot say anything that you have not said to yourself, nor shew you the light so well as you can shew yourself. But, O Monk, if ever it is jolly to you to talk about it, you

will, won't you? If you cannot let me be with you in all things, I am sure you can in this.

"They that are dead are free from sin." Mustn't they be happy?

I wish you were here to say good night to: the room looks like the swept-and-garnished soul without you—but I dare say there is enough of you here still to keep out the seven devils.

2. (A few days later). I am going to bore you again with more effusiveness, but it doesn't come very often, and you needn't answer it oftener than you like. Last Tuesday night I could not get to sleep for thinking, and at last at 3 o'clock I got up and wrote this:—

"I have thought a great deal latterly (and I suppose you must have too) on what are called our religious differences. Indeed after what we said together that night this term there needs no more to be said, but it is a relief to me to say it more fully. It would be a terrible thought, it has sometimes been a terrible thought with me, that we who are so knit together in all else should have that one link in the chain missing on which all the others must really hang. As I have said, I think our only choice lies between absolute separation and absolute communion; we cannot endure anything between: and we have made our choice. All I want to do is to look the worst in the face. I cannot help seeing that my historical view of Christianity, as it gets more formed (if it ever does get) will almost necessarily differ in some points from yours. I also cannot help seeing that we may very likely be forced into parties which look upon each other as enemies, for this seems to be the way with Christians nowadays. And so it may be that outsiders will say our friendship is temporising and a compromise. There—now I have put the worst, and all I want to say is this, that I know and am sure and you know and are sure that we shall always have a bond of communion, which all this and more than this cannot weaken, but must rather strengthen. We know, I say, that our love is its own sufficient warrant for its truth. We know that in whatever glances and glitter it began, it has gone on steadily widening and deepening, and is still going on. And we know above all that it finds its highest satisfaction in the common love of Christ and God. Other sympathies, many others, we have: I hardly know any real interest of either which

we do not both sympathise in: but they meet and have their focus in this—in the common love of Christ and God—in the struggle side by side to live a higher life—to find the Truth wherever it is—to overcome the flesh—to become members of Christ and temples of the Holy Ghost.

"And if this is so, as we know it is, there is nothing, neither life nor death nor any other creature, which can separate us. There may be pain: I know there will be pain for me: but it will only make us hold more closely together. The currents of the world will carry us apart, but it will only be to meet again in the great deep stream, the river of the flood that makes glad the city of God. Outside all will change, but love, the love of spirits for each other, and in each other for Christ, will abide for ever.

"I have said this not because we had not thought it before, but simply for the sake of saying it. Will you tell me, Monk, if there is a word of it that is not true? 3 A.M. Dec. 15, 1869."

As I say, Monk, I say this for the sake of saying it. Honestly, I believe it is all true: do you? I am sure you do: and if you do, it shall be a sort of covenant between us. It is just a year since we were at Shanklin. Hasn't it been a wonderful year? To me almost like the beginning of a new life, bringing with it many sorrows, many pains, but sorrows and pains which became joys. And now the year that is coming will be more wonderful still. I know it will—for there is no end to the wonder. O Monk. God is very great.

1870 (*æt.* 23)

In January, with Green and Nettleship, he was at Niton, Isle of Wight, "charging Mill, Mommsen, and other posts-and-rails," and finding it hard to keep all his subjects together: "It is like buckets at a well; if one comes up without spilling every drop in its passage, all the others have to go down again empty, to be refilled: and so on, over again. Green is buried in poor dear Stuart M., but seems happy." In March, he writes to Legard of a lecture by Ruskin:—

He has raised audiences that would have made Mat Arnold's head a foot higher: the whole theatre crammed: it really is the most gorgeous eloquence it is possible to hear; it makes one perspire, it is so beautiful; and Green was fascinated by watching a man who became perfectly hysterical, waving his head to the beat of the sentences, and bursting into inarticulate roars as each came to an end. I was disappointed in what he said, though; he has, I think, left his old ground a good deal, and he delighted in putting things in an almost spitefully revolutionary way. He divorced religion and art altogether: and seemed to think they could only do harm to each other: I was away at the one on morals: but on the use of art, he was feeble: he kept harping on what art had begun in, domestic use, etc., and all the time we wanted to know what it ended in. Art is not for use: a spire is developed out of a simple roof, but when it is at Salisbury, it is a *spire*, and not a *roof*, nor anything like it; and I don't see that it helps one to tell one that it is for use. You begin with τὸ ζῆν: but you live for τὸ εὖ ζῆν: and what I want to understand is the "εὖ." However, he is going to work at line: colour: light: and has tremendous designs of educating us young barbarians: so we are all going to attend; though he has sworn that if we do we shall have to grind at the manual part.

At the end of the Summer Term came his examination in the Final Schools; the best examination in the world; exacting and fatiguing—a whole week of it—but wide and wise and intimately personal; the very thing for him. He did more than get a first class; he startled the examiners on their thrones: he beat them at their own game: as if he had gone up against them to avenge the wrong which they had done to Nettleship the year before.

Holland to his Mother

June 14.—Yesterday the awful vivâ voce came off: of course directly you get once opposite the dread examiners, you find it is all right; but before, it is frightening. At

this moment, Gruff Ady is shuddering by my side, taking a last look before the plunge; he is in at 11. Dear old Thing, I know you won't mind what I get; nor do I for myself: but I do not want to go through life disappointing my teachers, and I feel it would give me intellectual confidence to get a good class: a good second class would be the thing for me.

To T. H. Green

The real anxiety of the Schools was the dread of disappointing you: for I knew my relations had given up expecting anything of me: and though, when it came, the delight my mother would feel was perhaps the first thing in my mind, the pleasure of satisfying you was close on its heels. For you have taught me everything of importance that I have learnt at Oxford: and, for the Schools, you gave me a standpoint, by the fact of which I felt at once in a better position towards the papers than outsiders could be. And if I am grateful for the teaching, I am far more grateful for the great kindness you have shown me the last three years.

In July, he and Fremantle were in the Bavarian Tyrol, and at the Ammergau Passion-play.* He writes to Legard, from Innichen, Tyrol, July 31 :—

Nothing can be more delightful than the religion of this town and country: and as I see the crowds of men and

* "Impressions of the Ammergau Passion-Play." By an Oxonian. 1870. London: J. T. Hayes. Small 8vo: pp. 31. This is the earliest of Holland's published writings. He saw the Play under disadvantages: "I got to the Play an hour late, had almost nothing to eat the whole day, had to stand the greater part of the time close by a door where I was disturbed by every spectator that came in or went out: and it poured with rain during four hours of the performance." But the Play triumphed over everything. Some of his judgments may be noted here. (1) Of the triple arrangement of the Play as chorus, tableaux, and dialogue. "This arrangement is based on the true dramatic ideal, in which the character of representation is never stretched so as to border on deceit. There is no miserable attempt to conceal the fact that everybody knows. On the contrary, care and pains are taken to impress upon the audience that this it witnesses is *mere* acting, done with a special moral purpose." (2) Of the restraint of the acting. "The curb that was set on the imagina-

women trooping in from the hills, to take an earnest, simple part in a real act of living worship, it " pitieth me to think of you in the dust " of proud Puritanism, with its jawing service and its preachment-prayers and its stiff independence. The purest form of Roman Catholicism is here to be seen : and, for the first time in my life, have I seen a country where one knew at once, this is a Christian land : where religion was not made vulgar, or hid out of sight : and then the people are so charming, so hearty and willing and gentle. They have no idea of servility, no over-consciousness. They are perfectly familiar, yet never offensive : they chaff you, sit down by you, hold you by the hand, wish you all sorts of jolly things when you eat, or sleep, or leave.

tion was worthy of Hellenic moderation, of Sophoclean tone. These Bavarian peasants know how to avoid that extravagance which is the life of the modern drama. For instance, when Mary Magdalene was on the point of coming in to wash our Saviour's feet, I kept expecting how she would rush across the proud Pharisee's hall, how with eager eyes and streaming hair she would look wildly round and then hurl herself at our Lord's feet and flood them with tears and kisses. But nothing of the kind took place. A gentle figure stole across the room, almost unobserved ; she sank down and quietly bowed her head as she let the oil fall carefully drop by drop, and wiped it without hurry or excitement, with one lifted lock of hair." (3) Of the unsparing representation of the bodily torture of the Crucifixion. " Is it so wrong to dwell somewhat upon this side of the Cross as we are apt to imagine ? Bodily suffering is so closely bound up with spiritual anguish that it is hopeless to attempt a complete severance. . . . The central fact of Christianity is not the Divinity of a man, but the Humanity of a God ; not life out of life, so much as life out of death." (4) Of the good acting of the minor parts. " This universality of good acting gave the play a spirit and a force which no professional stage can ever hope to reproduce. The charm of it has been attained by one London theatre in very light pieces : but if any passionate acting is ever attempted, the setting of it ruins the finest jewel. The beauty of the Ammergau Play is that there is an utter absence of anything stilted. Every one is natural ; no one tries to overdo his part. It was delightful to see old Simon ask our Lord to dine with him ; most delightful to see the maids introduce S. Peter and S. John to the guard-room : most delightful of all were the Council scenes in the Sanhedrim, in which Annas shone pre-eminent." (5) Of the reverence of the acting. " The actors were too impressed with the mystic and awful importance of the scenes they represented to allow any uncomfortable feeling to creep in. The profanity which startles the blood out of your face is not to be looked for in this life of Jesus as interpreted by the old-world spirit of Catholicism, but in the Vie de Jésus as read in the light of the new-world criticism. The only thing that jarred upon my sense of propriety was the easy way in which the audience passed from awe to laughter."

In September, he was at home, reading, but vexed at the want of a fixed object. He had some thought of an essay on the Jesuits. He writes to Ady :—

I wallow in the mire of a dilettante laziness, and read but little. I have made various attempts on Butler's Analogy, but always come out stifled and suffocated : and have recourse to Jesuitical histories ; Ranke's Popes, which are entertaining : I wish I could now mark out a definite go at theology ; but I cannot settle down to it before I have had a go or two at a casual Fellowship, I suppose. It is very disturbing.

Nettleship to Holland

Kettering, Aug. 27.—Of course you must do the Jesuits : it is splendid to have a centre to work round. I am going in for the English Essay, " The Universities in the Middle Ages," a good interesting, unexciting subject. So we shall each have an essay going, which will be capital. I am reading Hegel, or rather Hutcheson Stirling on the secret : it is very quaint and very hard : but the man is in earnest and full of life, and I really begin to feel a little nearer to the great earth-centre, round which one has been dabbling for some time. I have vague dreams of a translation of Hegel's Æsthetik with historical illustrations somewhere in the dim womb of the future. But—and here you will fill up the gap with one of Green's deprecatory waves of the hand. Besides the secret, I hover lightly round a work on the Republic, dip occasionally into Wilhelm Meister and a German grammar, take cursory views of Hallam's Middle Ages, and spell out the Italian of the Vita Nuova.

On December 18, Holland was elected to a Senior Studentship at Christ Church : on the understanding that he would be in residence for not less than five years, and would take orders " within a reasonable time." In the examination, there was an *effundissem* in his Latin prose, which came near to threatening Christ Church with the loss of him.

Fortunately, it would not be his business to teach Latin prose: he was to lecture to men who were reading for their Final Schools. "The Greats work," he writes to Ady, "pass or otherwise, can never be such drudgery as the Mods." He was thankful to be settled in Oxford; but he was not minded to prefer Christ Church to Balliol: "I felt awfully trapped when the Dean muttered 'five years'": and he calls Meadow Buildings, where he expected to have rooms, "those swamps at the bottom of St. Aldate's."

To Legard

Oxford, Dec. 19.—You see it has come out somehow all right. They seem to have been rather flabbergasted at certain expressions I appear to have used: but they came round, and then made it up by settling to take Stewart too: and Merton is widowed. I walk about the old town and think at last I have become a part of her, and hear my voice in her bells and see myself in her beautiful stones and feel part and parcel in all her loveliness. Yet I can hardly help crying to think of the old Balliol days that are over; the dear old place that has been meat and bread to me all these years; no more to link her name with mine, no more to be hand and glove in all her life; this is dreadful.

*To E. S. Talbot**

Gayton Lodge, Jan. 5, 1871.—I had not reasons enough or pluck enough to refuse the studentship on the conditions offered to me: so there I am, partly boxed, though I am still determined to resist as far as possible the taking of any regular tutorship. Thinking over it, I find it an immense comfort to have one's work laid out before one for some years, so that there is no doubt where to turn one's hand. My

* Edward Stuart Talbot: born Feb. 19, 1844. Charterhouse: Christ Church. First class in Final Schools, Literæ Humaniores, and Law and Modern History, and Senior Studentship, 1866: Ellerton Theological Essay, 1867; Warden of Keble, 1870–1888: Vicar of Leeds, 1889–1895: Bishop of Rochester, 1895–1905: Bishop of Southwark, 1905–1911: Bishop of Winchester since 1911.

great object is, by hook or by crook, to find time for real personal study: for, though it may be conceited to apply it to oneself, study of high theology is as needful and as lacking as anything else to the Church at the present day.

To T. H. Green

Oxford, Dec. 19, 1870.—It would make me perfectly happy to know that you are content with the way things have gone: but you seemed vexed with the examination, and altogether I feel I have not gone in exactly for what you would have wished. I am half in doubt myself. I honestly thought, apart from all personal motives, that I should be tied to the College more at Univ. than at Ch. Ch.: but I do not find myself much better off, for the Dean stipulates a certain amount of devotion to the place for a few years, and, put there as it was before me, I could not see that it was right to refuse. However, I have sworn I will never be a tutor, if I can help it. I had my doubts too whether, considering I had perfectly made up my mind to taking orders, it was not simple conceit that prompted me to go in for an open fellowship.

Anyhow, I did not attempt to cloak in any atom the teaching I had got from you: I put, as strong as I was able to do, what I thought. In this, the last day of my Balliol life, I cannot help thinking of all I have done and learned there, nor writing to you just for the relief of saying what an opening out of life it has been to me, how I have loved it with all my heart, how grateful I am for it all, and how long I hope to remember it. I do hope you will not think I am running away from you for ever. P.S.—At least it was not a job: all the tutors and examiners were on my side, I believe: this is not pride, but to satisfy you.

Nettleship to Holland

Dec. 18, 1870. *Oxford.*—It is a bad look-out. O Monk, the fates are too strong for us. It is no good: things cannot be as they have been—though it is like burning one's tongue to say so. It has been coming on like a great cloud, and now it has come. We shall have to go different ways, and they will get farther and farther apart, or seem to do, the farther

we go. You will take orders and have to think me all wrong: you won't be able to help it: the world will make you. And there will be no more real communion on the real things of life, "the length and breadth and depth and height." When we meet we shall talk different languages and there will be no time to interpret ourselves to each other. In another world perhaps we may meet as once we met. I don't think I shall ever make such another friend: it seems as if God would not let me find what I want—perhaps because I ought to try to find him more than I have done. A year ago we wrote to each other and said we were one at bottom, that we had one God, were fighting one battle. It is all true: so we are. But who will believe us if we say so? Can you see a way out of it? I have looked and looked and thought and thought, and I cannot find any.

T. H. Green to Holland

Dec. 21, 1870.—Pray get rid of the notion that I am otherwise than thoroughly pleased at your getting the Studentship. Nor am I so weak as to desire that you should always sail in my boat. All that I desire is that you should not become a clerical partisan—that you should keep in view the distinction between what is temporarily edifying and what is true; between the eternal ideas on which the religious life rests, and theological dodges. That you will do this essentially, tho' not exactly in my way, I don't doubt: and if, while so doing, you can avoid those antagonisms to "orthodoxy" which to me are inevitable, but which greatly limit present usefulness, so much the better. These antagonisms on my part, if ever I am to utter myself to the public, will have to be stated more explicitly: and sometimes when I have imagined in the future myself a professed heretic and you a working "priest," I have feared what would be to me a terrible calamity—that our friendship, instead of becoming more full and equal with time, should tend to disappear. But I have only feared this when we have been sometime apart. Whenever we are together, I always feel that there is an essential harmony which is good for both and will survive differences of opinion. The more reason why we should be often together.

I shall not write in this strain again, but your letter

and its occasion move me just now. In a life like mine there can be no greater blessing than gratitude such as yours. I cannot think it deserved, tho' indeed it would have been a shame if I had not been able to do something for you. Anyhow, let me tell you once for all that the debt has not been all on one side. Your society has not only been a great source of happiness to me but, in many unexplainable ways, has done me real good.—P.S. A small matter—but please drop the "Mr." in your future communications.

III

CHRIST CHURCH, 1871–1874

His rooms were in Tom Quad, number 3 on staircase 7: three rooms, one of them large enough for his lectures: its walls closely covered with pictures: among them were the Colleoni statue at Venice, Donatello's St. George, and Michael Angelo's Jeremiah. The usual comfortable well-worn furniture; abundance of books, and a fine array of prizes for athletics on one of the bookcases; and a piano, and a tall desk; it was the fashion in those days to read and write standing. Nothing "æsthetic": he did once try the effect of a blue ceiling, but it was disastrous. The room spoke of athletics, of holidays in Italy, and of scholarship.

In July, 1871, he and Fremantle were at Lenk, in Switzerland: "We live quite in the heart of the people: I never felt less of a tourist. The reading goes on very fairly; we read theology together in the morning and philosophy together in the evening, Kuno Fischer on Kant's Kritik; you ought to hear our jaws over the transcendental antinomies of the pure reason." In August they went up the Oldenhorn:—

We strode on silently and solemnly, as the moon gradually paled and the dawn grew greeny-grey and brindled, and the lines of the crags began to get sharp and jagged against the eastern sky: on and on we went, as if the sun never

would rise, till at last the little flying wisps of clouds blushed and crimsoned, and then a tinge stole over the head of the Matterhorn and the Mischäbel, and then peak after peak caught it and passed it on, and the grand snowfields of Mt. Combin were diffused with warmth and colour, and the rounded whiteness of our own glacier felt it on them, and our peaks were touched with life, and our shadows became burning blue on the snow, and up he came, the great High King of Nature, like a bridegroom out of his chamber, rejoicing like a giant to run his course.

In September, Nettleship writes to him: "I am glad you went to Mürren. I know so well that sight of the mountains in a blaze of sunlight: for a whole week at Chamouni we used to see the Mt. Blanc range stand like chiselled ivory in an atmosphere of gold: there is nothing more perfectly beautiful, I think; though perhaps one would tire of it sooner than of the pageantries of clouds and lights. . . . Do you know the Procœmium and the Weltseele of Goethe's Gott und Welt? He says a good deal of what can be said there, I should think." In December, Holland writes to Ady: "I am off to Rome next Friday. My people are there now, so I rush for 4 weeks: Nettlep. is coming too. I lecture now on the Republic, which will probably amuse you: I have very old men in beards, and Dasent mocking at my feet: but I like it. I do not know whether they do."

1872 (*æt.* 25)

In January, he was in Rome. On April 30, came the death of Manuel Dasent. In July, Holland was at Peterborough, studying with Westcott. In August, he was at Festiniog on a reading-party. In September, he was ordained by Bishop Mackarness at Cuddesdon.

To Fremantle

9, *Piazza di Spagna, Rome, January.*—What shall I tell of? I am seeing and doing many things, most of infinite interest, and all the rest marvellous. To feel at home in Rome, to find myself in it and of it, to walk about it without an unending amazement at the thought of being there, is what I am going through. . . . We went to an audience with the Pope; we knelt and kissed the Infallible hand, most astounding to look in the gentle old man's face and think, "He believes that he alone knows truth and is inspired from God"; how can he sleep, or laugh, or eat? I can't imagine; to see Europe breaking up into wild chaos of storm and tempest, and to stand up, when all have failed, and say, "I am alone in the world the possessor of truth, which you can none of you find: God speaks to me and to none else": and to see no effect happen, to be totally unable to solve the enigma of life, to see all unsatisfied, and all falling, and yet to know what God thinks; to doubt, yet to be incapable of doubt; to explain an explanation which removes no stone out of the path, and which no one accepts; to watch the one great fact emerging out of the ruck of centuries, the sole fact of all history, as it must be, growing into solitary magnificence out of huddle and muddle and confusion and disorder, that I and I only am infallible—how a man lives under the weight of this, I can't conceive—much less believe that I touched and saw and handled him. However, there he was, good and kind and very charming.

On Good Friday, he was for many hours at St. Peter's, Eaton Square:—

Wilkinson sets me going at a real life independent of nearly all questionings, based on pure spirituality, and hanging between the two poles of an immediate instinctive religious intuition of God and man, which seems to me to be the actual end into which all things must only pour their results, and in which I feel an absolute lacking. Love of God—I hardly know what it is: but I struggled at it under him and made out dim glimmerings of something. He preached conversion very strongly, to me a despairing

doctrine. Still I recognise a breaking-up of the whole man, a crushing of self into pure negation, which I miss very much in my friends the curates of St. Barnabas, who appear to me to be forcing forms down our throats before we have got to the heart of religion.

On May 1, he writes from Oxford, to his sister, of Dasent's death :—

Dasent lunched with me, and then he and Fremantle and I rowed down the river to bathe. It was the loveliest day of the whole year—but the lasher of Sandford was running very hard with a regular flood stream from these late rains—I had had my swim and got back, before Dasent went in ; he took his header and came up quick and began swimming all right, but I saw that he made no way and could not get out of the current, so I made signs to Fremantle to keep near him—he did not notice at first : at last I saw Dasent giving way to the stream and drifting down, so I shouted to Fremantle, who turned and followed him ; he had some way to go, and before he got up, Dasent had gradually got lower and lower in the water till his head had been twice under—and I almost feared he was gone, but Fremantle caught hold of his hair at last and began pulling him in : all this time I was swimming out from land to them, and when I came up I got my arm round Dasent's waist, who just hung down over it under water quite unconscious, and freed Fremantle, who was getting beat and made for the shore to get help—I swam on easily enough with the back-current, till I got within 10 or 12 yds. of land, when the back-current began drawing me round into the main lasher-stream again : and I found I had not strength to keep out of it ; I called to Fremantle, but he was now ahead, when I suppose the stream touched us, for it seemed to swallow Dasent up from my arm, and before I knew what had happened almost, he had been sucked away from me—I turned and just saw him go down, but he never came to the top again—I had only to go to land—and there the whole thing was over—and I had let him slip, lost him—it is a thing one can never forgive oneself : if I had only held, only remembered to let us both float down with the stream and get out below,—but he came along so easily in the back-current that I had let my hold

get slack, I think, and the stream was too strong for it—I hardly know now, how he slipped away from me—but it is terrible to know that a minute's more hold, and there would be no mother sobbing her heart out in London, no father and sister and brother feeling the light of their lives gone from them.

I dragged on till 9 o'clock last night, hopelessly, a horrible trade, so wearying, so dreary. To-day we got down there about 9, and at 12.30 the body was drawn up out of the very spot where it sank. It is a tremendous lasher. We brought back the body up the river in a boat, the way we went with him yesterday. The inquest is to-morrow. His poor brother is here; his people come to-morrow. He was one of Fremantle's greatest friends.

On June 13, in Christ Church Hall, he gave the annual Commemoration address: on Dean Aldrich. He began it with a great contrast: he spoke of Wolsey—

We met together here in our Hall last year to do honour, on this our high Feast-day, to one whose lot it was to stand up before all time in the vigour and vividness of an historic personality; one endowed with an energy to mould the policy of a State, a boldness to encounter Emperors, an ambition that sought its home in the spiritual throne of Catholic Christendom: one who gathered up into himself, for the last time in England's history, the gorgeous pomp and power and splendour which was possible only when one man could wield at once the sword of the State and the thunders of the Church could robe the bare human mechanism of his authority from the king with the ghostly grandeur of an embassy from the Emerald-bound Throne set on the Crystal Sea. To-night I have to bring before the memory of the House a character of a far different type; the character of a quiet, humble, home-like scholar, of a gentle, modest musician; of a man, born indeed into stormy times, but round whose peaceful life and temper storms and tempests broke in vain; of one who seems ever to shrink from such publicity as his high qualities compel him to assume; who, whether Monmouth was fighting, or James was flying, or William was delivering, lived on his round of College duty, content if he could put

in a good word when Papist grew rampant or Dissenter threatened, but never so happy as when dignity and glory could be tossed aside, and he could sit and study Italian scores, or edit a classic for his scholars, or sing a catch with a friend, or smoke his everlasting pipe.

In July, he and a great friend were at Peterborough; he writes to Fremantle:—

July 7.—We have settled down, and are now as happy as kings. We read hard, 10 hours on Friday, and 9½ yesterday; walk to the magnificent Cathedral, and sit there for exercise, and get on capitally. Westcott is stronger and is ready to do much more than I expected. We go three times a week to him, and bring him things written which he has set us to do. He is quite wonderful, of a pure earnest holiness of life, a humility, a gentleness, a saintliness, such as I have hardly met with before. There are touches of the Principal in his manner: and his humble ways remind me of Jemmy Riddell, he almost sighs like him. He is the sort of man before whose high-toned purity and prayerfulness and intense religiousness I cower with shame. He prays with us when we come to him; so slowly, gently, whisperingly. He speaks of St. John's Gospel with a sort of hushed awe: it is like Fra Angelico, he cannot venture to criticise a verse without a prayer.

July 13.—You are very different indeed from old days—and I am not. I cannot help hoping that ordination may do for me something of what it has done for you, made life a real effective spiritual discipline. For that I look forward to it: for the rest, at present I do cower before it. I feel some land unexplored within me. It will probably fall into my map's plan; but it is evidently not down there yet. Must not one stop to see what there is hidden in these far countries, before one gives them their outlines for life?

Yet I conclude, and your letter implies to me, that this clear sight has to be balanced by the necessity of motes and even beams. These things must be done in some sense on a venture; a probability is not altogether out of place in them—one cannot wait till the river runs all away. Of course all this is plain, old truth—and I suppose, if I rationally considered and counted up to this side and to

that, I should find all my lucid moments to be on the side of faith; whenever I get a clear view of anything religious, it takes its place within the Church; all the theory of life I have, leads that way: the other side is more the dark unknown then the actual. Practically my whole bias, intellectual and moral, runs one way. If I have a tendency, it is, and I can trace it, in one direction—and it is stronger at this moment, under Westcott, than it has been before for long. So am I not right? Sometimes I long for another year; but it is weakness, I think, more than strength, whenever I can track it home, that makes me wish for delay.

His letters to Fremantle at this time are full of self-analysis and self-description, wholly unlike him in later years. There is a long argument over confession: Fremantle urging it, Holland standing-out against it. In other letters, he finds fault with himself, in restless and excessive phrases, not for want of belief, but for want of feeling: "I can see at times that the life that is would be incomprehensible without one to come: but it is rather the feeling that I do not believe either that I am immortal *or* mortal—that I do not see the necessity of being either, that I find no absoluteness, no importance, in either—that makes me despair." And again, "Sorrow has impressed me enormously lately: it does lift me into unknown worlds. But there it stops: I make nothing of it. It leaves me dumb with awe, but will not take any shape, or strike a definite truth into my soul—it will not do more than shadow out its message, then sweep by its dim vestures, without turning upon me the clear eyes of God. It will not mould itself into the Christian Faith and stamp its truth home to me. A vague sense of spreading my arms out into the night for a weeping Christ is all I can get out of it."

In September, there is the first mention of his longing to bring Oxford into closer touch with London. It is not undergraduates that he is thinking of; it is the younger

dons. He is writing, on Sept. 1, to Ady, congratulating him on his curacy at St. Saviour's, Hoxton :—

I am so awfully glad to hear that you are going to London. It would have been terrible to have been shut away with dreamy old agricultural pastoral sleepiness, just when life was longing to take it out of itself somewhere, but did not know how, and so might lie down and go to bed without ever making its effort. There is something seething in the London slums which it will tackle all our energies to " grapple with," as Willert used to say. It is the one thing set before us to do in this age, and it has all to be done—a new temper lies hid there, a new religious want ; and the Church has done nothing yet to fit itself on to the new force. One feels so certain that if this generation of ours cannot manage it, it will never be done. I long to hear all about these things. Hid away at Oxford, the fullness of the new life is an unknown mystery to one. However, I daresay it seems just as hopeless to you, doing anything that matters to anybody. Still, you must see actual living, actual dying, actual sinning, real good hearty vice, naked sin : drunkenness, murder, revelling, and such like—instead of subtle indistinct viciousness of tendency.

A week later, he writes to Fremantle, of a scheme that is " kicking about his head " :—

Resident tutors at Oxford ought to get woke up to a sense of life and death and the old " primal sympathies " : also they ought *above all* to have touched the new spirit of irregulated democracy and to know what it wants, what it feels the need of, but is angry at finding no satisfaction for. This is quite as important as the more intellectual infidelity, just when a democracy is rising into power, which no religion, not even Christianity, much less the Church, has the slightest hold upon. Why should not our association * have some sort of organisation for this ? Could it not make some arrangement with a London parish, so as to keep a sort of mission home open for two months in

* A small society had just been formed in Oxford, for the study of theology : it used to meet at Keble, under Talbot's presidency.

the Long? We could keep up a succession of 3 or 4 men at least, I should think, for that time, ready to do clerical and lay work. It would do us good to see what is really happening in this world of slums from which all the new spirit seems to issue: and it might also be useful to some London parson. I long for something of the sort.

There is a letter at this time from Nettleship, full of misery: he compels himself to put in very plain words the literal meaning of certain statements in the Gospels and the Creed—"O, think of my writing like this, like the charge of a Dean of the Court of Arches, or an article in the Spectator—And yet what am I to do? I cannot believe these things, Monk, I cannot." On September 23, Holland was ordained. As he had done best of the candidates for deacons' orders, he read the Gospel at the ordination-service. In October, he went to his first retreat, for two days, at Keble.

To Fremantle

Sept. 18.—I suppose I have got some gush of naked humanity that will always be with me, yet I cannot think I have got too much to take me through the new life; one will want all one can get to bridge over gulfs. Discipline is so evidently right, that one is compelled to call up the opposed unutterable indescribable something which one feels must qualify it.

Sept. 25.—To my joy I had to read the Gospel, a great pleasure to rise and shout those magnificent words, "Let your loins be girded about"—they seemed to express the whole meaning and glory of the service. I have seldom been happier than at the time of ordination. All hankerings, all questionings vanished—even the thought of Nettleship seemed one of hope—and I knew that I was right to have done it now—I felt that I had reached the point when the stamp that was to be, ought to be set on my life—when the waiting ought to end, and I be ready to start out with my loins girded and light burning—I do not think anything broke into the peace of mind. . . . I know that

I am bound to gird up every thought, wish, prayer, hope, tendency, inclination, love into the expectancy of the Lord I have sworn to serve—and this must have effort, strain, etc. These I mean to give. What I should like to know is whether I should be right in taking my own method about this, which would be, strictness of rule in the matter of prayer, meditation, aspiration, and then letting this act freely in the work of life.

I cannot conceive myself using confession without putting myself in relation to sin in a way to confuse it, colour it, taint it: I daresay it is very foolish of me: but still there it is. All sorts of motives would be creeping about me, intricate tanglings, my wretched feminine passiveness, my taking my colour so much from what is around me—I cannot help it; it runs down all through me, I do not know where it ends, where it begins. It is in and out and under every word and almost every thought of mine —I cannot distinguish what is it and what is not. Yet at the bottom I have, for the very reason that all this in me is so outward, a certain inwardness, an obstinacy of reserve, with which I can come in contact with God, but cannot let it suffuse itself through mediums, communications.

To T. H. Green

I was ordained last Sunday, and naturally at such a time my thoughts turned much on that which had been the chief influence of my lay life, and on how far I must be putting something between myself and it. It may be from a lack of logic, but I could not see that I was writing or doing anything inconsistent with what I learned from you. It seemed to me as if all the meaning I could put into my theology and certainly my ethics was still the old thing. Only, the religious form seemed to me to cap it all, and the cap seemed to me to fit. Still I felt that there must be a split somehow or somewhere, and dim notions of something you once said to me about a preference of morality to sanctity floated about me as explanatory of the difference—and the old difference seemed to resolve itself into a taking of the same thing another way up. I do not know whether it is so. Probably you will think worse of it, I fear. But I must write to you, just to say

that I still feel to myself at least to trace all the strongest and clearest threads of life to you—and that, since this is so, I trust in my own heart that you will not look black at my new coat, or feel that I, for my part, think myself cut off from you. I owe as much as ever to you.

Nettleship to Holland

Sept. 25.—I haven't answered your letter before, partly because I thought I had better wait till it was all over and you were ordained. . . . There is no good in saying much about it: you know what has been said, and what I should say; it is all as old as the hills. You look back to a figure in the past; I look forward to a realisation in the future. To you the reconciliation of that which is the absolute and that which is not the absolute is possible: I can understand their infinitely near approach to each other, but not their fusion. All that you say comes home to me, makes me echo it, makes me wish the words were mine: yet the conditions under which you say it and those under which I should say it are gulfs apart.

There—I will not darken counsel with words any more, nor ever again if I can help it touch on the subject.

The question is, Can we be friends? Of course the words are a mockery: I suppose we each know that we would share the last crust together, or go into battle together, or speak up for each other against the world. Only unfortunately in Oxford there is lots of bread, and the only opportunity of a violent death is the 5th November, and the only slanders common-room scandal. We are shut out from communion in the very great and in the very small alike; we cannot die together and we cannot live together. One thing you won't doubt, that no long coats or white ties will make any difference to me. However long and however white yours may get, however short and however black mine, you shall be to me the man whom I love, in whose voice I shall catch the familiar ring from however far it comes, in whose triumphs I shall share however strange to me the trumpets that blazon them, to whom I shall try to be true however loudly the babblings of theologies and philosophies may tell me that I am false. God, whom we are both trying to serve, bless you and keep you.

T. H. Green to Holland

Oct. 6.—I am seriously and substantially obliged to you for writing to me as you did after your ordination. I have often wished that, if we could not agree, we should at least understand each other better about religious matters. But they are difficult to speak of, and so long as you were at all in a pupillary relation to me I was afraid of seeming to wish to bring you to my own way of thinking of them.

First, you must not think that I have any animosity to the clerical profession, as such. All the best influences of my life have been due to those who belonged to it, my own strongest interests have always drawn me towards it, and I still regard it as an opening to a nobler life than, except by very few, can be otherwise found. Perhaps this sometimes causes a certain bitterness in the thought that the entrance to it is guarded by the profession of opinions which to me seem untenable; and the bitterness is sometimes aggravated when I find those who are able to pursue the calling making by word or manner sacerdotal pretensions which seem to me practically mischievous and a parody on the true dignity of their vocation. This is the worst of my ill feeling towards the clergy. There may be a tinge of selfishness in it, but at the worst it would never make me feel any alienation from one whom (if you will let me say so) I love and respect so much as I do you.

There can be no greater satisfaction to me than to think that I at all helped to lay the intellectual platform for your religious life; and that, not merely out of personal regard to you, but because if I were only a breeder of heretics I should suspect my philosophy. If it is sound, it ought to supply intellectual formulæ for the religious life whether lived by an "orthodox" clergyman or (let us say) a follower of Mazzini. As you know, I never dreamt of philosophy doing instead of religion. My own interest in it, I believe, is wholly religious; in the sense that it is to me (not exactly, in popular phrase, the "handmaid of religion") but the reasoned intellectual expression of the effort to get to God. Nor have I ever meant to put morality and religion in competition, whatever I may have hastily said (which I don't recollect) about "preferring morality to sanctity." I hold that all true morality must be religious, in the sense of resting upon the consciousness

of God: and that if in modern life it sometimes seems to be otherwise, this is either because the consciousness of God, from intellectual obstacles, cannot express itself, or because the morality is not the highest—at any rate has for the time become mechanical. There is indeed a certain sort of "sanctity," which seems to me an ecclesiastical pseudo-virtue, of which the best that can be said is that it is a harmless sentiment; tho' it is a sentiment which in its social effects may become very mischievous. It is the sanctity of men who, according to a pregnant phrase that I lately met with, "make religion their God instead of God their religion."

But tho' I reckon religion and morality properly identical, and religion and philosophy to be in such different planes that they cannot compete, I do recognise a competition between philosophy and dogmatic theology each claiming to be the true *rationale* of religion; and for my own part (tho' I am in no hurry to persuade others so) I have definitely rejected dogmatic theology for a certain sort of philosophy. This does not to my own consciousness essentially separate me from orthodox Xtians, but I fear it must (if known) do so to theirs. The position of dogmatic theology is that true ideas about God and things spiritual are derived from miraculous events. Now on the matter of the truth of the ideas I don't essentially differ from it, except that the way in which it derives them limits the scope of the ideas. It is the derivation from miraculous events that I reject, holding that the belief in the events was derived from the ideas (of which philosophy is the true intellectual expression), not the ideas from the real happening of the events. The result is that from orthodox Christianity, as expressed in prayer, and in the ordinances of Protestant worship, I find no alienation, while I could not subscribe to one of the creeds.

I state these opinions with a brevity which might seem egotistic, but you will believe, I hope, that there is no egotism in the way I hold them. They present themselves to me as the inevitable result of thinking-together God, the world, and the history of man; but I have no destructive interest in them. I had rather not state them at all, if by stating them I weakened any one's hold on Christian ideas. To the best Christians now, as at the beginning of Xtendom, their belief in the miraculous events

of Christ's life flows out of their ideas about God—ideas which I humbly share with them; which I did not invent, but which are the cause of whatever is good in me. To such persons Christ is God conceived under certain attributes, and so He is to me. It is only when they begin to argue about "evidences," making the Christian life rest on a basis which, as I conceive, cannot stand, that I feel called on to resist them. Some day I hope to work out in a book what I think on these matters. I shall not do so, till I can do it constructively—till I feel able to exhibit the essential truth of Christian ideas about God, the Spirit, Eternal life, and prayer—but to do that I should have to maintain the "*a priori* impossibility of miracles," for to me the philosophic condition of Theism is that there is nothing real apart from thought, whereas the doctrine of miracles implies that there is something real apart from thought, viz. "nature," but that thought has once or twice miraculously interfered with it.

I do not at all wish to affect your own way of thinking about Christianity. If I thought it possible that I might do so, I should have thought twice before writing thus. You are one of those, I believe, to whom the revelation of God does not rest on miracles, tho' the miracles of our Lord's life seem to you naturally to arise from it. That being so, there is an essential agreement between us, if only your theology will let you think it.

The more I can know of what passes in your mind, the better I shall be pleased; but speculative differences about supreme interests may, even to men who love each other, well make serious intercourse difficult. If that should prove to be the case with us—as I trust it may not—you may still be sure that there is no change in my feeling towards you, and I shall not believe that there is any in yours towards me. If ever to you, or in your hearing, or in words that reach you I speak hotly about the clergy or the "orthodox," you must understand that such passing heat (which I hope to prevent) does not represent my inner mind.

One warning I should like to give you in conclusion, tho' perhaps what I have previously told you about my beliefs will make you think that I am not enough of a Christian for the warning to have any value—a warning against the tendency, to which sentiment or desire for emotional effects or current clerical opinion might incline

you, to substitute, for the moral presence of God in the Church, a miraculous and mystical one; in other words, against "Sacerdotalism and Sacramentalism." Opinions about evidence don't affect the essence of Christianity; but these demoralise it.

With a general apology for all appearance of laying down the law, and all good wishes for your future life,

Your very affectionate T. H. GREEN.

Nettleship to Holland

Dec. 31.—While I feel the strength to do it I will answer your letter. Every word of it is true—true for me as for you—and being so, I see nothing else to do than to say Goodbye. For me at least it is no use to go on gnawing my heart out trying to do what can only be done by a vision of life more clear and a belief in God more death-defying than the vision and belief which I have got as yet.

So let us give up trying to see or trying not to see each other—let us give up even Thursday evening. Let us try and live worthily of each other. You will not forget me—I shall not forget you—there is no fear of that. Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise—there for me is the thought of you.

1873 (*æt.* 26)

His longing that young Oxford dons should "see what was really happening" in London slums, and should "touch the new spirit of irregulated democracy," brought about a notable venture, in Passion Week and Holy Week, at St. Saviour's, Hoxton. He and others gave a series of addresses every evening at 8.45: and on Good Friday there was the Three Hours' service, and street-preaching. The addresses, or lectures, as he calls them, were planned to "take into account the current objections against religion": and questions were invited after them. It was a venture indeed, nearly half a century ago: and it

was devised and led by him. The first suggestion may have come from Copleston, who had visited Bradlaugh's Hall, and had asked whether a hearing would be given to speakers from Oxford: but it was Holland who put the whole thing through. The addresses were a failure. "Only a few outsiders ever turned up: we used to beg them a little, in the street, to come: but they won't go to a church, I think." But the street-preaching was not a failure: and Holland and Moberly repeated it, a year later.

To Talbot

1. Oakley writes me a strong letter of warnings against disappointment. We cannot gauge his parish's temper beforehand one bit—and if we see three old women steadily listening while we are grappling with all the difficulties that surround modern thought, why, we must grin and bear it! We shall be there in force on the day you preach: Cop, you, myself, Moberly, Fremantle, Stanbridge and perhaps Salwey. We ought to go with you in a body into the pulpit—it is a good big one—and express by our gestures our cordial assent with your words, as in Raphael's cartoon of the Apostles at the death of Ananias. It might have an effect.

2. There really seemed some hope, as we came back from the street-preaching. It was intensely exciting, and, we were inclined to say, very successful. The crowd gathered in a moment, a real live dirty crowd of roughs and streety women; they followed us—they sang a bit; they listened with extraordinary intentness, and solemnity. Only the little children attempted mockery, and Cop administered such an overwhelming rebuke to them, winding up with the most awful warnings of the children and the bears and the bald-headed prophet, that that was put straight.* A jolly mason came swinging along by my

* Bishop Copleston, recalling his fifty years' friendship with Holland, says, "He and I preached in the streets together, and I well and vividly remember a characteristic incident. Some children were disturbing and rude, and in rebuking them I was absurd enough to warn them by the fate of those who mocked Elisha! Dear Holland's amusement at this

side, catching up the "Rock of Ages," which he had sung long ago, I fancied, and delighting in the remembrance of tune and words—Cop's blind beggar dogged his steps—and we hope even buns at the Church house may have been forgotten for a bit. I wish you could have seen the final march to the Church door—the swarm of people in the dark and drizzle coming down the street with the cassocked clergy at their head, shouting the old hymns, closing at the very door of the Church which looked so bright and warm, as Oakley turned and said, "Come in, all of you, service just beginning, come in."

Do you think the association would lend itself to a scheme for organising a connection between Oxford and the socialistic spirit which springs out of the misery of our great cities? The purpose of the plan would be not so much philanthropy, as contact with one of the greatest questions of the day, a question more important in a religious than in any other sense. The sort of idea I had was of a mission-house in the East of London, kept up by us for a couple of months in the Long Vac. The object should be distinctly to get food for thought.

In April, he sent in an essay for the Ellerton Theological Prize, but failed to win it. He writes to Fremantle—

I wrote Ellerton hard yesterday morning—finished it a little more thoroughly than I expected, though as all such things are, very loose and irregular and unsaid about the end. It contains 56 full-sized foolscap pages, undoubled up. I think it goes on pretty straight and clear, though I did nothing but the first writing; and I always write without a definite scheme, letting it take its form as it goes. I had time to look through some of it, and there did not seem to be many words left out, and a good lot of the words were spelt right: so let us hope. I feel I shall be rather drawn at the grind of it, if I don't get it.

On May 4, he writes to his sister, just after the anniversary of Dasent's death:—

want of tact was unbounded: he returned to it again and again, with sheer delight. You would have thought he loved me the more for it, inconceivably priggish as it now appears."

There is something in anniversaries which impresses one to a degree that seems irrational. The old things revive and crawl about in the sun once more—and most of what I felt last year came back to me, the shame, the wonder, the shadow of I knew not what, the solemnity, the exaltation into an atmosphere cut off from all the rest of life. Dear Houblon came in on the day, to see us. The Dasents had all been down the day before (his birthday). There are no blue-bells out this year: I remember gathering such heaps last year, to fill Manuel's coffin. We had a Hoxton gathering last night, and a terrific talk over what we are to do. The great conclusion was, that the idea of a centre outside Oxford was impossible; but we would form a centre here, to which Oakleys, etc., would apply. A Mr. Coutts of Haverstoke has asked us to give lectures under a railway arch to working men. Also we are meditating arranging with Col. Chesney of Cooper's Hill College to preach to his young Engineers. Altogether we are lively.

In July, he was with a reading-party at Roscoff, in Brittany. He writes to Fremantle, who was reading at Tübingen:—

Hotel des Bains, Roscoff. July 4.—We get on very well as yet: read hard; live in French ways, two meals a day. I have begun Renan's Antichrist, which is exciting and beautiful, and am struggling at Strauss. Sunday it poured with rain; so I preached to half-a-dozen people, which was rather a bore as I had written a sermon on congregational worship. *July* 17.—Here we go on very happily—rather chaffingly, but this is natural when we are reading very hard, which we are: still, it makes me discontented now and then with myself. I cannot ever "force a card"; I never could: nothing will enable me to "lead a conversation" naturally in any fixed direction. It is a part of my character to take up what comes and work it; and if nobody is inclined to "talk big," I cannot, however much I wish, bring it on. *Paris. July* 31.—After all, I had three or four impetuous and heated discussions with Paget *—but I

* Francis Paget: born March 20, 1851: Shrewsbury, 1864–1869: unior Studentship, Christ Church, 1869: Hertford Scholarship and

never feel as if I did myself justice in discussion (though I know this is a wholesome humiliation)—still I did speak and that earnestly—but I fear without effect on Paget: I do certainly feel an apostle when my philosophy is in danger, and can really fall on my knees then and pray that "the cause" may not suffer from my weak defence: I can feel a "périsse notre mémoire pourvu que la France soit libre" sort of feeling.

From Francis Paget

Aug. 18.—I have so very much to thank you for, that it will be a relief to say some of my thanks. I owe you so much that all the great pleasure of our month at Roscoff is the least item in my debt. All the time we were there, and even before we went, I had been wanting to ask you about things: and yet I never could make up my mind to do it, until just at the last: and then, you know, you told me what I wanted, and what your letter completes and fixes. For a long time before that, I had been kept straight, more or less, by a rather shaky family affection, and a tottering dislike for the vulgarity of atheism and wrong: but these, I felt, might go at any minute; and I had nothing trustworthy that I knew of to back them up or do instead of them. You see, I could understand all the destructive and grosser philosophy well enough: but though I had heard a good deal of the other, I had never seen where it came in or what it meant and did for one. I suppose I was what people call unsettled: anyhow, it made me very wretched now and then: and my future looked worse than my present. You know what you have done for me, better than I can tell you: and you know too how impossible it is that I should thank you for it. Only there is not a single turn at which it does not meet me, or a single relation of life which is not altered by it: so that I want you to know that you have done me some good: more, I think, than any one has ever done me before, in any direct way.

Chancellor's Prize for Latin Verse, 1871. First class in Final Schools, and Senior Studentship, Dec. 1873. Ordained deacon 1875, priest 1877. Married Helen Beatrice, daughter of Dean Church, 1883. Vicar of Bromsgrove, 1883-85: Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology in Oxford, 1885–91: Dean of Christ Church, 1892–1901: Bishop of Oxford, 1902–1911; died Aug. 2, 1911.

In August, Holland and his sister were at Remagen. "The place is beautiful," he writes to Fremantle, Aug. 8, "as far as Rhine beauty goes: and perched on a high rock above the town is a lovely little church, St. Apollinaris, gorgeously painted, with a Franciscan convent, into the garden of which, hung by high walls over the river, we have found means to penetrate; and there we read the whole afternoon, in perfect peace and joy, only broken-in upon by quiet brown frati who water their flowers. I am horribly disappointed in my German: I had got on so well in my reading it at Roscoff, having ground through the whole of Strauss, 624 very big pages, and a lot of Zeller on Plato—but I find that talking is hopeless." * On Aug. 16, he writes again: Fremantle had taken him to task for "frivolity" at Roscoff: "I quite agree with you about its being useless to fret at outside frivolity without being serious within, but I think you were a bit hard upon me. I was struggling a good deal within, during the Roscoff time; I had been reading a great deal of Strauss and Renan, and they laid a great stress on me to settle the life-and-death questions—so that I felt the weight of the word upon me in all seriousness—but I have a great ease in taking up any sort of mood externally without its affecting the main current of my life: it comes quite natural to me to enjoy the things about me at the very time that I am striving about things to myself. I am fairly astounded myself at the rapidity with which I can pass from the seriousest to the slightest things without any shock and effort—I could not believe it in another."

On Dec. 28, by Liddon's invitation, he preached in

* Miss Murray, who met them at Remagen, remembers that they had made friends with an elderly German lady, "who continued to warn Lilly, though they had hardly a word in common, that the books her brother was trying to read were most mischievous and dangerous: she was sure they could not know this, and she could tell him of delightful books, in which to learn the language, that would do him no harm." From Remagen, they went to the Schumann Festival at Bonn.

St. Paul's, at the Sunday evening service; though he was not yet in priests' orders. It was perhaps the first time on record that a deacon has preached in St. Paul's.*

To Talbot

I suppose that I got through the St. Paul's sermon fairly happily: I enjoyed it very much myself—and managed to be heard: and the place looks so splendid with that mass of people. I felt that the sermon was pantheistic, and feared rather for Liddon's feelings; I do not think that it was in a vein which he would like—but I could not help it. I tried to alter and rewrite it, and found myself back in the old groove rather deeper than before. I still think that it was an opportunity beyond the deserts of a man of my age: it makes me feel so much the start given one by being fairly orthodox. Life is all smoothed down, and made so easy; there is none of the discipline supplied by the need to struggle up to the light of public day: there is no room for the rough improvement that natural selection works on men's characters. It is only giants like Goethe that can afford to have life made comfortable, without losing authority and without missing the training. It is so difficult to recognise the bearings of the time, when all flows along so easily: so hard to contradict it, when it behaves so kindly to one. I cannot but see "self-complacency" as the real clerical vice: the self-complacency of knowing that you, at least, have explained life quite easily, and can only pity those who find the answer to the riddle so hard to find. We are very ready to explain our position to the benighted souls who cannot make it out—very anxious that they should stand where we do: but it is never forced

* *Fremantle to Miss Holland.*—My impression is that everybody was all ears, and that everybody could hear. I said to myself, Yes, it will do—he can and will be a great preacher—it is all there—and the important thing is not to cultivate the arts of delivery, etc., but to keep up the study and thought whence the material for sermons is to be furnished. It will not do for him to be simply a brilliant popular preacher, but he must be (what his gifts point him out to be) a philosophical preacher. I was rather concerned, and Liddon was as I expected rather displeased, at certain theological statements—"paradoxes," Liddon called them—about the nature of God, etc., and it is there that I see the danger against which S. ought to guard carefully. All this I told him yesterday.

upon us as a matter of life or death, "Have you got hold of the truth, or have you not?" It is never said to us by the necessities of society, "You *shall* say this, or starve," and then we have chosen to starve rather than say it. How are we to supply the sturdy discipline that tries the unorthodox so severely? We have the plums; and there is no denying it.

1874 (*æt.* 27)

This was the year of the Newquay reading-party: of Fremantle's death: and of Holland's ordination as priest.

To Fremantle

Easter Day, Gayton Lodge. (*After the second visit to Hoxton*).—I preached Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday evenings—and again here this morning—besides once with the Sisters, and two things in the streets: and you know the constant little churches, and the furiously late hours. It is a great comfort to feel the pressure of that life about one, and to think one is just speaking a word or two to help it. Sermons I liked as much as ever, especially my Good Friday one. The street preaching was much as last time. We went to some rougher parts. Moberly, the sublime, spoke with a wonderful amount of go and fervour —though still rather full of refinements and shadings.

To his Sister

1. *April* 8 (*A belated birthday letter*).—It must be somebody's birthday to-day, it looked so loving and splendid and good. Oxford is ideal in these early spring beauties. The sunlight lies along these meadows with a softness peculiar to them, I think: I looked from Shotover to-day, and the thin white haze lay round Oxford like soft light wool among her towers, just for her to rest in, and to make her gentle and peaceful, like sheep's wool twisted in among the sticks to make a nest cosy and downy and dear. We go on very quietly: the boys are not noisy: and, I think, I know more of them than before.

2. *Eothan House, New Quay. July.*—We find lots to do. We have played a cricket-match, Oxford against the New Quay Cricket Club, and we are purposing a match at hockey, which we play on the sands with great vigour. The boys are charming: they do credit to Christ Church: they are so good; and full of life. But they do not think much about deep things: and I find a lacking in that. There is no discussion, no inroad of new thoughts about things. They are outside the philosophical atmosphere—and this is bad for one. The talk is so endlessly on the little details of life—they know such a mass of little detached things—but it never gets beyond this. I do not know quite what to do. I always find it difficult to press-in subjects; and, in the intervals of work, the rest of trifling is sweet—but it is unsatisfactory.

Newquay, in 1874, was a rough, undrained little place: Fremantle, Francis Paget, and Greenwood got typhoid fever: others "were weak and sick for a bit, but escaped the fever": Holland was one of those who escaped altogether. Paget and Greenwood came near dying: Fremantle died at home, at Swanbourne, Winslow; September 16, 1874. Holland was at Cuddesdon that day, for his examination; was at Swanbourne on the 17th; was ordained priest on the 20th; and celebrated for the first time, at Swanbourne, on the 22nd, the day of the funeral.

To Ady

Sept. 17.—Have you heard it? He is quite quietly, quite gently, gone, and we shall see him no more. He went away yesterday evening at 6.30, sinking, without a struggle. I am going to Swanbourne this evening, just for the night. I am in the middle of my papers, and do them as I can. But the ordination is deepened and sanctified more than I can say by all this. I cannot write more. We shall see each other to bury his dear body: and at the retreat. God be with us both through life. *Sept.* 21.—I cannot tell you what yesterday was to me: to be admitted a priest of that kingdom where he is: to stand inside the veil, and feel stirring about one those very spiritual powers

which hold his soul in life: to feel on one's head the Hand of Jesus fresh from taking him to Himself: how, through one's tears, one could bless God for all this.

To Miss Julia Cartwright *

Oct. 7.—I longed to write to you. I felt it almost wrong that I should have the immense joy and privilege of looking on that beautiful face, as I did for one hurried night between the papers of an ordination-examination—look on it lying there, as it had lain so many weeks in sickness, more lovely, more gentle, more calm, more perfectly holy than ever I had seen it even in life, so quiet I could hardly believe he did not breathe—so like himself that I had to call out his dear name to make sure that he did not hear; so sweet and unfretting, and pure, that I knew the sickness had been doing God's work through all those long silent half-conscious hours, its wonderful work of refining and purging and purifying. I wish I could convey to you half the marvellous glory and charm of that last look of his, so delicate and smiling and winning, that you might have for ever that pleasant memory, to store away, and look at in dark days to come. I kissed him, and could not help telling him in his ear to remember me and all who loved him, as we should remember him—and, from that hour, I have felt a sense of something strange, exalted, glorified, divine, in all my thoughts of him: and I cannot grieve for him; it has seemed almost a mockery to talk of the work he might yet have done, or of the hopes we had of him—so small, and pitiful, and unmeaning, they all seemed by the side of that splendid hope we have now given us of him.

In October, he got the relief of a week in Wales, with Copleston; tramping, and taking everything as it came:—

It was slipped in so quickly and quietly between Oxford things. We cut ourselves off entirely from everything.

* Her writings in biography and in criticism are known far and wide. She is a daughter of Mr. Aubrey Cartwright, and a grand-daughter of the first Lord Cottesloe: thus, Fremantle was her uncle: but there was no marked difference of age between them. She and W. H. Ady were married in 1880. Their daughter, Miss Cecilia M. Ady, one of Holland's many godchildren, is Vice-Principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford.

We said nothing about Stephen, hardly. The first days, I felt quite drained of all thought and talk—and after that, I never can bring in a subject—and Copleston probably thought it best for us to live by the day—and the days were charming. We reached our climax about Abergavenny. The whole week towered up to this. It was the loveliest day of all—the walk was ideal: and we saw a face so splendidly beautiful in a certain village-inn that it drew up the influences of the whole walk into itself—I have never felt before so strongly the force of Wordsworth's "Highland Girl"—and then at last a Welsh clergyman and his wife, the ideal of all that was simple and could ever be Welsh: people it was an everlasting pleasure to watch and hear.

After the first Sunday in term, he writes to his mother:—

It was at the morning celebration, which he never missed, that I felt most vividly the wretched sense of something lost—and yet it was just then when the whole force of the Communion of Saints streamed into me, and I knew that I belonged to one Body with him, that I on earth and he in heaven felt at that moment the same impulse and were being fed and sustained by the same life. It is marvellous how inspiring and awful, and triumphant, the great chant becomes, under the pressure of a love lost, as the mighty words lead off so strongly and confidently—"Therefore with angels and archangels and with all the Company of Heaven we laud and magnify Thy glorious name."

On All Saints Day, he preached at Eton:* he writes to Ady:—

* *Nettleship to Spencer Holland. Nov.* 9.—Scott will have told you that I went down to Eton yesterday week to hear him preach. He must have been enormously astonished, and I could hardly keep from laughing myself when I saw him up at the end of the chapel and wondered when he would see me. It was very odd: I had meant to go there in old days so often, and had never been. Of course the sermon was splendid. I leant back in my seat and wondered whether I should have recognised the voice shouting away up there to be the same voice that I was used to. I don't know whether they took it all in—not all, I should think: but it is a good thing even for Eton boys to have to think there is something they can't quite understand.

All Saints Day to me was filled to overflowing with thoughts and memories of him. To stand up in that splendid Chapel amid those crowded ranks of boys, and speak of the Communion of Saints, gave me one of the divinest joys that this earth has yet brought me. It spoke all round me so marvellously of him—and it was just the memory of him with which I associate you so completely: and you and Evans, and all the happy fun were living in my heart that day. You know the wonderful sight of the evening service: there is nothing like it in the world: the flood of boys overflowing; rows after rows shining down right up to the far altar rails: and the rushing storming organ, and the soaring ghostly windows, and the white walls towering and shining: and the light and glow and music, and bright faces set in the framework of lovely woodcarving: and the old, old look of the boys, the very same hair and eyes as of old, and the small boys laughing, and the sixth form marching with the old swing, a Lyttelton among them; and the quaint, historic faces of the masters, so strange and so familiar—and to think how well he knew it all, and how every line of it must live in him, and be mixed up with him, and was loved by him, and knit him up with you and me in a memory that nothing here or hereafter could ever sever or undo.

IV

CHRIST CHURCH, 1875–1878

He was at Christ Church during its Renaissance period, under the magnificent rule of Dean Liddell, when its buildings were being made every year more beautiful. He was happy in his surroundings, his work, and his friendships: he could not complain that High Table and Common-room were dull: he came to be heartily in love with Christ Church. But he resented the touch of pride and extravagance. Balliol, with Jowett and Green and Nettleship and Arnold Toynbee, had been less observant of rank, more keen over social problems, more insistent on learning, more adventurous of teaching. But there was Keble, with Talbot, Illingworth, Arthur Lyttelton, Lock, and Aubrey Moore: and Copleston, till 1876, at St. John's: and Gore just passing from Balliol to Trinity. Besides, he had many other friends in Oxford society, and in the Oxford musical and literary societies: he fluttered the Browning Society, in 1884, with a bewildering little paper, half serious half mocking, on "The Flight of the Duchess": all Oxford was proud of him, though some may have been inclined to reckon him, in Lord Morley's phrase, among the "purveyors of cloudy stuff." His life in Oxford turned on the poles of Christ Church and Keble: but he hid this dark secret of his affection for Keble from the Christ Church undergraduates.

To an average one of them, in 1874–78, inclined toward books and the problems of religion, he was a wonder, in whom Greek philosophy and the Catholic faith were met together: but a most human wonder, loving athletics and music and poetry and friendship and laughter and chaff, never for a moment off his stroke or not at his best, always miles ahead of the crowd, as if nothing were difficult or dull to him. He would have brought down the walls of Jericho by racing round them in flannels, shouting and singing and mocking at them for being so absurdly solid. He could reduce the most intractable problems, and have them under control, with the flick of a jest: as he said, on a reading-party in 1876, to one of us who was fascinated by the distinction between the primary and the secondary qualities of matter—"Ah, the old green world buzzing away by itself: no, I'm afraid we mustn't believe in that." Or his estimate of "the dismal science," about that same year, at a little dinner in Francis Paget's rooms—"Imagine putting up a stained glass window to Faith, Hope, and Political Economy." Or an offhand saying at an undergraduates' tea-party—"Sanday has discovered the Catholic Church in the New Testament. We all thought it was there: but we are surer than ever, now that Sanday has found it." But his wit and his irony went hand in hand with courtesy and love of good form. He had constant insight into little peculiarities of character; but he was so courteous, that men hardly realised that he was seeing into them. He must judge for himself of all men: it was not in him, to be obsequious or imitative: he could never be a copy or an echo of somebody else. Only, in the later years in London, his judgment of men was impaired by his passionate longing to improve the social system: and he put faith in some who did not deserve it. He would go a very long way with anybody, over a good cause.

Of his lectures, no precise list can be made now. So early as 1871, he was lecturing on the Republic: "I have very old men in beards, and Dasent mocking at my feet." In 1873, he was giving an introductory course on the Gospels, with special reference to W. H. Mill's book on their "mythical interpretation." In 1877, he was giving two courses of lectures, one on the Republic, the other on St. John's Gospel. There was at this time very little inter-collegiate teaching: he took part in it very early in its history, but in 1877 there was next to none: the old men in grey beards had vanished: there may be a mythical interpretation of them: he was lecturing to a small class, about a dozen undergraduates. We had no desire to share him with other colleges: he belonged to us, not to "out-college men," whom some of us called Squills, *i.e.* dwellers on the Esquiline.

To hear him lecture on Plato, and on St. John was a memorable experience. There was not only the sense of escape from less inspiring lecturers into the presence of a young man of genius; not only the pleasure of listening to him, feeling after his thoughts, enjoying his goodwill, in his own room, with Jeremiah and St. George and Colleoni to keep us company: there was above all the sense that he passionately desired us to believe what he was saying. He made us quite sure that we should be fools, and worse than fools, if we did not care what we believed; and that Plato and St. John, between them, knew all that we should ever know, and more, of God and man. As it was said of Illingworth's lectures on St. John, "The Logos meant something then, meant everything—even the freshman felt that it did." But, after more than forty years, all lectures, even Holland's, are forgotten. He used to stand at his tall desk, as he lectured; now and again moving about the room. One of us remembers his delight over

the sound of the word Sophrosune, and over the argument, in the second book of the Republic, that the simple life would not long remain simple; men would demand sauce with their bread. Another remembers his study of Cephalus, in the first book; the quiet old man who leaves Socrates to deal with Polemarchus, and goes back to attend to the sacrifices: and his study of the talk with the woman of Samaria: it had really happened: nobody would have invented the fact that she left her waterpot at the well.

But these things are nothing: he was everything. We all wanted to get to Plato and St. John; and here was a man, not much older than ourselves, who had got to them—pushing his way, with a laugh and a shove of the shoulders, through all our difficulties. His philosophy and his religion, as anybody could see, made him what he was: we could thus be confident that Herbert Spencer had not said the last word on these subjects. There is a reference, in H. W. Nevinson's "Between the Acts," to the look of Holland coming up Hall to High Table: "he always sprang over the ground like the feet that bring good tidings; and the whole young High Church party, in imitation of him, seemed to leap for joy as they walked."

1875 (*æt.* 28)

To Talbot

1. *Jan.* 21. (*With a design for the "Timothy window" in Cathedral, in memory of Fremantle.*)—I feel sure a window ought to have a single design or subject throughout; and this ought to be one which the public would recognise, as well as the private friends. Timothy seems to me to represent the delight of an obedient and dutiful spirit in accepting the magnificent heritage of a great system embracing life in all its details. He is the type of the highest order of secondary minds, men who carry on work,

but do not create by genius a new era. Then there are minor points so like Stephen: the youthful charge to teach, and to ordain—then the "Hold fast the form of sound words"—and the mingling of small practical life up with the big things, from the "cloak at Troas" to the "little wine for thy stomach's sake"—all this is just like him. I should like the top centre light to be higher than the others, so that our Lord's figure should run up close into the tracery at the top: where there would be angels with much music.

2. *Feb.* 19. (*After a meeting of the theological society.*)—I felt very anxious to send you a word about last night's talk, because I came away feeling as if I had not kept in harmony with the true unity of faith between us all. It was difficult—but I thought you wanted us to be bold in saying our most chaotic thoughts about the Old Testament: and, in doing so, we must seem to be toying with the reality of Scripture, not in earnest about it, hardly consistent with our position as faithful Christians. At least, I am sure I seem like this—and indeed *am*, in my weaker self—and it was the weaker intellectual self that came forward last night. I am so conscious of the intense superiority of a genuine faith over the half disingenuous quibbles of the understanding: but then, I feel, from that position, it is no good coming together to own to difficulties and doubts.

But alas! I am very sensitive to difficulties: and though I can master them by a strong recognition of the reality of the spiritual power wielded by our Lord for instance, yet directly I have withdrawn that personality, they must spring up again: and I cannot jump at all miracles big and small, old and new, because I am able to accept them in a particular case of peculiar conditions. And this is what we all owned to more or less—and I, especially.

In June, he was at Peterborough, with Westcott, Lightfoot, V. H. Stanton, Morse of Nottingham, and J. B. Paton; they talked over plans for a campaign of lectures and essays. He writes to Talbot:—

Paton's scheme of lectures for the big towns is rather a big one. It is to be run on the lines of the Cambridge

Extension Lectures. There are to be terms of 8 or 12 lectures each, with classes attached, and papers done. The subject, Christian Apologetics. All controversy distinctly avoided and abolished. The lectures to be for instruction to the great mass of youngish people who would be Christians if they thought there was any possibility of their being so rationally, and of its being conceivable that the Fortnightly was, after all, sometimes apt to be wrong. The lecturers to be paid: the lectures open to all who would come: questioners to come privately to the lecturer after lecture, not to ask in public. The classes would be freer, and would allow for more general questioning. . . . Paton spoke most confidently of the willingness of the towns to have us, and to pay for it. Only he stipulated that it should all be under the sanction of Westcott and Lightfoot. He could not promise the co-operation of Dissent, except to those two names.

Cambridge, which supplied many more names than I did for possible lecturers, broke down rather over possible writers: and here I came out, and suggested that I could hold out more hope of writers than lecturers. An essay or so a year from three or four of us would surely be procurable. Copleston must do one before he goes: and, I think, you would be good and kind, and think about it, will you? This Long, for instance—a first vintage about your dear friends the Stoics? Could not this be managed? or an historical study? or a bit of moral application of Christian principles to social problems? Do think about this.

In August, after a reading-party at Mortehoe, came the first of the "holy parties," at Brighstone. This annual meeting of friends in council was devised by Holland: and he gave the name to it. The daily rule was, at 7 a.m., Holy Communion, or meditation: silence and study all the morning: an afternoon walk: and a discussion of some selected book.*

* Late in life, on Francis Paget's death in 1911, Holland wrote in Commonwealth:—"After the ecstasy of the reading-party, Paget would come on to the more sober felicities of what we ironically named 'the holy party.' It was simply the habit of a gang of us young donlets to

On Sept. 20, he writes to Miss Cartwright of an ordination-service at Cuddeston; how it had recalled to him Fremantle's death :—

What it all meant, seemed to be more than ever the old truth, that our spiritual life here is no sundered thing, but simply an incoming, an in-flowing of the brimming flood of God's own heavenly life into the dry and thirsty nooks and corners of this world, like a great tide up river-creeks. It is the mighty sea itself, and not a shadowy image of it, which rolls in upon us—and therefore it is well and right that it should make this world's death the road of its incoming, the breach through which it flows—just as the rivers are drunk up and disappear under the flow of the floods, and, by disappearing, enjoy the marvellous fullness of the deep sea-waters. Death reveals this life here to be no life in itself, but only a bed which outer, strange streams may pour into and fill.

1876

The reading-party was at Bettws-y-Coed. After it, came the first of his many visits to Hawarden. The holy party was at Cross Hayes, Burton-on-Trent.

To Mrs. Talbot

Aug. 30, *Cross Hayes.*—Bettws got very hot at one time, but not hotter than any place must be, when the weather persists in being very hot: how is a place to help it? We all got ill, and rushed off to Llandudno, and put out our tongues, and begged a good kind doctor to feel our pulses, and he, good man, wrote out pages of strange advice, which, on consulting the chemist's, turned out to consist of draughts, pills, tonics, etc., to an alarming extent: on hearing which we fled, and felt much better. My head was rather bad, and I did but little work: I am better here.

occupy some small country parish for a month, do the duty, read, discuss, say our offices and keep our hours together. Talbot, Gore, Illingworth, Richmond, Arthur Lyttelton, J. H. Maude, Robert Moberly, would be there—with Lock, or Cheyne, now and again. We would work, and play, and talk over the possibilities of an Anglican Oratorian Community: and be exceedingly happy."

But dear Bettws! it was lovely: I love that scenery more than any other, full of rich colour, and mass of detail, purple, red, green, blue—all shaken up together into mixed wood, moorland, fern, bog, heather, mountain slopes, rocks, green fields, ivy, streams, pools, lakes, flowers—every foreground so brilliant, every distance so full of scudding greys, and flying colours, and broken lights, and shimmering mists, and sudden gleams of flashing sunlight under heavy clouds—all fairly small, not astounding you by size, nor overwhelming you by strangeness, but always within compass, always delightful, always rich in pleasant surprises and sudden changes—always friendly, and English, and quiet. And the streams! There are no such streams anywhere! That ruddy black-peat water rolling down rich like wine—it is the most noble form of water.

I was so pleased to go to Hawarden: they were very kind; and we played tennis, and talked, incessantly. The great man was deeply interesting to me; it is quite awful, feeling oneself near such a gathered store of force: it is so wonderful, the compactness into which Nature can shut up her strength: it is strange it can get itself into the same narrow room of brain and nerve, that we can do with; I keep expecting it to go off pop—like dynamite in a box. This sounds irreverent, but it is what I feel near great men. There is no moment when you feel so acutely the inadequacy of space.

To his Sister

Aug. 31. *Cross Hayes, Burton on Trent.*—I have done my Opium article, and it has gone to press, for the Church Quarterly—I am anxious for it to work, and rouse some one to quicken the Church—but now, my passion goes out for these wretched Bulgarians. Never, since Louis XIV sacked the Palatinate, has anything like it been heard of in Europe—and our fleet still lies at Besika Bay, and Dizzy is rewarded with a peerage, after apologising for these wickednesses, and lightly scoffing at the indignation they have aroused. I cannot understand where chivalry has gone, in the Conservative party—or honour, in the Army. They sit silent—or dare to defend. Thank Goodness, Liddon spoke out. If only the Bishops would publicly

speak, open subscriptions, denounce. To think that wretched, unwarlike Christian peasants can be slaughtered in the shambles by barbarous Turks—with Christian Powers standing round, and doing nothing! We shall feel the vengeance of God upon us for this if we shut our eyes, and let things go their way.

In September he writes from Folkestone, to one of the Bettws reading-party, who was in Italy:—

I am in such a different place to you, with a grey sky, a grey sea, grey ships, and grey faces: but now and then there comes a breath of brine from the ocean which is worth most things in the world besides. The people are an immense improvement on Llandudno: certainly Southerners can dress, and certainly, they are very pretty: the ladies are full of graceful skirts and racy hats, and light tied-up figures, which are airy and in motion, and in and out among them sail dapper little officers from the camp, and stately old gunboats with whiskers and big sticks, and all the splendid dignity of men-of-war—and I feel glad to be a parson and to enjoy the privilege of a right to be careless about the shape of my boots, and the cut of my bags about the knees. You must be very happy in beautiful Italy: it is reassuring to see an Italian throw a cloak over his shoulder: it reminds one, that civilisation and history have not spent themselves in vain.

In October, he writes from Oxford, after some little mission-service in London:—

I did enjoy my glimpse of rough London thoroughly—that thrilling sight of the black and brutal streets reeling with drunkards, and ringing with foul words, and filthy with degradation—and the little sudden blaze of light and colour and warmth in the crowded shed, with its music and its flowers, and its intense, earnest faces—and its sense of sturdy, stirring work, quick and eager, and unceasing—God alive in it all. It is most wonderful to me—the contrast with our rich solemn days, our comfortable Common Rooms, and steady ease, and Bayne, and the respectables. It certainly does one good to get touched up by a rough strong bit of reality, like that.

1877

In the spring of this year, he had his first grave experience of the ill-health which plagued him, from time to time, for many years. He had long been subject to headaches, and had made the best of them: but in 1877 there was not only persistent headache, but complete disability for any sort of continuous work; and he found himself compelled to be idle. He had to take this trouble seriously: he could not fight it out; and recovery was slow. Happily, in the later years of his life, the trouble came to an end of itself. In some of his letters, he jests at it. None the less, he feared it, and was unable to fight it. He was advised to get away, for a time, from Oxford: and went to Italy, with his sister.

To Miss Cartwright

April 30. 11, *Lung Arno Guicciardini, Florence.*—We are seeing beautiful things every day: and live with four maiden ladies, sisters, of ages between 40 and 60, who are most delightful; they talk, and play and sing, and charm us; with them is a widow cousin, of a more alarming character: and, between them all, I sit night and day, and sometimes look out of window and wonder at my own sex, and ponder when I shall ever speak to one of them again. But it is a delightful home: and I am gradually getting better, though it is slow. Lilly reads to me histories of Florence: and daily we worship Savonarola more enthusiastically than ever before. George Eliot has put her uncomfortable slur upon him: he rises from actual history with a purer and nobler presence, I think.

From Florence, also, he writes to his brother Spencer at Christ Church, who was reading for Greats with his tutor, Richard Shute:—

1. I was glad at your getting something out of Shute; he ought to be able to help you a good deal with his sharp

analysis; he will put things into shape, I should hope. But don't get captivated by the analysis into thinking that the whole has been sifted away: sifting is a capital thing—but the thing sifted is the real thing after all, the thing in itself on which our wits work as they will, but which is itself, all the time, just what it is. I have only glanced through Shute's book yet—but it gives one a view of life which simply paralyses me, I always find. It is so useless, so unprofitable, so empty, so utterly and flatly contradictory to all my experience, that all life power would go out of me, if I believed it. I am not divided up into compartments, with reason in one, and faith in another, each tucked away by itself in a box, out of which the moment it puts its head to look at the other, Shute has knocked it back again with that ever watchful and wary eye. That is analysis cutting me up, dividing me: but I don't exist the least in a cut-up condition. I remain and am a unity of person, appearing equally one and the same in all my complex manifestations, one and the same, whether I feel, or reason, or believe: and this unity is that by which I live: and, if I am not it, but a series of boxes, then I can only sit down and shrug my shoulders, for I know not what I am.

But this is enough jaw—I only wanted to say that every formula of Shute's philosophy paralyses my life, every formula of Plato's quickens it, though often I know not why, though often it seems illogical—and it is this which is the final test of all philosophies. Do they, or do they not, answer to our life?

2. One line to you—I am most grateful for your last letter: it frankly explained. Now, I don't want to bother you, or to force you to discuss: but only just to say this—that what you say in your letter is exactly the reason why I wrote mine—instead of being a reason against it.

I suspected what you describe: I felt that you were passing into the stage of criticism, of analysis—just as you say.

But, then, this makes me urge you all the more strongly to use the accepted mode of contact with God. For man has no cave of absolute self-concentration into which he can retire in order to take a view from outside of all that is not himself. He is for ever dependent, he cannot sustain his own life, out of himself, by his own powers. He has

to be sustained by forces larger than himself—as in the body, so in the spirit.

He may turn round to examine the body—he may doubt its very existence, he may criticise all its methods, he may sift and analyse; but, all the time, he may never cease to depend on those methods, he may never free himself completely from the body he analyses, he may never hold it off from him to look at, or refuse its action. He must go on feeding it, he must go on depending on it, he must accept it, or he will die. He may doubt whether it really exists; but still he must act as if it did exist, for his very power of doubting is dependent on the existence of that body whose existence he doubts.

So it is with the Spirit.

The Spirit, too, is dependent on that which has brought it into being, and still sustains it. Therefore it can never wholly free itself: it may turn round to criticise itself and to analyse the workings of Spirit, it may doubt the existence of those workings; but still it is dependent on those very workings of Spirit for its power to doubt their existence: it must go on feeding itself with the food provided: it must accept the methods which historically have produced it, or it, too, will die.

Christianity has made you what you are, as much as your mother has. Therefore you who ask what is Christianity, and why should I hold it? are compelled still to live by it, to be formed by it, just as you are compelled to acknowledge your mother, while you doubt the laws of marriage, or just as you must eat, while you doubt the real existence of the external world.

Religion must provide you with something that stands to you like food, a supreme necessity, whatever you may think about it. This is what I meant to say the Holy Communion was. You derive from it the very power to criticise God. If you do not, you are not in the position of a questioner—but you have already answered the question. For we say that you can never know God except by the help of God. That is our position, as against the alternative that there is no God. To reject the help of God, therefore, is already to make our answer to your problem impossible.

As a questioner, therefore, I should say—the Communion, *i.e.* the undoubted historical mode of seeking God, into which you as a fact are born, whether you like it or not,

is to be used by you, as the only possible way by which one answer to the question can be obtained. The Holy Communion, *i.e.* received and accepted by virtue of the supreme necessity of having faith in the world you find yourself in, faith in God's revelation of Himself in history —just as you have faith enough to eat bread, though you doubt the reality of external phenomena. Goodbye, dear. God bless you.

To W. H. Ady

July 26. *Pontresina.*—So much of the opposition is so hollow and unreal, one knows, as one gazes blankly down Daily Telegraphs, Pall Malls, etc., with their rotten and insincere appeals to "beloved principles of the Reformation," and all the time it is only Fyffe or Student Williams or somebody who cares for the Reformation about as much as for the Man in the Moon. I have been rather struck by the intense popular hatred of the "ritualists," "confession," etc., which must still be so violent and general, for the press to be confident of applause in using the language it does. Did you see Punch on the "Holy Cross"? I never read anything so rabid, and ferocious; it was an appeal to brutality, to mob-law, to kicking and beating. I suppose Punch knows what sort of temper it can count on in the mass. All this has made unpopularity feel very real and vivid; and it deepens the sense of combat, and makes one feel as if there was yet a great deal of suffering and rough discipline to be gone through. There won't be any fair weather for some time, I expect. So we must work away steadily and strictly—and cut away all this reckless light-hearted insolence of audacious youth, which still clings about us: there ought to be so much less tall talk, so much less loud-mouthed defiance, shrill cock-a-hoop sort of shouting. It is a case for silent, patient, unshrinking endurance, it seems to me—the leaven has yet got to work into the lump, and that is done slowly: I do feel that it will require a good deal of fortitude not to despair: and it *is* despair, to draw the leaven out of the lump because the lump is so long in leavening. The cock-a-hoop stage has blinded us to the sternness, and length, and grind of the business: it is not a thing to be done at a rush, this leavening of a whole people

—this we are now learning. The danger is lest we should think the failure of the rush to be the failure of the whole hope—and creep back to our own trenches, content to keep ourselves safe, and abandoning the larger victory—while we ought to be just pressing forward with a long, unwearied, patient push, until we have worn out the enemy and the whole thing gives way.

Sept. 24. *London.*—Rome has been showing itself differently to me lately from what you picture it. I have been poking a little about the Infallibility history: and certainly there stands something in that long tale of confusion and blunder and falsification, which qualifies that freedom from our own peculiar griefs which makes Rome so refreshing an attraction. I have felt quite lightened and comforted by the thought that, at least, I have no such heavy a claim to make good as this one of Papal Supremacy. It would require the most resolute and defiant treatment, such as the methods of the Archbishop of Westminster for dealing with history could alone supply. In the mean time, life is moving, working, growing all about us, with all the fullness and richness that we can expect here on earth: is it not?

1878 (*æt.* 31)

In January, he writes of the meeting, at Hawarden, of Gladstone and Ruskin—"For three days I had the delight and amusement of watching the two, the one in despair of all things here on earth, attributing this century chiefly to the devil, the other profoundly convinced that there never was such a good time, never was such a hopeful age. It was very funny. Ruskin was most delightfully fresh and unique; he preached his faith to me night and day; he trembled on the edge of insanity: he was wonderfully touching and beautiful. I got quite intimate with him, and hope to go on listening at Oxford to his view of my duties as a clergyman. It is a great privilege to have seen the two together." In February, of the popular hatred against Russia—"the debate, with its angry, loud

Ministers, its bitter, unceasing personalities: cheer upon cheer following every new insult to Russia, every most flaming suspicion of her conduct, every palliation of Turkey's misdoings, every taunt against the Christian populations. Russia has lost her head, I gather: the war-party are up: her diplomats are making their own game, most suspiciously: all this is true, I daresay: but our war-party repays them insult for insult, suspicion for suspicion; we have refused to accept their plighted word, we have acted in spite of her assurances on our worst suspicions of her aims, we have exhibited jealousy and bitter criticism at every turn to her—why should she play an open game with us? What inducement have we offered her to trust us?" In March, of the wreck of the Eurydice, in which his cousin Edward Gifford was drowned—"the only one who can be remembered to have gone to the wheel, at the last moment when the water was rushing over the ship, and every one was flying as he could. This looks full of Gifford readiness, and Gifford pluck. We ought not to be so surprised, so overcome by death: it is not the worst thing that can happen to us." The letter recalls what he said in 1872, "I always love the Gifford side of my family."

In April, during a fortnight's reading-party at Porlock Weir, he writes to his brother Spencer, on friendship:—

> Certainly I have known the passionate strain that friendships bring with them: I have tried, as so many have tried before, to press into the delighted discovery of sympathy with another all the upspringing yearnings that gather in the soul at the moment when it first knows itself and searches for another into whom to pour this self knowledge, in whom to realise it, out of whom to receive it back again with the joy of enlargement and increase. The spirit is brimming with good measure: and it longs to give itself in fullness, running over, that with the same measure that it metes, it may receive it back into its bosom.

And, therefore, I have known the inevitable melancholy: each soul stands over against another—each yearns to unite itself with each: but each has veils light as gauze, yet rigid as steel, which close each round to itself: in vain they reach out embracing arms to each other, in vain they cling to each other; the unity cannot attain its fullness, its satisfaction: the two stand apart, confused: delicious sympathies may cross, and re-cross, from one to another, touching, entwining, binding, but not dissolving the barriers, not making the twain one, not rending the partition and remaking the two souls into a single new creature, transcending the limits that sunder them.

We fall back exhausted: disappointed: barren: we feel as if friendship broke down under us, and we had no outlet but despair. But only because we are struggling to get out of friendship what is not there—more than can be there. There are two modes of unity which are alive in us, prompting us in friendship—the human unity of two souls in marriage, the Divine unity, symbolised by this, of two spirits made one in the sacramental union of God and man.

We are throwing into our friendship all the passion that is realised in these two forms. Is this not true? We are straining to make friendship do the work of these. It is lovely, holy, pure—friendship—but it cannot do the work.

It cannot but leave something undone that these passions require to be done: it cannot but leave something of unsatisfaction, of isolation, of imperfect familiarity.

The more we strive, the more intensely we drain its cup, the more will be the fever, the fretfulness, the angry irritation, the dreariness, of the inevitable failure. Something of the awful barrenness of lust comes over it, in that it is struggling to slake the thirst for the higher with the waters of the lower. This is not hard, or cruel: there is nothing so uplifting, so true, so endlessly refreshing as friendship—nothing, except a perfect marriage, or a perfect union with God. Everything, but these two, it will do. Have I not myself lived by friendship all my life? Have I not fed on it as my daily bread? Do I not now live in it, through it, by it? But whenever I have attempted to bring into it the vast and engrossing passions of the two higher unions, it has failed me—it has turned sour—it has

hovered near to darkness: it has felt the cold shadow of death.

. . . I do not want to force things—only I beg you to drive yourself upward through all this uplifting emotion of love, never resting, never content, aspiring all the higher because of the failure of the lower, reaching onward to the highest, learning diligently through the discipline of the lower the significance of the highest—learning to know what it is that you demand of God, how real, how strong, how living the need of Him is—that need which has impelled you to enjoy His gifts, and yet has revealed to you, by the inadequacy of the gifts to satisfy it, that it was the Giver who alone can satiate—learning it—and reaching out your hands to feel after it, by clinging to prayer, however blind, by feeling after Him in that holy moment when He offers to knit your soul and body into His own Creative Person; coming near to you, nearer than flesh and blood, with the inner power of the Spirit, so that He may feed you, nourish you, know you, interpenetrate you, absolve you, strengthen, quicken, transform you—with that power which has made your soul once, and now will recreate it, pouring back into it His own vigour and force, and love, so that, not by your efforts, but by His power, it may grow, and expand, and increase.

This is the friend who sticketh closer than a brother; who can be more to us than father, or mother, or sister, or friend.

This I have found—this everlasting consolation, before the face of which all doubts dwindle and grow small. I do not want to force it upon you dogmatically, or cruelly—I do not want to compel. I will leave all to God, who will lead you in His slow patience, when and as He choose.

Only I could not help leading these thoughts up to that great crisis and crown—to it alone they all seem to me to lead.

They teach, what it fulfils. They drop their task, just where it can take it up.

I do not mean to hurry you—nor to watch you: nor to preach. Only I must be sincere: I must say how all this gathers itself, for me, into that Eucharist of Love. This is its meaning to me—this its interpretation.

During the holy party, at Peasemore, near Newbury, he writes to his sister, "I have nearly finished Justin."

This was his long article on Justin Martyr, in the Dictionary of Christian Biography, published in 1882.* There is a passage in it which might have been written of Holland himself. He is analysing the Dialogue, where Justin describes how he went first to a Stoic teacher, then to a Peripatetic, then to a Pythagorean, then to the Platonists; and finally met an old man who told him of the Jewish prophets and of Christ :—

> The aim with which he started on his studies does not fail him; it is it which he achieves in becoming a Christian. Hence he is not thrown into an antagonism to that which he leaves; his new faith does not break with the old, so much as fulfil it. He still, therefore, calls himself the philosopher, still invites men to enter his school, still wears the philosopher's cloak. From the first, philosophy has been pursued with the religious aim of attaining the highest spiritual happiness by communing with God; the certified knowledge of God, therefore, professed by the prophets, and made manifest in Christ, comes to him as the crown of his existing aspiration.

In the autumn of 1878, his book on the Apostolic Fathers was published, in the series entitled "The Fathers for English Readers." A second edition was published in 1893.

On Dec. 17, in a letter to Miss Julia Cartwright, he says, "We are meditating an onslaught on the S.P.C.K. for its one-sided Political Economy publications—condemning so strongly all Trades Unions, and giving nothing but the masters' view."

* Late in his life, when the Balliol College Register, published in 1914, was in the press, a proof was sent to him of the list of his appointments, writings, etc. He added to it this article on Justin Martyr, with a note, "I cannot resist mentioning it, as it is the only bit of 'learning' that I ever achieved."

V

CHRIST CHURCH, 1879–1884

In the later years at Christ Church, he had more influence in the affairs of the University, and of Christ Church. He was Select Preacher at Oxford in 1879–80: "the heart of the day for me," wrote Francis Paget, Nov. 9, 1879, "has been Holland's first sermon as Select Preacher. I cannot tell you what it was, how it has even changed my hopes and fears about Oxford, and deepened my love for him. It seemed to me easier, because more planned and built-up, than any I had ever heard him preach; he had brought all his strength under control, without sacrificing anything of its fulness and freedom; and I think that for depth of thought and sympathy and true philosophic power, it went beyond all words."

During Holy Week in 1879, and at the evening service on Easter Sunday, he preached in St. Paul's: he writes to Miss Cartwright, May 26:—

It is a real help to get a word or two after a sermon: I have to preach so much in the air, in strange places, to strange faces, that I often want a message from the hearers or readers to make it all seem real: it helps me to gain confidence that an actual work is proceeding, not a mere display, but a heart-intercourse, something that has issues, and meanings, below all the bonnets and waistcoats. It is so odd to speak to a multitude of unknown shapes, how many? 6000, perhaps, they went nearly down the whole nave on that Easter night at St. Paul's—all of them to

me ghosts, flitting shadows, a herd of bats, coming, going; I knew none of them, they did not know me; what was my life, they knew not, nor I theirs. Perhaps we were never to meet again; perhaps they wanted something quite different; perhaps they were only staring up at all this shouting and noise, wondering what on earth it all meant, or why anybody should seem to care so much about that gibberish, which he was yelling out so loud. Perhaps every soul was hungering for some meat that I knew not of: and so we part; and the thing is done—and no one that I know of is the better—no one's life has any change in it, that I ever hear of. This is not a complaint: I don't mean to be peevish or silly: only it cannot help being so: and so I jump at a real message, which says, "Thank you! that is what I wanted, that it really helped me a little bit to hear." Such a message helps me to *believe:* and preaching only wants belief.

In September, after the anniversary of Fremantle's death, he writes to Ady:—

My memories always fix on the morning of the 17th: it was then I heard the news—and had to hurry in, in the first rush of grief, into the matins at the Bishop's chapel—where the Psalms caught my ear through my tears, first with the pathetic touch, which you may smile at now but which somehow always clings to me, "Free among the dead"—(my people always called him "Fre")—and then, "My lovers and friends hast Thou put away from me, and hid mine acquaintance out of my sight." The 17th morning can never go by me, in any one month, without my remembering his dear face at the sound of those Psalms.

1880

In February, he writes to Dr. Copleston: they had planned to visit Palestine at Easter, but Dean Liddell could not let him be late for the summer term:—

He is so good, and sympathetic, that I thought it certain he would agree, if the other officials did: and they were all right: I had talked to them. But, of course, the hideous law of "Precedent" came in! What was the Dean

to say to any one who proposed to be a fortnight late? He was most kind, but I saw how difficult he felt it to give leave: and I could not loyally press him. More than that: he had himself been refused by Dean Gaisford, when making the same request! So he has at least the right to his revenge.

There are two notes (undated; but written either in 1880 or in 1879) to J. W. Williams, now Bishop of Kaffraria, whose rooms were on Holland's staircase. (1) "If you like a little talk with a few friends, over the connection of social political affairs with Christianity, be at my room just before 7 o'clock tonight." (2) "Pesek today, at 7.15, at 65, St. Giles." The little talks were on Politics, Economics, Socialism, Ethics, and Christianity. He therefore called them Pesech; and spelt it Pesek. The meeting at 65, St. Giles, was at Arthur Lyttelton's lodgings. Pesek helped to prepare the way for the Christian Social Union.

In the summer of 1880, Ady and Miss Cartwright were married. He writes to them, on their honeymoon abroad:—

You will drink-in all wisdom, and come back full to the brim with lots of rich wine stored up in cask and bottle, to drink from in the duller years ahead. Lay in a stock: and, in dim, dragging days, when the heart flags, you will go down to the cellar of your memory, and draw out some pet liquor, crusty, and sealed, some remembrance of a gorgeous view, or of a perfect picture, which you had seen together—and you will sip of it, and swig of its joy, and cheer each other with its gladness when there is little else to cheer.

Another letter, this year, is to one of the household at Gayton Lodge, on her marriage: she had been Mrs. Holland's maid for many years, and had devoted herself to the children:—

It is impossible to say anything of what one feels at moments of parting, so let me write you one word to say how much you have been to me. All the years that I can well remember, you were part and parcel of my home:

you gave me just that which makes home-life so refreshing, the constant unfailing kindness always ready, always gentle, always untired, always far beyond what I deserved, or asked for: and you gave it, as home gives it, quietly, without any loud offers or professions, without waiting to be asked, without a word, without notice. I felt as if there was always somebody at hand who would watch what was wanted, and tenderly care, and faithfully help, as naturally as a mother or a sister.

It is this kind of service which makes a home so sweet and kindly and pleasant and comforting: and you have been associated with all this comfort and all this kindly help. Above all, dear Ellen, I shall never forget your incessant and quiet care when I was sick: you had that wonderful peaceful way of going in and out of the room which so soothes and relieves.

It is a great wrench: it breaks up so much of our tenderest memories: but you are right to risk it at the call of an affection more full and satisfying and needful than any we can bring you. May it bring you all you have the right to expect, all happiness and joy and love, far, far more than we have ever been able to give you. Goodbye, dear Ellen. God bless your kind heart and willing faithfulness.

1881

The holy party this year was at Great Chesterford, Essex; but plans went astray: except for "several little arrow-flights of friends," he was alone in the vicarage: "and as happy as a grig: it is delightful; so restful, so luxurious. I suppose now that people marry wives, when they live alone, for fear of being too happy—for the sake of discipline—lest they should have no unpleasant duties: otherwise, with a dog and a piano, the bliss would be too overpowering." And again, "You sent good wishes to the holy party. I have bagged them all for myself: for indeed the holy party is proving how good it is for brethren to dwell together in unity; for I am one, and I dwell together with myself; and I am the brethren. Moberly is here casually for three

days; and I hope for Arthur [Lyttelton] and Paget. But we are most desultory and fragmentary." He was in charge, more or less, of two villages: he helped in the church services, and in visiting the poor: there was an old lady, bed-ridden; "a sweet fragment," he calls her. He writes to the vicar, Mr. Randolph: "My heart quite sinks, and I am wandering about muttering farewells. How I shall tear myself from Martha I can hardly say. To say she has been a Mother to me is to say but little. It is such a moral help to me to feel at all at home in the houses of the poor. Dear Myrtle, sweetest of dogs, is anxious to tell you that she had a rare run after a hare today, and lost it in a ditch." Later, he was at the Church Congress in Newcastle: and at Hawarden.

To his Sister

The Congress was a distinct success; and Newcastle filled me with admiration: so vigorous, and fine, and big, and inspiring. I dashed down, through smoke and dirt, on the last day, to Jarrow, to see, in the heart of the filth and the furnaces, the little chapel in which the Venerable Bede actually prayed: there it really is, his window-slits, and walls, and the old oak chair in which he may actually have sat. It was most pathetic: and Durham! Beyond all imaginings, superb. I have felt a bigger man ever since, so exalting is the mere sight of it. Whenever you see a train going to Durham, take it at once. It is your bounden duty.

To his Mother

Oct. 6.—Hawarden went very well: he was strong, well, rich with good talk. I never heard him talk better, or more freely: and we had him all to ourselves. We cut down a tree: I climbed up, and tied the rope; we all lugged it down together in triumph: he returned, proud and uplifted, with axe on shoulder—and I walked by his side. . . . Mr. Gladstone very anxious over Transvaal, the first day I got there—relieved by later news: but I fear, I fear,

things may yet delay. We must struggle after patience. Hitherto, all the worst rumours have vanished as things went on.

To Spencer Holland

What I have felt so horribly is the readiness of the world to be driven by the sin it has sinned: it confesses that it has wronged the Boers; it regrets, it confesses, but it accepts the position which that wrong has brought about; it dare not go back: it dare not break with the very evil that it confesses. It pleads the dreadful difficulty now that the thing is done: as if you ever could do a wrong without finding it dreadfully difficult to undo it. It consents to be driven on and on, by that which it deplores: as if every new step it now takes did not confirm the evil of the first beginning, and increase the problem of ever making good the escape. And it appeals to the worst possible arguments: never to direct duty, but always to what others will think: the Dutch, the Natives, Europe—and in comes sneaking the fatal blackguard formula of "prestige": when once I get there, then I know that all is up; that moral arguments are weak: you never appeal to prestige until you have to pacify your conscience, or account for a crime.

The public opinion of others is ground perilous as a bog: it is the one thing that you never can estimate, or calculate, or foretell. It is the shiftiest, and least respectable, of all motives. The Standard has been writing articles that defile one even to read; they have been grossly and unblushingly spurring all that is vilest and basest in our English blood.

I own, I tremble now and then at the menaces. I do firmly believe that to bring about a strong Dutch preponderance would be the ruin of South Africa: and I have no means of knowing how far this is really a possibility. On the whole, it seems an absurdly unlikely result: we are so infinitely more alive than the Dutch: all the movement is with us: and such movement is too strong not to survive a troubled hour. Then, I recover: and once more cry aloud, "Fiat Justitia," let the sky do what it will! Nothing pays like the right; I am sure of it.

So be strong, little brother—and yet struggle to be

gentle. It is very hard to keep from violent outcry—but screams do little, while kindly persistence does much. Beforehand, I always think that indignation will be a good tool to work with : but it never does half I expect of it.

1882

This year, " Logic and Life " was published. It revealed the strength of his philosophy and religion : it made everybody feel that here was a man speaking with authority : they discovered, with surprise, what his Oxford friends had long ago discovered, that Holland was far ahead of the men of his time.*

Among other events of 1882, was his appointment, early in the year, to be Senior Proctor ; with Mr. A. L. Smith, now Master of Balliol, as Junior Proctor.

To Dr. Talbot

Might we walk ? I am nearly concluding that I need not take the Proctorship : and I want to know if this is right, or wrong. My point is (1) Another would take it, who is infinitely better for it in every way : and would be helped by it, and would be glad of it. (2) It is not my line : and I am so terribly handicapped now, from doing even decently what I could do and ought to do, by a state of health which I can just keep balanced by never pressing

* There is a letter to him, in March 1881, from John Wordsworth, afterward Bishop of Salisbury : the reference is to Wordsworth's Bampton Lectures, *The One Religion :* the letter shows what Holland's Oxford friends thought of him : " Perhaps I can popularise something of the more superficial aspects of the matter, and make way for you to come in with the real philosophy of it. I am quite serious over this. You have a gift such as no one else here has, and particularly for touching a certain class of minds : I want you to husband your powers and prune your luxuriance for a great effort to win some of them. If that could be done, we might die more happily. I know, for my own part, that I can do nothing for them, except indirectly by shewing that I believe what I am saying. Please think calmly of this, and prepare the ground, if not for next year, yet for the year after."

myself, but which still makes all hard work impossible, so that I can only just scrape through the most necessary reading by a squeeze; and this being so, I cannot afford the loss of a whole year.

I really do not think that public grounds require me. The only thing that calls me to it is a certain need of self-discipline—of training in management of men and "affairs"—but I shall never make much of this anyhow: and I wonder whether it is worth while ruining my better side for the sake of slightly improving my worst.

On Whit-Sunday, he preached in Cathedral to the members of the Co-operative Congress.* The sermon

* He took for his text, No man can serve two masters. "In all moral action," he told the Congress, "man is wholly single. He cannot in that single self, which is the root and base of all will and all affection, in that unique and organic self, whence arises all the force that makes his intention, and quickens his impulsive activities, and prompts his imagination, and braces his desires—he cannot there suffer division. His life is no fixed and deliberate arrangement which he can separate into distinct portions; no house with severed chambers each narrowed, and known, and apart, in and out of which he can pass at definite moments, and can vary as he goes his thoughts and his intentions according to the change in his position. . . . He cannot divide himself in half. He acts wholly in each action of body and of spirit, and so acting, his whole being is touched and affected by the character of the motive which determines the action." This law, he told them, that a man cannot cut himself in half, and be one thing toward the affairs of earth and another toward the affairs of heaven, was laid down from above by Christ, for the new citizenship of Christian society. "This same law you, as I understand you, have discovered and apprehended from below, by the light of wide and careful observations, through the pressure of a large and intricate experience. You have found and known that man is single throughout—that he cannot wholly detach any one part of himself from any other; any one region of his activity from any other."

Thus, he told them, they were up against the old hard economical teaching, which "would deal only with the positive, the practical, the partial, the limited. It would take man in his pursuit of wealth, and in that only. It would limit itself to a study of but one motive—the motive of personal advancement." He exposed the fallacies of this teaching: the impossibility of isolating any part of a man: the impossibility of isolating any individual man from his fellows: the impossibility of isolating any one domain of human action. "You are here today to say, to declare, that in his trade man finds himself a brother among brethren— no competing foe, but one of a family; knit up by closest ties of fellowship, into an organic society of helpful co-operators. And I, surely, am here to say,

was published, and he sent a copy to Mr. Ruskin; who wrote back :—

Annecy, Savoie. 14th Nov. '82.—I am most grateful for the sermon, and most glad it was spoken and printed: but may I say that it touches me with some sorrowful wonder that you refer to me as if my witness to its truth were of any real import or value to you. Surely, a clergyman of your sincerity and feeling has the witness in himself? And as the matter actually stands, I am far more in need of confirmation in the spiritual truths I have tried to feel and teach, by the good churchmen of the Catholic church, than the simplest of them can be, of any strengthening of their hands by my weary ones.

Abbey of Vallorbes. 22nd Nov. '82.—Indeed I am grateful for your account of all that was felt, and done at Oxford, for those delegates, and very heartily wish I had been there to have some part and lot in this matter. It is one of the most important signs, and facts, of this time, and altogether lovely to me, which not many modern signs are. I have never got a clear idea of the Rochdale principle of co-operation—but at the core of it must be the understanding that the tradesmen and customers are not two separate and hostile classes: and if indeed it ends, in that perception, the sin which "sticks close between buying and selling," the cathedrals of England may well be open for its services of thanksgiving. Very thankful am I that our own cathedral and hall have given the example.

Your kind words to myself come helpfully to me, at a time when I do not know if I am right in thinking of the completion of work interrupted by humiliating failure of mind and body, yet which it seems to me my proper task to complete, if I may. Ever affectionately yours.

In June, in the Christ Church controversy over certain statements, by one of the Senior Students, concerning the

to declare, that revelation meets you with a like announcement. . . . Christ the true son of God has taken to Himself our flesh for this very purpose, that in His flesh, God-possessed, God-transfigured, God-fulfilled, He should break down all walls of fleshly partition, all divisions of blood, all severance of race or class or kind, and should raise the brotherhood of man into solid and actual reality."

doctrine of the Resurrection, he was opposed not only to Liddon but, which was even more difficult for him, to Pusey:—

To Dr. Talbot

It was indeed a strain unlooked-for, to see the old Doctor there, drawn from his gathering death to speak, with his last activity, to open out his life-secrets, to appeal to us by the name of his long service of God. It cost me much. But I could not waver, in myself. I had spoken before he did: so that I stood pledged already. Nor can I bring myself at all to repent what I did. I have felt much more sure since I did it, than ever I did before. I am sure that I feel surer and truer, in meeting Liddon since it, than I could ever have felt in meeting Nettleship if I had voted the other way.

In August, he and Dr. Talbot were in Ireland, for Dr. Copleston's wedding: "three days with a Roman resident landlord on the wild edges of Galway Bay, two days in Wicklow the beautiful with the Archbishop of Dublin, and two days ringed with soldiers, police, and detectives, in the Vice-Regal Lodge." The murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke was on May 6.

To his Mother

Aug. 18. *Vice-Regal Lodge, Dublin.*—Here we are; and for the first time I realise the serious terror of the situation. Before this, everything looked so bright, and easy-going, and usual, that it was impossible to believe that the volcano was under our feet: but now sentries haunt every corner: peelers start up out of every bush; detectives prowl and prowl around. The garden walks are full of watchers: and, just this moment, even for Talbot and myself to go two hundred yards outside the gates, two detectives are told off to guard. Of course, there is not the slightest danger for us: it is merely formal: but it shows what surrounds Ld. Spencer himself. That walk of 200 yards carried us to the spot of the double murder.

It is directly in front of the garden lawn: the road of the park crosses in face of the house. Such a lovely view it is, over a charmingly broken park, full of woodland stretches and thorns, and over all the splendid Wicklow mountains: a quiet, delicious view, with that dark blot to stain it for ever. One is caught in a sort of stupifying wonder at what it all means—so fair and so deadly.

Toward the end of 1882, he was appointed to be one of the Censors of Christ Church: and moved from Tom Quad to Peckwater, number 3 on staircase 9.

1883

Early in 1883, Dr. Wilkinson became Bishop of Truro: and Holland was appointed to be his examining chaplain, and an Honorary Canon of Truro Cathedral.

By April, he was free from his "proctorial horror." The mere proctorising of stray undergraduates had been a very small part of his duties. He had been *ex officio* a member of innumerable committees: and the University had required his presence at all its ceremonies, and his attention to its financial and administrative affairs. In his dealings with undergraduates, he had been tolerant of small offences, unable to be solemn over them, but heart and soul against grave offences: and it is said that by the time when he and his colleague had been three months in office, no women of bad character were to be seen about the streets of Oxford. There is a letter to him from his colleague, April 12, 1883:—

You must be indifferent or, so to say, callous to praise by this time. But it will be many a long year, and many a pair of Proctors to rise and set, before any one will be so fortunate in a colleague as I was. It was at once a support and a delight to me. This time last year, I had only just ceased to be in terror that you would not take the office;

but I should be desperate with anxiety if (with what I know now) I knew that you were hesitating. I feel that one has learned much; but I feel rather bitterly how much more one might have done, but for being crushed with other work; how many things one had to do slovenly or by halves. But one thing I had time to complete was my belief in you: and some day when you are famous beyond your present fame, I shall boast to perhaps incredulous ἐπίγονοι of our year's association.

In November, Dr. R. F. Horton, Fellow of New College, was proposed for an examinership in divinity: and the question arose, whether these examinerships were open to Nonconformists. Holland found it difficult to make up his mind. "It is so curiously perverse," he writes to Dr. Talbot, "when so strangely little is gained to Nonconformity by it. A common Christianity won by common examining in the articles is the most unreal bond I have yet heard of. I am wondering how far it is true that it is an affair of principle. Obviously, it is an appointment which Lock would rightly oppose with all powers of protest as a nominator. But I should not like to press the principle that the examiners were delegates of the Church, or her representatives in any shape. They are the University pure and simple, requiring knowledge of the articles of a particular Church; not that particular Church herself, dealing with her own formulæ. . . . That leaves me asking, Is it a matter for Horton's conscience, or for mine? Apart from wounding us, he is in his rights: and so is the University, I suppose. Does this affect the question of our accepting his nomination? I don't quite see yet, how far it does." He was content that Congregation should decide in favour of Dr. Horton. Then a meeting of Convocation was demanded: it reversed the decision. He writes again, half angry, half amused: "You certainly were not wanted to swell the immense volume of clerical

indignation. I could not vote. It seemed to me impossible, after so eagerly dissuading and disapproving the fight. So I took a walk in the country instead, and missed the wonderful scene. Surely this terrific conquest justifies us in what we wanted. It is a ridiculous force to have turned on for so small an occasion. It gives the effect of 'Anything to keep out a Nonconformist.' It has made the whole affair a battle." And to another friend: "We struggled to keep the matter down to the level of a protest to the Board of Nomination. But the ferocity of the fighters overbore our best efforts. So after all neither the Warden nor I voted at all. I could not vote against Horton after having so strongly resisted the policy of universal scream."

1884

To Dr. Talbot

Jan. 20.—I feel a little guilty about what I said of leaving or not leaving Oxford. I am, in reality, perfectly happy with Oxford: and much desire to stop here. It is only that I do sigh a bit at my Censor's work: simply because I long to read and think. If I had a chance of doing this, I should be absolutely content. I daresay this is selfish. It is good for one to go through discipline: and, then, I cannot conceive what they could arrange here at this moment, if I retired. So probably it is both necessary and best, for a bit. And if I had more time, I should perhaps do nothing. It is the blind and foolish heart that longs for leisure: that is all. So please don't think I want to be moved away.

Feb. 19. (*A birthday letter.*)—Forty! It is wonderful! Forty thieves have stolen what they could from you: but you have gained from somewhere unearthly forty times more than ever they have stolen—yes, and forty times forty. So may the great blessings grow in and about you; and all my heart's love be warm amid all the other affections that swarm in and out of your soul today from many lovers.

Then—about Ld. Acton. I have a meeting at Worcester at 7.30, that is the dreadful fact. I cannot well cut: it is temperance. I am so sorry. Won't they come to tea? I wish I could have had a little meal for them. P.S.—A little letter from Mr. W. E. G. came this morning, and with proposals. Don't say anything.

Mr. Gladstone offered him the Canonry of St. Paul's which had become vacant by the appointment of Dr. Stubbs to be Bishop of Chester.

From Dr. Liddon

Feb. 19.—My very dear Holland, Thank you indeed for all the confidence and love of your note. You must certainly say "Yes" to the Prime Minister. You have had nothing whatever to do with his offer, and therefore you must recognise in it the Providence and Will of God. Unless there was a decided reason for saying No, it is a duty to say Yes.

We shall all of us receive you with open arms, especially the Dean and I who know you best. And I shall feel that by your presence we are greatly strengthened in our work, and I thank God for this. He has given you, my dear Holland, some very rare powers of serving Him; and you will, I feel sure, if He spares your life, be able to do much which few others can do. Especially glad am I of this reinforcement to our preaching power, which we much need.

In so small a body, every member counts for a great deal; and the anxiety of a vacancy is very great. It has weighed on me like a nightmare during the last few weeks, —ever since I knew that Stubbs would leave us. We have projects in view of which I will talk to you, and I feel that they will be perfectly safe, now that you are to be with us, Deo gratias.

It will be sad for Christ Church: but a parting was sure to come, sooner or later, and it is better sooner than later. For you had drifted into entanglements which were full of difficulty and in which it was possible that you might be forced further than you would wish. . . . Now comes a solution, as far as you are concerned: and it is a relief

to me that you will not have to make a painful decision again.

As to the wider question, I have feared sometimes that the younger Churchmanship of Oxford was undergoing a silent but very serious change—through its eagerness to meet modern difficulties and its facile adoption of new intellectual methods, without fully considering all the uses to which they might be put by others. I do not forget that as we grow older our minds stiffen, and we get to dislike what is new, for no better reason than its novelty. In this respect I am likely to be as bad as others: but, allowing for this tendency in myself, and trying to look at the matter dispassionately, I still do think that there is a difference between the new and the old Churchmanship. The new cares less for authority, and relies more on subjective considerations, and expects more from fallen humanity, and attaches less importance to the Divine organisation and function of the Church, than did the old. We live here, on terms of easy intercourse with so many to whom Catholic Doctrine, and indeed the whole Creed of Christianity go for nothing, that this new estimate may well have grown up without being noticed. But to yield to such influences means sooner or later some essentially Pantheistic substitute for the Ancient Faith.

However, not to go into great questions, you will feel this difficulty less in London. There the issues are much simpler than in Oxford. May we have a talk after Hall, or whenever you have said Yes to the Prime Minister, and posted the letter? Your always affect.

To Mr. Gladstone

Feb. 19.—Dear Mr. Gladstone, Let me thank you most humbly and most seriously for the proposal made to me, under Her Majesty's kindly sanction, to succeed Dr. Stubbs, at St. Paul's.

I cannot but accept your judgment in this matter, as one that is to me authoritative. I fear, lest I grievously should disappoint your expectation of the services that I can render.

But, of all human motives that will influence me in after-life, not one will stand higher than my eager and

industrious desire to fulfil what you may wish in proposing this appointment, and to justify your trust in me.

I shall keep near me your kind and fortifying words, and pray to God that I may, at least, do what in me lies, to make them good.

With earnest thanks for all the help that an act of trust from one like yourself brings with it, Believe me your's faithfully.

To Mrs. T. H. Green

He would have been very glad of this, I think. It will, I trust, take me nearer to work that he would hold dear, among the working-men of that great city. I pray to God that I may always carry to such work the hope and the spirit that I learned from him. It was such a delight to me, at our Fellowship examination last term, to see, from the papers sent in, the profound effect of the Prolegomena of Ethics upon almost all the men. They had got hold of it in a way that was vital, and enduring. It was no chance influence, but a teaching which had possessed them with a thoroughness which seemed ineradicable. Materialism appeared to have been absolutely displaced out of the field. I am sure you will rejoice to hear of this: and, perhaps, I may add that the book seemed to those of us who already loved your husband, to be deeper and stronger, and more entirely satisfying than any work of his had seemed before. It can never cease out of our lives.

Among those who congratulated him, "It will give me the greatest delight," Dean Church wrote, "to welcome you to a stall which is a very illustrious one from the names of its last holders, Stubbs and Lightfoot. You will bring us a great accession of strength, and just, I think, in the way in which we want it." And Bishop Wilkinson, "It is the work which I desire for you—full of great temptations—to you perhaps of special temptations—but a work prepared, I humbly believe, for you by God." And Lord Reay, "I daresay you have by this time exhausted the

congratulations of Anglicans, so I venture to offer you the very sincere ones of a Scotch Presbyterian, who will give you frequent chances of converting him to a more apostolic and imaginative creed by sitting at your feet in St. Paul's Cathedral."

The members of his lecture, and other Christ Church undergraduates, presented to him a congratulatory address, and a gift of money to buy books. In July, he writes to Dr. Copleston in India :—

It is a noble place to work in, and for : so strong and rich : so close to the heart of England's life : so large and encompassing : so beautiful too, with its perfect music and its flawless Dean. I have only been one month yet in residence : but it was enough to make me feel it become a house of worship, as a house of prayer for all sorts of stray and wandering people, who find its doors open always, and its spaces wide enough to hide them, and its invitation to be without question or suspicion. I look forward greatly : there is no place in which I would rather spend my days, and do my work.

I hope to keep two whole terms in Oxford : there, there are many threads, and King, and the Warden, to cling to : and so much hope, and force, and good-cheer : and then the " Puseum," and Gore : these must be backed with all our powers. Year by year, the Church hold grows firmer in Oxford, and its range is larger, and its action more brave. Aubrey Moore is becoming a great help.

VI

HOME LIFE

By Spencer L. Holland

In his boyhood, the difference in age of eight years made a gap too large for companionship. I do not recollect that Scott devoted himself in any way to my contemporary sister and myself as he did so fascinatingly in later years to children. I can only recall seeing the smart little figure going off to Eton after his holidays, generally late in the evening, and very cheerful. Once we two younger ones were taken to see him at Eton; and were puzzled by his abrupt disappearance into a shop in the High Street, due to the vision of a master, and to the fiction that High Street was out of bounds, though the river was in bounds. He also pointed out to us the Prince Consort riding down Windsor hill.

Though called "Scotty" by his mother, to us he was generally Scott or "Scotus," till we adopted him as "the Canon." Miss Gifford used to call him "my dear M. A.," after he took that degree: and he used to call her "my dear B. A." (Beloved Aunt). He had the Gifford liking for nicknames.

Gayton Lodge, Wimbledon Common, which was our home from 1861 to 1908, was an Italianised Victorian villa: Scott always laughed at its architectural appearance, and imagined it transported to the shore of an Italian lake.

It had a tower, with a dragon for a weather-vane, and a good view over the Common. The drawing-room was a pleasant big room, running the whole width of the house, and opening into the conservatory, a constant summer sitting-place. The garden-beds were planted out each year with geraniums and calceolaria: and beyond the garden was "the wilderness"—some good firs and beeches and oaks—and a croquet-lawn, and a swing on which Scott went prodigious heights. But the house as a whole was not noteworthy; and was bitterly cold in winter. "The children" were in a wing to themselves: and, oddly enough, there was no room specially associated with Scott. At first, he shared a room with his two brothers: later, he had a spare room, but his books and belongings were at Christ Church, or at Amen Court. He always looked back to Wellesbourne Hall as his boyhood's favourite home. Gayton was merely his holiday home, or his "visiting home." Still, he was very fond of the garden; and delighted in the Common.

As a slim figure in a grey suit, with a straight-cut jacket buttoned across, as in Balliol days, he comes more clearly into my perspective. There would be family walks, all together then, of brothers and sisters, over Wimbledon Common and to Cæsar's Camp and "Jacob's Well"; picnics with friends in Richmond Park; great days on the Surrey hills, tramping from Dorking to Guildford or thereabouts; with Scott prancing ahead, waving his stick enthusiastically at each point of view; and generally ending with a wild rush to catch a train home. Once he and two brothers, with some friends, rushed madly about at what were supposed to be great Army manœuvres in the Aldershot neighbourhood: General Manteuffel and his staff were there, fresh from the 1870–71 War: we saw him sitting grimly on his horse, quite still, probably contemptuous

of the whole show: I know that we dashed from one army to the other at great risk under Scott's guidance. He and his elder sister often rode together: his original "hunting mount" at Wellesbourne, a strange yellow pony, called Inky after the battle of Inkerman, was still browsing in the Gayton field, and was occasionally used. Cricket was improvised on Putney Heath, with John Murray and others. He would play a rapid dashing style of croquet: later, he played lawn-tennis with much activity and shouting, but was inclined to hit too hard: and it was the security of racquet courts that made him so good at racquets at Oxford. Skating, above all, delighted him: and his performances in hard winters on Wimbledon Park lake, though not strictly professional, were admirable. For indoor games he never cared.

He had round him a notable group of friends: the John Murrays at Newstead, the Bartle Freres at Wressil Lodge, and the Goldschmidts at Oak Lea. He grew up to enjoy the kindly friendship of the elder John Murray, Sir Bartle Frere, and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, and the genuine affection of Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) and of her daughter Jenny (Mrs. Raymond Maude). Madame Goldschmidt was at her best with her "dear Mr. Scott": she threw off all stiffness with him, and the two would shout with laughter in their gay companionship at dinner or in the drawing-room. He was profoundly grateful to her for all that she did to revive Bach's music in England. His admiration of her is shown in one of the letters in the third part of this book; and is writ large in the two volumes, by him and Mr. W. S. Rockstro, "Memoir of Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt."

Among his many other friendships, Scott used to delight in evenings at Newstead, when Mr. John Murray would

prowl round his library, pulling out here and there some interesting book or some beautifully illustrated edition to show to his guests, telling reminiscences all the time of the author or of the artist. The intimacy at Wressil Lodge was chiefly with the daughters, especially with Miss May Frere. Sir Bartle was often away on political missions; and when he did settle down at home, difference of political views, and perhaps of Church views, kept them from being intimate; but Scott always admired Sir Bartle's high character and sweetness of temper. He administered the Communion to him on his death-bed; and made the arrangements for his burial in St. Paul's. Another Wimbledon friend was Wentworth Hankey, son of Mr. Beaumont Hankey, of Richmond House. The elder Gores, also, were Scott's companions: but the distinguished Charles was still a Harrow boy when Scott was an undergraduate; and was at one time an unwilling pupil in a dancing-class with me. Herbert Pollock, son of Baron Pollock, was another later friend: he became a Canon of Rochester, and the Baron used to roll out his satisfaction, with the Pollocky growling voice, that the neighbourhood had supplied three Canons to the Church—" Scott, and Charles Gore, and now my son Hurb-u-r-t."

Our theatricals were founded by Scott; with the help of an Eton friend, an admirable mimic, Ronald Ferguson. They were planned for the Christmas holidays: and in the later years they became notable performances. The earliest I can remember was " A Shadow Pantomime," where behind a large sheet, with a particular placing of lights, Scott and Ferguson appeared in diverse feats, and leaped into space: then, for some years, came farces: and at last, under the guiding of my brother Lawrence, we attained to high-class comedy. Scott's repertory was mainly that of the " comic elderly gentleman," or that of the " confused

fool." * In the old play-bills, carefully preserved by his mother, I find him as "the Fader of She" in *Içi on parle Français;* "Mr. Sowerby" in *The Phenomenon in a Smock Frock;* "John Duck" in *The Jacobites;* "Schpoonenberg" in *Your Life's in Danger* (a memorable performance of his); and "John" in *Meg's Diversion.* I should say that his line was limited, and that he could not take the part of "jeune premier." His last appearance must have been in 1874, in a Scene from Henry VIII.; he played the Earl of Surrey, to Lawrence's Wolsey. But he did not care to act after his ordination: and his welcome applause encouraged us in our later ambitious attempts.

The family holidays, in the earlier years, were now and then in Switzerland or in Italy. In 1859, he and Arthur, under the escort of a Swiss courier, came out to us at Chample-Banc, above Vevey: in 1863 we were near Lucerne: he took to sketching, on this holiday: his sketches are clean and clear: and at intervals the grotesque heads come in the sketch-book which later he used as a diversion to his lecture notes, but never to his sermons. In 1866, Switzerland again, and his long illness: in 1869, he and Nettleship, after their walking-tour in Wales, joined us at Dulverton, and Nettleship won the affection of all of us, and especially of my sister Amy and myself. In Rome, Christmas-time 1871, Scott had an interview, under the auspices of Monsignore Howard, a friend of my mother's, with Cardinal Antonelli; whom he disliked. In 1877, after his convalescence in Italy, he and my sister Lilly joined us at Pontresina: here they met many friends—the Arthur

* *To Legard. Jan.* 19, 1871.—I have been sunk in the toils of the world, entirely. We had two plays last week, followed by dancing, here at home. Acting is such fun: especially as they went off capitally. My Eton brother is the best actor I know. I did very broad comedy and lay hid in chests and got up chimneys, which seemed to amuse the audience. I go on Monday to cousins: dance at balls on Wednesday and Friday: and Oxford on Saturday.

Aclands, Canon Body, the Muirheads, Canon Awdry: we did some glacier-expeditions and some climbs: and Scott and Canon Body once beguiled Canon Awdry and me into a roll down a snow-slope, with joyful shouting. That autumn, Scott and I made our great ascent of the Blumlis-Alp. This was not the last of his holidays abroad: but he felt the boredom of Swiss hotels, and found his own hills more beautiful than anything in Switzerland. "The Swiss hills are rather too big," he writes to a friend in 1883, "I prefer the Welsh." And in 1885, "I cannot stand foreign parts beyond a very limited time. I hunger for sweet human beings."

What was Scott's actual position in the family circle before, let us say, he became of public importance? Between his father and him, after he grew up, there was probably only one thing in common, and that was Churchmanship: though his father stopped short at the Cambridge High Church standpoint as held by his old friend Mr. Webb; to whose church, St. Andrew's, Wells Street, he often went when he was in town. Apart from this common interest, Scott's character, habits, and political and social views, differed *toto cælo* from those of his father: so that, except for their sense of humour, their appreciation of the horse, and old memories of Warwickshire and Gloucestershire, there could be little easy converse between them. The father was justly proud of his son's varied achievements, but was apt to be worried by Scott's unpunctual arrivals, losses of luggage, quick changes of talk, ways of treating some topics, and so on: yet never did I hear Scott speak impatiently: and he would nearly always laugh aside any outbreak of political wrath. My father lived a good deal apart from family life, and was never at luncheons or at five-o'clock teas. Though lively at times, a keen sight-seer on travel, and with a chuckling sense of humour, he



THE HON. CHARLOTTE DOROTHEA HOLLAND
(Mother of Canon H. S. Holland)

lived a reserved life at home; and, as one of my brothers said, was a born bachelor by nature.

The family devotion—shared to the full by Scott—was poured out to my mother: she was the unfailing bond of union. She was quick to understand her children; most loving to all of them; intensely proud of Scott's success; and, above all, overwhelmingly hospitable and sympathetic with young people. Friends, callers, social gatherings, stray young men for Sundays, these abounded at Gayton, and on many occasions of hired houses in London: and even when she settled down abroad, at Cannes, or in Rome, or in Switzerland, her hospitality continued. The affection of the family was openly shown in caresses. My wife remembers seeing her in her armchair at Gayton, with the four sons round her, all then grown up, one stroking her hand, another smoothing her hair, Lawrence in his odd way lying at her feet, and me holding her other hand: it was no special occasion: we all "flung ourselves" at her. How much she influenced Scott when he was grown-up, it is difficult to say. She certainly planned for him to get into the Foreign Office; and was puzzled at his taking orders. I doubt whether she was the recipient of his intellectual or spiritual confidences. No letters remain, from her to him, belonging to the critical period of his life: and the few remaining letters from him to her are mostly outpourings of affection on her birthdays, or descriptions of his visits. More probably, his confidence was given to his elder sister. But that he loved his mother with all the warmth of his heart, and rejoiced to tell her of every advancement of his life, no one can doubt: and for her, his choice of views and all his doings were ever right, though she might not always appreciate their meaning and force. She clung to his spiritual help to the end.

It was reserved for his "Aunt Jane," Miss Gifford, to

be his critic, as well as his devoted admirer. She did not hesitate to combat his increasingly Liberal views, or to tell him "not to be toolish" over the ritualistic excesses of some of his friends. She had been fond of him from his childhood. There was a wonderful charm about her; especially for men. In spite of many admirers, and at least two romances, she had remained single, not from lack of opportunity, but from her own unwillingness to make a final choice. Her little Belgravian drawing-room was a miniature salon of bright talk, with many interesting people: old admirers came, not always successfully, to introduce their wives: Mr. Otto Goldschmidt played to her: Dr. Liddon was tempted to teas and dinners: and through her brother and Lady Salisbury she had many friends in the political and official world. Her visits to Gayton are associated in my mind with the entrance into the room of the rustle of soft raiment, the waft of scent, and a melodious voice. She used to sing Claribel songs, and snatches of Italian Opera, to her own accompaniment, in a *vibrato* style with tremulous sentiment: I can hear still the pathetic notes of "Oh ye voices gone," as she sat at the piano, to be followed perhaps by Scott shouting Schubert songs at her bidding: the *Erl König* was one of his great achievements. Music, books, religious affairs, they revelled in discussing, while my mother nodded on her sofa and we listened in awe, trying to read our own books. Then there were rapturous visits to her cottage at Bettws, in which he delighted, coming on there in later years from visits to Hawarden, for her to exercise her wit against his growing devotion to Mr. Gladstone. She was an ardent Tory, fed up on the Morning Post. As Scott developed to be a leading light of the Church, he became her guide and help, but she did not often go to hear him preach. In early days, she introduced him to St. Barnabas, Pimlico:

but she resented the "high jinks" and "mumblings" of later ritualism.

As old age crept on and old friends dropped out, and especially after my mother's death, she clung more and more to Scott's help in sickness and in sorrow; and we thought that her death in 1901 would have been felt by him as deeply as that of his mother, and that the loss would be irreparable. But his extraordinary vitality and high spirits seemed at such times to give him a quick rebound. While we others would be silent and perhaps too much absorbed in our sorrow, he would break in with talk of outside affairs, or of books, etc., and gain a speedy return to ordinary life. He disliked graves, and seldom visited them.* Except when the news came of the possibility of Stephen Fremantle's dying, I never saw him actually break down, though tears were in his eyes at times of grief. The Giffords always cried both in grief and in laughter. It was not until the War took its toll of young lives, with many of whom he had been on terms of affection or friendship, that he seemed to get weighed down by the sense of death.

That he had some spiritual guidance over the family life, may be assumed: but except for his influence over his elder sister he never pressed this. He would write special letters to a brother or sister at some critical time: he would give us touching little commemorative services beside a death-bed, pouring out beautifully worded prayers; sometimes, perhaps, with more emotion than we ordinary mortals could bear. But his brothers, Arthur and Lawrence, remained distinctly in a Protestant frame of mind on Church

* In 1915, he writes to the widow of a friend, "Graves are empty things: they do nothing for one, except just serve to symbolise tenderness and affection. . . . Anyhow, do not trouble over your 'gravelessness.' But there must be an effort to make it intelligible to the poor maids, remembering that their whole minds and hearts go out to the graves. If you can do anything to set them at ease about this, by some sort of kindly attention to the poor spot, it would be happier for them."

matters. His political views, unless he were urged to argument, he never obtruded : and the politics of his father and his two brothers remained of an unbending Tory type. I followed him on the Liberal side ; but I cannot recollect that he ever so much as hinted to me to take that line : and it was only when he found, rather to his amusement, that I was sympathetic, that he opened out freely to me. It was the same with his " socialistic " views : and it came with a pang to me that I had never visited, till after his death, the Maurice Hostels which he so cared for : nor did he ever press his family for donations toward their support. Doubtless my having followed him to Eton and Christ Church brought us into closer sympathy ; and his goodness to me in troubles and trials at both places soon won my affection : and at last I was the only brother left to him. But his affection for each and all of us never failed.

VII

OTHER MEMORIES

THREE things have been said of Holland: one, by Mr. G. W. E. Russell, that he was "anima naturaliter Christiana"; another, by Lord Kilbracken, that he was "born with the philosophic mind ready-made"; the third, by himself, in 1872, "I suppose I have got some gush of naked humanity that will always be with me." He was not afraid of his own manhood: he did not let it be too strong for him, but he delighted in it every day of his life. Friendship, music, poetry, athletics, flashes of ironical or fanciful talk, ventures of thought and action, went to his head. Eton and Balliol had kept back from him one gift. They had taught him nothing, or next to nothing, of the natural sciences. He never acquired that habit of mind which comes from steady practical grinding at chemistry or biology with microscopes and test-tubes. It was the way of his education, to neglect the natural sciences. He had everything else, all that he cared for.

Men of less originality, seeing this young man whirled away from them by his immediate enjoyment of each pursuit, might well be puzzled, and call him unbalanced and excitable. At Eton, he had found fault with himself for idleness and "lightheadedness": and he did not, as a freshman, take Oxford seriously. But in 1868 came the change. His last two years at Balliol were the making of

him. They brought out in him not only the naturally Christian soul, the philosophic mind, and the perfervid sense that the world "means intensely, and means good," but also his independence, decisiveness, and resolute will to be of service to the community.

It would be pleasant, now, to have that essay which he wrote for T. H. Green, in 1869, on Culture and the International, suggesting that their reconciliation must lie within the work of the Church. Oxford, he saw, was not doing her share of that work. He detected self-complacency and narrowness in Oxford life; they cut across his happiness in his own life. "He could not keep—for that a shadow lower'd on the fields—here with the shepherds and the silly sheep." Not that he told the sheep that he thought them silly: but he had ways of leading them which did not occur to other shepherds.

To one who was of the Christ Church flock in 1874–78, it seems now that he was always devising plans to draw us further afield, and to acquaint us with what was happening outside Oxford to unfortunate sheep which had neither shepherds nor folds. Other young dons helped him in these devices: but he invented and inspired them. Even with that inspiration, they were not very effective: he must be there, to keep us going: we strayed away, without him. There was the little service in Cathedral, every night at 10 o'clock: but very few of us went to it, and it soon fell into disuse. There was the little musical society, which met in the Old Lecture-room, to sing glees and choruses, Mendelssohn's Œdipus, and Integer Vitæ, and so forth: but we were half-hearted over it. There was the Christ Church Missionary Association, instituted in 1876: he read a paper, at its first meeting, on "Oxford, a home for the missionary spirit of the Church." Later, there was a little Shakespeare society. In 1879, the Oxford

Mission to Calcutta: in 1879 or 1880, the first meeting of "Pesek": in 1881, the founding of the Christ Church Mission in Poplar. And there was all that he did for the White Cross League in Oxford: "What am I to tell you," he writes to Wilfrid Richmond, "of our purity work? I send you a paper of objects, which I drew up. You ought to have seen New Coll. Hall crammed with 400 men to hear Bp. of Truro speak on it. I hope it will do. Percival, Butler, Talbot, King, Ottley, Livingstone, and myself chiefly do it."

He set himself to make us active, not lookers-on, but playing our education for all it was worth against injustice and class-hatred outside Oxford. He found us, on the whole, rather irresponsive: we felt his influence, but were shy of confessing it. We were content with our surroundings: they may have been a Fool's Paradise, but they certainly were a Paradise. It is strange to remember that one of us, whose present record of social service is known far and wide, was capable then of saying, "The difference between the working-man and us is, that we can explain him but he can't explain us." This Olympian frame of mind satisfied some of us, once upon a time: and no man did more than Holland to get us out of it, and to make us revise our estimates. That is the meaning of the Hoxton venture, so far back as 1873: it was the beginning of all that he did to turn the everlasting "Oxford movement" into a democratic movement.

He would invent for us not only serious interests but the most fugitive amusements. At Porlock Weir, in April 1878, when the snow was on the hills, it was a new game for the reading-party—to run full tilt at a snow-drift, spin round, and fly backward into it. At Oxford, one spring, it was jumping-parties: he and half-a-dozen of us jumping or attempting the streams in the meadows beyond the

railway station: he cleared them in fine style. He had such a way with him that leapfrog, in his company, would have been worth playing.

His reading-parties, of course, came to an end when he left Oxford for London: there was a plan for all who had been on them to meet in London for a final dinner with him: but he was ordered out of London for his health, and the plan fell through. Now and again, in the later years, he looked-up friends on a reading-party: he writes from Crookham, in April 1893: "I am sitting in this pleasant cottage, with a little Oxford reading-party, under Strong—talking old shop, telling stories of Bayne, and Bright, and all the old lovely names. And the sun pours on: and the birds all sing: and the woods brood over their buds, until they break, and burst into tender tentative inquiring green."

Reading-parties, when Oxford was shut against us from mid-June to mid-October, were a wonderful relief to the monotony of the Long Vacation. It was hard on us to be exiles, for all the best of the year, from one of the best of all places for us: and the length of the Long became at last almost unbearable. Reading-parties were of two kinds: those with a tutor, and those without. The Roscoff party in 1873 was transitional: Holland was the only graduate, but the other young men were much of his own age. Later, came the parties which were indeed his. There might be a second in command; but it was Holland, who led us, and fed us: and if any shortage of supplies had to be faced, he called it a little Italian meal. At Bettws (1876) he gravely took back to the butcher a leg of mutton which was high: but the butcher asserted that it had gone high in Holland's keeping. Of this party, he writes:—

Evening after evening, we watch steady sunsets of perfectly pure skies, changing softly from blue to green,

from green to grey—and the slow stars suddenly are there, hung in a perfectly liquid diamond clearness. The streams are nearly vanished—but still we plunge into salmon-pools—the only effort we can make: and the whole party runs very smoothly. The boys are real boys, quite child-like: and we can exercise authority when we like without fear: and they are quite gay and bright: and today there comes dear Hardy for a week, which is delightful.

It is disconcerting, now, to find that he thought us quite childlike. But we had not the heroic stature of the young men in Clough's poem; none of us fell in love with a village maiden; none of us was argumentative. Nor did he—more's the pity—draw us out. As he says of the Roscoff party, "If nobody is inclined to 'talk big,' I cannot, however much I wish, bring it on." We waited in vain to be drawn out by him.

In the later years, his parties became larger: any number of men would have been glad of an invitation. Of these later parties, the Bishop of South Tokyo, Dr. Boutflower, writes:—

Will any one recall for your memoir that vision of wonder and delight, Holland on a reading-party? I will send you a hint of those particular memories which I cannot afford to lose. It was the habit of two or three younger members of that circle of Churchmen who in the '80s made Christ Church so wonderful a place of inspiration for any man thinking of ordination, to make up a reading-party in the summer vacation, not too exclusively brainy or pious, in which undergraduates with gay waistcoats might trim the boat on the lay side against tutors. I remember the more than ordinary excitement that the seniors disclosed when Holland's arrival was expected. As a member of the House, one could not but know a good deal about Scott Holland already—I wonder how many undergraduates had more reason to bless him. One knew that he lived in Tom Quad, and could always be counted on in time of need: that as Senior Proctor he was an object of interest to more than the House itself, and that one out-college

man, who had once too often braved the darkness of Oxford streets without cap and gown, had expressed his opinion that it was worth being sent for and fined five shillings, to see the Senior Proctor at home, sitting on the coal-scuttle, nursing one leg, and genial even in the exercise of discipline. One knew that in these rooms he sometimes lectured on theology, pacing the floor with hands thrust in high trousers pockets, or taking hold of the door into his inner sanctum, and drawing on the edge of it with a pencil stump: and that one who had the curiosity to make private inspection alleged that it was little pigs with curly tails that the lecturer delineated while he dealt with the ontological proof. We knew that nothing could be dull that Holland said or did. But why this special excitement of the reading-party? There was a story afloat that Liddon had refused to go with Holland to the Alps, because Holland always lost his head in mountain air, threatening himself with destruction and his friends with nervous collapse. We drank the wine of Bettws-y-coed air and sunlight, but we understood that the champagne would come with Holland.

And so indeed it did. If you thought you were too old for the hymn "All things bright and beautiful," you might yet learn it again with Holland on holiday in Wales. It was quite as exuberant as making bonfires in Peck. How he tore down the grass hill to the little river, in the fresh sunlight of Sunday morning, on the way to early service, and took the stepping-stones two at a bound! And then to see him pull himself up for a moment in mid-stream, legs apart and hands clasped, and exclaim with his rapid and intense intonation, "Oh I say, just hark at the dear little water saying its prayers"! Or, in the fields, a half-awake cow would gaze with dreamy eyes at so strange a disturber of the early morning peace. "Hullo, old cow, what are you thinking of? Are you thinking what a funny little man Ottles is?"—the beloved Ottley walking leisurely behind him.

And if this was Sunday morning, then what of other days? When he was there, it was not the youngest of us who got first to the top of a climb, or who shouted most for joy. There is a memory too of a strange scene when at night some inspiration had suggested a moonlight bathe, and there was a wild rush down to the river—pyjamas and whoopings. It was all part of the champagne. But

usually we put away our reading at about nine o'clock (cocoa and compline, I think it was) and so to bed decorously, but possibly not without singing. Holland, after evening cocoa or morning porridge, would sing *sotto voce* the first line of " The joys of day are over."

Oh, those reading-parties! I don't remember a thing we talked of: but I know it wasn't all rubbish. Those days did not, so far as I know, bring the beginning of any new " movement ": but they confirmed to commonplace young men the faith that our sources of spiritual help and inspiration were one with the fountains of gladness.

He kept us from idleness, but he did not interfere with us over our books: he let us find our way in them for ourselves. There is a letter to Fremantle, after one of the earliest reading-parties, Festiniog, 1872:—

I am convinced from a study of —— that brains vary in quantity not in quality. This explains my old difficulty of the brilliancy of pass-men in the ordinary ways of life. He is just as good as any of us for a certain distance; but the stoppage comes before ours, and there is a dead check, and nothing to be done: he cannot see anything. I observe too the real pass-men's method of reading: I have never believed in its existence before. Half the time we are working, he is dreaming, thinking of nothing, perfectly vacant, gazing gently and pensively at the ceiling. His work has no spark of interest to him. There is no intensity, no stretch of intellect, about it. It lies before him, and his eyes wander over it half-consciously. I sometimes thought I might offer to read the Aristotle with him next term, and see if anything like enthusiasm and a sense of its reality and truth could be inspired: but I am afraid I cannot do this sort of thing for people who do not understand a good deal already: I am too confused, and live too much in shadowy glimmerings of truth. I hope some day to get better—to be able to think out things more thoroughly.

But this 1872 letter does not represent him as he was in the later years, with more experience of teaching. There

are letters, not long before 1884, to an undergraduate who had failed in Moderations and had been sent down :—

1. This is miserable ! and not even to see you ! I am bitterly disappointed not to be able to give you any comfort. A cold meagre letter is too hopelessly inadequate. Juvenal is too hard : you can't do it. It has been a mistake ; not even all Thomas' wonderful care could manage it : it is a most difficult book. . . . You have worked ; you have striven. What is it you have not done ? There must be something at fault in your way of reading : some failure to face things, to lay hold of things, to take possession of the books. Don't put it down to accidents, or misfortunes, or to the venom of examiners. It is hard lines : but that is not all it is. It is also a failure : and the great thing is to learn why. Not a moral failure : you were grinding well : but an intellectual failure, a failure to learn somehow. Make sure of this : and then you will gain by the experience. Otherwise, it will go without profiting. Poor child, must you turn out to a miserable tavern ? and still go through the old treadmill grind ? Oh dear, Oh dear. I am so deeply sorry for you. It will take you all your heart to keep up courage and hope. You must still believe it can be done : and you must buckle to, with a firmer faith : and it must be done at any cost : so that you shall not feel a defeated man.

2. I have been greatly disturbed for some time by rumours and confirmations of your resolution to throw up Oxford. I know how plain and rational the reasons for doing so look : yet against them all stands the unanswerable argument that, to do so, means to give up the chance of being really "educated." Does that make you angry ? I think the plough proves that you have not yet attained the real gift of reading. It is a very hard power to win : it is the real essence of education. It means the power of fixing the attention, and of storing the results. Now, no tutorising abroad will dream of teaching you this. It will only encourage that general skimming of things, which is so deadly in examinations, as in life. It will teach you how to pick up smatterings : how to make a respectable show with very little. It will never take your mind in hand, and refashion it into a good and capable instrument. It is the instrument, that is wrong. You worked all right ;

you read all you ought to have read; but there was a misuse of the mind with which you read. It seems to me that for you, who have so many interests that you easily and quickly take up and follow, a casual cram abroad is the worst form of temptation. Dear child, I am sorry to speak so roughly and brutally. But I am too fond of you not to be frank. It is rather a critical decision: and I feel that if this occasion is passed, there will be no return or recovery possible. I believe you think that we are all going to cut you dead because you are not a member of the House! You just come up and try! Oh dear, I am so sorry for you, and your trouble. Forgive my hard words.

And in 1884 there are letters to Spencer J. Portal; after the gift of money to buy books, and after the last of the reading-parties:—

1. *June* 6, 1884.—My heart feels full of blessing: and all the more because (do you know?) our life here is unblessed by much gratitude. Shall I say it? Undergraduates do not ordinarily seem to their tutors very grateful. The tutors grind on (the big Pass tutors, I mean) spending all their strength and time: and it is all taken by the men as the thing paid for: and if they have something a little unlucky in manner or look, no amount of pains on their side is enough to save them from harsh judgments, and they get but little return of thanks.

I can say this of them, because I never had their fate: you boys have always been kindly and affectionate to me; though I never did a quarter of the work that the others are doing, nor took half the trouble for you that they did. This is really true: and the more I feel your great kindness to me, the more I feel how rarely at Oxford gratitude finds its way forward. Yet it is such a marvellous, life-giving boon, this of gratitude. How can I tell you how it cheers?

2. *Aug.* 1884.—It was wonderfully happy and good, wasn't it? I never knew a party go more easily, and brightly, and good-ly. I found in it the old joy that I love so much, the joy of delicious ease, and of most pleasant free intimacy; and all lying about the associations of lovely scenery, and with the justifying atmosphere of

virtuous work to purify and dignify and sweeten everything, so that everything lives at once—eyes and heart and brain and limbs: and I was so glad, again, too, to find bathing possess its fund of ancient bliss. *Aug.* 12.—I do desire that the memory of a reading-party should be the memory of a time when you were, at once, at your best and at your happiest. It is such a blessed thing to know, and feel, that it is very happy to be good. You have been so wonderfully loyal and grateful to me: and such loyalty is the best cheer that is possible. It helps more than anything else in the world. Do, please, use me whenever I can at all help. Will you come to me in any trouble, or perplexity? I should always be so grateful if you would. Believe this, always. And, perhaps, if at any time you can by a word help Ch. Ch. to go along quietly, and can save the boys from doing anything cruel to Sampson, which would bring on hideous distresses, you will try to say that word, will you? . . . I cannot bear, do you know, to hear you call me "Mr." Do leave it out. It is too stiff. Do you think you could?

Mostly, we undergraduates did not see below the surface of his life; we were hardly conscious of the latent severity in him. For many years, perhaps more than twenty, he used a scourge: and, of course, he observed a rule of fasting: but not beyond the bounds of commonsense: as he advises a friend, "I would take enough food to bring me into the normal condition which I am in before food in the ordinary way. I would take enough to save me from physical anxiety, or distress, or alarm over my body. I should wish still to be in the mind in which, normally, I find myself in the early morning."

The surface of his life was so delightful to watch, and his mind at play so charmed us, that we did not set ourselves to pry into him: and if he had caught us at it, he would have withered us. But some of his friends, who knew him in fuller confidence, were able to see below the surface. As Philip Waggett said, in 1918:—

There was a certain sternness. You remember, at Christ Church, Holland's white face when some disturbance was forward which we thought innocent enough. There was a fire under that geniality, the geniality which sometimes led people to think that he was tolerant of real mischief.

No man could be more tender with those who failed and stumbled; no man was more conscious of infirmity and fault in himself. No man could be gentler with the largest possible transgressions in a multitude or in an individual. But speak a word in the sense that the failure did not matter, that failure might not be failure, that transgression might do no harm, that we might in some degree unclasp the armour of holiness or put aside a demand of the great law; and there was a new note in Holland's voice.

He was intolerant of every compromise of the abstract claim of right. He was intolerant also of every compromise of the abstract claim of reason. If there is a man who never saw Holland angry—and I continually meet such men—I wish it were not too late to say, Try him with some stammering claim of obscurantism. Tell him that you do not care whether a thing is true or not, so long as it is charming; say in an accent of religion or in the name of the Church that you have parted with free choice, that you are afraid of using your judgment; that you suppose all things will come right if, without the effort of intelligence and the effort to know, you trust yourself to some stream of tendency not yourself that makes for righteousness. Then you shall see Holland angry.

PART II

I

ST. PAUL'S

In Miss Church's Life of Dean Church, Holland has written of the dreariness of St. Paul's in its unregenerate days. "It was waiting for the discovery of its activities. Its main bulk lay practically idle, except for special occasions such as the festival of the charity children, or on great public functions such as the burial of a hero. At all other times, over the length and breadth of its large area—cold, naked, and unoccupied—mooning sight-seers roamed at large. Its daily services had always been hidden away in the choir, behind the thick organ-screen against which Wren had so vehemently protested. There, in seclusion, a tiny body of cultivated musicians sang to a sprinkled remnant of worshippers. Everything was done on the smallest scale, and much was mean and slovenly to the last degree. The attendance of the Chapter, and of the cathedral staff, was reduced to a minimum. There was little attempt at discipline or at dignity in the conduct of the daily services." To an old Londoner, the present influences of St. Paul's are one of the best things in England: for he can recall the time of its desolation. The festival of the charity children took a fortnight of preparing, with the building-up of a vast amphitheatre of seats for them: it was effective, as a bit of sentiment; it pleased Blake and Thackeray: but it was not much of a festival for the

children: there was a sermon of portentous length, and some of them fainted, and had to be removed. On rare occasions, "Service under the Dome" would be announced, and people would observe this event of the Christian year. But St. Paul's was less attractive to the masses than its neighbour Newgate: where the old Londoner can remember, on a Sunday morning, seeing a crowd of men and women already waiting for the public hanging of the pirates of the *Flowery Land* on the Monday morning.

Dean Church was appointed in 1871. "It is clear," he writes to Dr. Mozley, "that what I am to come in for is very tough practical business, and that I am not to be as other Deans have been. It is to set St. Paul's in order, as the great English Cathedral, before the eyes of the country. I mean that this is what Gladstone has in view, and what Liddon, Gregory, and partially Lightfoot expect of their Dean." And to Dr. Asa Gray, "Times are changed. What is required now is that St. Paul's should waken up from its long slumber, and show what use it is of, and how it can justify its existence as the great cathedral church of London."

He came, as Holland says, "at the most favourable moment that could possibly be imagined. The conditions vital to the impending change had all been prepared with curious felicity. The whole of the Chapter who had grown up under the older régime had died within three years, and the new men were simply waiting for the opportunity to begin. Gregory had been appointed by Lord Beaconsfield in 1868; Liddon by Mr. Gladstone in 1869; Lightfoot by the same judgment in 1870. Already the movement of a new activity was astir. The crowds which came to Liddon's sermons had carried the ordinary Sunday service out of the choir into the dome; and, once there, it never went back. The re-arrangement of the whole choir was

under consideration and experiment. Lectures and services in the chapter-house for City men were being schemed. The committee for the decoration of the cathedral, which had stagnated, had been revived."

The organ-screen, of course, had made it impossible for St. Paul's to be what it is now, the Londoner's parish-church with all London for its parish: and that is a poor phrase for it: Canon Alexander, in a sermon during the War, found the right phrase—"the parish-church of the British Empire." The removal of the screen had been decided so far back as 1860: and for some years after 1860, the dethroned organ wandered about the Cathedral, till in 1870 its present place was chosen. The whole scheme for the redemption of St. Paul's came into being with the abolition of that wall between the choir and the space under the dome. It routed the choristers out of their slackness: it flung open the whole Cathedral, from end to end, as our very own. But would we care to have it, and would we get to be fond of it? If the genius of the reformers had not inspired them, year in year out, we should still be fighting shy of St. Paul's.

From end to end, the Cathedral must be in continuous use, "as continuous as the life which it was needed to sanctify. Morning, noon, and evening, there it must be, unfailing, unflagging." The services must be full of dignity and of honour: nothing mean or careless in them. The celebration of the Holy Communion "must be brought out of the corner in which it has hitherto lurked." The music must appeal to great crowds. "At St. Paul's, with its Palladian spaciousness, with its unbroken vistas; at St. Paul's, set upon the central platform in the midst of enormous populations—it was essential that the appeal should be wide-winged; its music must be full-voiced, powerful, abundant; it should reach to all parts of the building;

it must be capable of drawing multitudes under its spell." The very best of everything must be given freely, as belonging to everybody: "there should be no challenging vergers, no obstruction to free movement, no inquiries, no suspicions, no exclusions, no shaking of the money-bag." Finally, St. Paul's must be in touch with all the good works of the London diocese, to draw them together: "missions, committees, guilds, leagues, societies, associations—all these, in their manifold varieties, should find opportunity for union, in corporate acts of worship, before the one altar, under the mothering dome."

About 1873, the Choir School in Dean's Court was instituted, and the whole choral foundation was reconstructed. At the Choir School, forty boys receive board and lodging and a liberal education, in return for their services to the Cathedral. The choir-men are six Vicars Choral, who are on the foundation, and twelve Assistant Vicars Choral.

The Cathedral staff includes four vergers; and ten or eleven guides, whose chief duty is to attend to the visitors coming from all parts of the world. There are also in the permanent employ of the Cathedral some forty or fifty workmen; and the expense, always heavy, of maintaining the staff and the services has been greatly increased by the War. In the time of the air-raids, a band of volunteer workers, trained by the London Fire Brigade, and numbering 250 men, was on duty day and night. The Cathedral had three very narrow escapes from bombs, and was twice hit by our own shells: one of them went through the roof of the south transept. Raid after raid, and always the crypt for a shelter, and always the dome untouched, and the services as beautiful as ever. In all London, there is only one building symbolical of all London: and that is the dome of St. Paul's.

Holland was a Canon of St. Paul's for twenty-six years.

Long before he came, the work of the reformers had been completed: but St. Paul's was still waiting for the reredos and the mosaics. His months in residence were January, May, and September. From 1886 to 1910, he was Precentor: during the later years, he was also Treasurer to the Chapter. The office of Precentor is a foundation of the thirteenth century; there is a second in command, the Succentor: but the Precentor has general supervision, and a good deal of influence over the choice of the music. Holland threw himself with great eagerness into everything connected with these matters; and his dealings with men and boys are remembered for his wonderful, and not always discriminating, generosity. The Treasurer to the Chapter is a modern official, appointed annually by the Chapter: and, as he is concerned with the Cathedral finance and fabric and property and work-people, he has a large and very responsible place in the general administration. In this important post, Holland was Gregory's successor; with less aptitude for business, but not with less zeal for the honour and glory of St. Paul's. (The Treasurer to the Chapter must be distinguished from the Treasurer of the Cathedral, *Thesaurarius*, whose office dates from the twelfth century. The Treasurer of the Cathedral, with a Sacrist under him, is in charge of the Cathedral's material possessions; its pictures, ornaments, vestments, and so forth. He is the second in order of the four "majores personæ," the other three being the Archdeacon of London, the Precentor, and the Chancellor: these four officers are appointed by the Bishop of London).

Amen Court has shared in the general improvement of everything belonging to St. Paul's: the new houses for the Minor Canons, and the cleared garden-space, make it pleasant. Holland, all the twenty-six years, lived at 1, Amen Court. His brother writes of it:—

The house had for its front a dull outlook on the blank wall of Stationers' Hall. The drawing-room was of fine length: but with this outlook it appeared to better advantage when it was lit up at night. The white-painted hall and staircase were an inviting entrance to the house. But the real living-room was Scott's study, a long low room looking out on the little garden-space. It had been Sydney Smith's dining-room. Scott's writing-table, strewn with letters and papers, was at one end of the room; and his secretary's at the other. The walls were lined with bookshelves. As one entered on a winter's day, Scott would wheel round his writing-chair to the grand fire which was then to be had, and would invite one to sit over it for a talk. Beyond, was the little prayer-room sanctum, where doubtless many aching hearts found consolation, and where the household would gather of an evening as Scott poured out his prayers, with a Psalm and perhaps a verse of a hymn, throwing up his hands sometimes in his fervour, and then rising to wave a kindly goodnight.

From 1884 to 1897, his home was under the quiet capable rule of his elder sister, who did everything to secure for him domestic peace. She read to and wrote for him; entertained his many guests, in her reserved way; made friends among the Amen Court and Deanery côterie; and regularly attended the St. Paul's services. Sunday teas during his "residences" were a large undertaking; friends and admirers flocked in: but he was so tired after preaching that he was resolutely shut-away by her in his dining-room, and only one or two intimates were allowed a sight of him. "The Canon's Conscience" was an apt name given to her by an epigrammatic friend. She kept his list of engagements, looked out trains for his journeys, managed his housekeeping with quiet but ceaseless regularity; and was his companion in Italy, and in Greece, on two occasions when he was ordered away from work.

It was only for six years, that he, Dean Church, and Dr. Liddon were together at St. Paul's. Dr. Liddon died in September, and the Dean in December, 1890. There are two letters from Dr. Liddon: one of advice as to the choice of hymns: the other, a few weeks before death, in a broken handwriting:—

Hatfield House. Jan. 9, 1887.—There is, I believe, no doubt that hymns do more to keep religion alive among the half-instructed or uninstructed mass of our people than any other feature of our public worship. Certainly they do much more than our sermons: and for one who joins with earnest sincerity in the prayers, five or six join or try to join in the hymn. In Protestant Germany, as you know, the infidelity of the pulpit has been constantly neutralized by the Gesangbuch. . . . In choosing hymns, there are two principles which ought apparently to be kept in view. The first is that they should follow with undeviating accuracy the teaching of the Church in her sacred seasons. It seems to me a grievous mistake to disturb the sequence of this precious teaching in order to make a hymn dance attendance on a sermon. The second principle is to choose objective and not subjective hymns. The objective hymn makes Christ our Lord its theme: the subjective hymn is either an ode to self, or an assertion of self disguised in religious language. Practically, in the book we use at St. Paul's, it is as a rule better to choose the Ancient (or hymns written in the ancient spirit) and to leave out the Modern. Under this last head, the collection contains—to speak frankly—much rubbish, which has perhaps helped it to popularity in unpromising quarters, but which might now be rooted out with great advantage.

Stonehouse, Gloucestershire. July 20, 1890. Thank you again and again for your letter. By God's mercy I have come here; and although last night was a night of great suffering, the air already seems to be doing me good. What a world is the world of pain! How little do we know of it during the greater part of our lives! What a revelation of the awful Justice of God, and yet more of His marvellous love! Until now, I had no idea of what it might mean to a human being. Pray our Lord, dear friend, that if He is so good as to spare my life, I may not forfeit the graces which He wishes me to gain by this visitation, and that it may not be to me as nothing, or worse than nothing. Your most affectionate.

The Canon in residence is responsible for the arrangement of all special services held during his months of residence. Holland's quickness of mind, and his keen sense of the

fitness of things, helped him well on such occasions, especially when the time for preparation was short. There is a letter to his sister, in April 1890, from Rome, about the annual festival of the Sons of the Clergy :—

Would you write to Bowman, Sons of Clergy Secretary, begging him from me to see whether the Psalms and First Lesson of the Festival may be reconsidered. Tempers and minds are changed : and it now seems to us a terrible irony to sing " Happy is the man who has his quiver full of them "—on an occasion like this. Such a psalm raises all the problem of the families of the clergy. It is most unfortunate, in its application to this instance. Everybody in church must be conscious of the difficulty : and especially the laity, whom we are inviting to give. And, then, could we not read something less exalted in key than " The wilderness and the solitary place " ? We are thinking of giving some necessary and scanty aid to pinched children : and we cannot attribute to our gifts the highest fulfilment of Messianic joy. It is, really, a serious matter. Pray put it strongly. Otherwise, we may find ourselves the subjects of some caustic ridicule.

Another letter, to Lieut.-Col. H. Everitt, Sept. 1896, is in answer to a request for a special service on Trafalgar Day. It is just like him, thus to string together chaff, and good advice, with a couple of lines of faultless beauty :—

Forgive my mutinous silence, unstirred by thoughts of Nelson and the North. When would you old salts wish to come to St. Paul's and hitch your trousers and dance your historic hornpipe ? And what hour would you wish the deck cleared for action ? And the Union Jack run up the main-mast-jib-boom ? We should not have to fling our fists in the face of the Frenchman, should we ? and taunt him for his snails and frogs ? It is not well in Church to blow up dying fires, or to wake dead feuds. We should not brag over the " parlez-vous "—but soberly, wisely, discreetly, and in the fear of God, lay the cause of England before the Throne of God. Is that it ? An Army Guild sort of service ? Thank you for loving St. Paul's. We can pray to be allowed to keep the services where they are.

Another letter, Dec. 1899, is about a memorial-service during the South African War :—

I rather resent any attempt to utilise this awful moment in order to squeeze forward a point in the Catholic movement. Of course, I long for a full requiem. But, just now, we are all drawn into one body by a deep anxiety: and that is the great force, moral and spiritual, of the hour. And we must not divide that unity up again. We must do what we can do, together. A requiem would, at once, reduce the act to a partial demonstration. It would no longer be possible to make it national. In a Cathedral, it would mean the loss of all that made the service national and representative. It would have caused angry controversy at a moment when controversy would be intolerable. It is a great fact to have got so far as we did. It is a great fact to accustom the whole body of people to remember the dead before God. The service was not thin. It was framed carefully by Newbolt on Catholic lines. It was not a burial service mangled; but a commemoration of the dead before the Throne. This is a big step for a nation. It is as far as they can get. And it is the nation of which we must think now. Was it not most beautiful and serious? I thought it quite overwhelming. God bless you all for your Xmas Peace.

In the spring of 1897, he planned and obtained for St. Paul's the gift of Mr. Watts's "Time, Death, and Judgment."

To Mrs. Ady

1. *March* 12.—Two visits to the Watts collection have made me burn with desire to see two great works of his in St. Paul's. They are to go to the nation: and would not the nation wish to see them there where they would best tell? They should hang in the two great panels at the entrance of the nave, where they would comfort all the weary tramps who doze and dream. Is it at all conceivable? It would be useless to have any but the largest for such a position. But I think Time, Death, and Judgment, for instance, would be large enough to speak there; or even the Charity: but this could all be considered if he

was at all prepared to think of it. How could it be most delicately suggested?

2. I hardly know how to put before Mr. Watts my strong desire, without seeming to be impudently and selfishly bent on glorifying St. Paul's. But could you suggest it to him, so that he should feel that my desire, that two of his great pictures should hang in the Cathedral for the nation's good, springs out of a sincere belief that this would be the right way to honour his gifts; that so alone would they be worthily housed; that in this way they would best deliver their deepest message. They would reach the poor and needy, who sit and dream all down our nave: they would be a wonderful power in the middle of the throngs.

3. Triumphant! We voted to accept, with furore, on Tuesday. Richmond has written a glowing letter, and will advise how to hang. I have written our heartfelt thanks, in the name of all the tramps in the nave, to the dear old man.

4. It is hung. Richmond is enthusiastic. It is perfectly splendid, glowing, beautiful. It quite peoples the church. I have been revelling all day in the glory of it. If only the old man is pleased!

He hoped for the gift of a companion picture*: he writes in July to Heywood Sumner:—

I am pleading for another: and am suffering under the rebuff of a prolonged silence. The dear old fellow came to lunch and was so happy, and evidently meant to give another if pressed. But I rather wanted to avoid "The Spirit of Christianity," which he would like to give; so I stepped out in a letter, and frankly hinted at "The Rider on the White Horse." Silence has followed. My second string is to suggest his finishing "The Triumph of Love" for us.

Another gift was of a very different kind. A certain man offered a set of altar-vessels in gold, very beautiful

* The companion picture, "Watchman, What of the Night?" was given by Mrs. Watts, after her husband's death. The third picture in the Cathedral, Mr. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," was given by the Rt. Hon. Charles Booth.

and costly: they were accepted by two members of the Chapter, in the absence of other members. Later, he was in public disgrace. "We never knew his name even, when we accepted his wretched gold. I learned his name from the papers—and all his doings. It is very difficult to return a gift." So Holland "redeemed" it, either entirely at his own expense, or perhaps with the help of friends. *

In Jan. 1892, there is a letter from Mr. Alfred Gilbert, promising to design the great bronze candelabra which now are at the west end of the nave: "I feel most deeply grateful, and highly honoured, by the invitation given to me today by yourself and the Dean. Such an opportunity means more to me than you possibly can imagine. I have yearned for it: it has come unbidden. Now, if I can but deserve it, I shall have accomplished one of the most important of all the tasks I have set myself, and have dreamed of, ever since I was able to dream Ambition's dream."

Two fugitive little stories are told by Minor Canon Gilbertson. (1) At a Christmas gathering of Old Boys at the Choir School, there was one who had recently been ordained, and appeared looking unusually grave in his new clothes and wearing spectacles with large round glasses. Holland, when he met him, said quite solemnly, "My dear ——, can *anyone* be as wise as you look?" (2) Another Christmas, at the Choir School, after a supper to the work-

* "The name has been erased from the golden chalices, which have utterly ceased to be in any sense a gift of his. A member of the Chapter has been enabled to return the original sum paid: and his trustee has accepted it back. No legal claim was raised, or even suggested. The transaction was entirely voluntary, and private. So the ignominy which hung over the Cathedral is removed; and the unhappy affair is completely closed. The vessels can now be used for the service of the altar, from which they have been barred ever since the discredit of their origin was discovered." —*Commonwealth, Jan.* 1899.

men of the Cathedral, one of the Canons addressed them on the necessity for punctuality, industry, and so forth: they soon became restless, and showed that they thought themselves inveigled to the party under false pretences. Then Holland spoke, on the extraordinary delusions prevailing at St. Paul's. "We Canons imagine people come to hear us preach. The Choir suppose the music to be the great attraction. Whereas the real fact is, that we couldn't carry-on at all, but for the constant preparation and readiness secured by the workmen." He soon restored the proper Christmas-party feeling.

Also it is remembered, that when the clergy of the Cathedral first appeared in splendid vestments, he called them "glorified armadilloes." When some part of the building was found insecure, he declared that Canon Gregory had put bits of stamp-paper over the cracks, and would see it in a moment, if they got worse. In Goodwill, there is a light-hearted article, "St. Paul's in September," on the crowds of excursionists up from the country to see the Cathedral, bringing the sound and the scent of the country with them: he imagines the country parson's wife, at the head of a party, telling them that the monument to Bishop Middleton—the Bishop is blessing two Indians, a man and a woman—represents the creation of Adam and Eve: "But it is not true (and I seize this opportunity of denying it) that in September a cow did, even by mistake, push its way in at the west door, and take a seat in the archdeacon's stall, while the vergers looked on appalled, until it rose and followed old Green, silver poker and all, to the minor canons' vestry, under the dim impression that it was milking-time."

Like other men who are much talked of, he was exposed to calumny: he was not on his guard against it: and his free and easy friendliness with the choir-boys, and their

worship of him, led once to a vile insinuation: which was completely withdrawn, and never repeated.

His love of St. Paul's resolves itself, again and again, into his love of the dome. That is the way with Londoners. Any amount of spires may "point to Heaven," so long as one stays outside the buildings which have them: but the dome of St. Paul's is equally delightful from the outside and from the inside. There is a song that he wrote, in 1892, for the Choir School Magazine:—

THE SONG OF PAULE'S CHILDREN

I

Though far away we scatter
In years that are to come,
And tread the land of strangers,
Across the ocean foam;
Yet still our hearts will travel
Back to their ancient home,
And sing the songs of childhood
Beneath the big blue Dome.
Home again! Home again!
Beneath the big blue Dome again!
Ah, would we ne'er might roam again,
But sing the songs of home again,
Under the blessed Dome.

II

That is the egg that hatched us,
Hung up there in the sky;
We were the happy White-birds
Baked in the big blue Pie.
We hummed away and buzzed there,
Like bees in a blue hive,
And honey we shall find there
As long as we shall live.
And oh, to be at Home again,
Beneath the blessed Dome again,
And suck the honeycomb again,
And buzz and hum at home again,
Under the big blue Dome.

III

They sing their " Dulce Domum "
At a younger school than ours,
Where clear and white the chalk-streams
Run fast by Wykeham's towers ;
But we too in black London
Sing a chorus of our own,
Of Domum, Dulce Domum,
And Dome and Home in one.
So Dome again and Home again,
Our Dulce Dulce Dome again !
The Dome that is our own again,
Our very very own again :
Oh, sweet to feel at home again,
And in and out to roam again,
About the dear old Dome.

IV

We sit on stuffy stools now,
And grind at office sums :
But still around the old Dome,
The noise of London hums :
And other chicks are hatched there,
And sing, so fair and fine,
The songs that once we sang there
In days of Auld Lang Syne.
And oh, that we were home again,
Beneath the blessed Dome again,
And never more might roam again,
But each might have his own again,
And find his happy home again,
Home again ! Home again !
Under the big blue Dome.

" Just at Easter," he writes to Mr. George Russell—" I feel the heart of St. Paul's beating—all the rush and flow and glory of the choir : and the trumpet-stops : and the *shout* we give on ' Now above the sky He's KING.' There's nothing like it in all the world. And the great church is

flooded with people all day long: and we never stop: and there is all one splendour."

He had not much time away from St. Paul's. He regularly attended the three daily services. Lord Kilbracken tells of him coming back to Amen Court in full canonicals after an interminable service on Ascension Day, throwing off his surplice, dropping on the sofa, and exclaiming with a deep sigh, "I've been in church ever since I can remember." Days of national observance brought heavy work: "I am too run to write; these King's visits are appalling: we are wrecks." Besides, he had to do with innumerable affairs of administration, finance, preferment, and so forth.

Admirable studies were published, after his death, in Commonwealth: one by Miss Eleanor Gregory, "At St. Paul's," the other by Mr. Walter de la Mare, "From the Choir-boy's point of view."* But something more may be said here of his preaching. The Canons preach at the Sunday afternoon services. Clergy not attached to St. Paul's preach at the Sunday evening services: in his letters to them, Holland would sometimes make light of the task set before them: a man might well be anxious at the prospect of it. "Would you like," he writes to one, "to preach in St. Paul's one evening in May at 7 o'clock? To a guileless mass of clerks and sweethearts holding each others' hands and glad to use common hymn-books. The people of St. Paul's are not purse-proud City gents who sit on rich farms dealing largely in horseflesh: they are all humble folk who would take the message from you." And to another, "You know our congregation, faintly endeavouring to apprehend what on earth the preachers

* Henry Scott Holland: Some Appreciations. Edited by Christopher Cheshire. London, Wells Gardner, 1919. Pp. 88. A set of short articles, in Commonwealth, by the Bishop of Winchester, Miss Gregory, Mr. Walter de la Mare, the Dean of Christ Church, the Bishop of Oxford, Canon Donaldson, Rev. E. K. Talbot, Canon Richmond, and Mr. George Russell.

are talking about, and hoping to get hold of about one idea and a half some day before they die." And again, "I always think it is a nice quiet pulpit, rather home-like when you are up there."

The recovery of the whole Cathedral from end to end had brought the necessity for great preaching. The sermons must be heard, as it were in the open air, across all the space under the dome; they must be well designed and well proportioned. Like the drinking-vessels in Solomon's Temple—"all were of gold, none were of silver; it was not anything accounted-of in the days of Solomon"—so it was to be with the great sermons at St. Paul's. Hard work for the great preachers: it left them played-out. Dr. Liddon was accustomed to take a warm bath and go to bed after it: Holland was younger and stronger, but he too felt the strain of it: he used to come, at the end of the procession out of the choir, with his head down, and a heavy set look in his face, impatient of the slow movement in front of him, vexed by the affectionate or inquisitive glances which pursued him, and longing to get back to Amen Court and rest there. Nature had never intended him to walk in a procession. Miss Murray remembers him saying, "I did once dodge a poker, when I was at Christ Church, going into Cathedral: I suddenly remembered that I was entitled as Censor to a stall at the West end: so I slipped in there, and the verger walked on to the other end with no one behind him."

From 1884 to 1890, Londoners could study, in the one setting of St. Paul's, the preaching of Church, Liddon, and Holland. The Dean did not preach often. Londoners went not only to hear him, but to be able to say that they had seen and heard him. To look at, he was so thin and spiritual, that it seemed as if the sounding-board over the big pulpit had been put there to hold him down to earth.

His sermons were faultlessly worded, a perfect example to all men how to honour the beauty of our language: and he preached them with impenetrable quietness, restraining himself almost to the point of effacing himself. Thus it was not easy to realise, from his preaching, the strength and authority of his life's work. In all London, he was the man whom Holland most loved and reverenced; the one man whose displeasure would have been downright intolerable to him.*

Among those who had no personal knowledge either of Liddon or of Holland, the majority preferred Liddon. He was older, and quieter; he was easier to follow; he was more captivating to look at. Of all who have ever preached from that big pulpit, he was perhaps the most skilful in the use of gesture: every inch of him was eloquent, by natural, unaffected gracefulness. And the music of his voice was delightful. Yet an old Londoner, who had the honour of knowing Liddon and Holland personally, sticks to it, that Holland was the better preacher. He remembers the sound of Liddon's voice over two words:

* His book, "On Behalf of Belief," is dedicated to Dean Church—"whose name has ever been a succour and a joy, and whom now it is my high and happy privilege to know, to serve, and to love." Many years later, in 1912, he wrote of him: "In my time he was already a little bit in retreat, and indeed had to take a good deal of care. . . . His judgment was always there to be consulted, and anything like a veto from him would have been quite decisive. He could be very firm indeed, as you probably know, and there was a drawing up of the mouth, and a throw back of the head, when he disapproved, which would have finished most men. He was there as a permanent, acute, and venerated conscience, which everybody had to face, and a word or two from him went very far, whether in forwarding or damning a suggestion. The Cathedral staff were distinctly alarmed at him, and they did not quite understand his delicate Tractarian reserve, while they were very much afraid indeed of his severity, when anything had to be punished. I was a little surprised that they had not felt more of the beauty of the character, but it is well in all records of Church to remember how austere and alarming he could be, for all his gentleness." This letter was to Canon Alexander, who was giving a course of lectures in the Cathedral on the Deans of St. Paul's.

the one of them was "sacerdotalism," and the other was "Schopenhauer." And he remembers the sound of Holland's voice, in 1873, when he was only a deacon, preaching his very first sermon in St. Paul's: he was talking about the Holy Innocents, and he called them "these poor babies." There is more than chance, in the survival of the isolated words: they stand for differences of temperament.

Holland used to go up quickly into the big pulpit, set his Bible and his manuscript ready with a quick touch, and vanish into the depths of the pulpit for his devotions: then came the magical sound of his "Let us pray." Voice for voice, he surpassed even Liddon. St. Paul's is a grand place for echoes, and he was not afraid of them: his voice had moments of slashing vehemence, undescribable and inimitable: but he seldom over-strained it, and he never seemed to be using-up the reserve of its force: neither did he habitually shout, though he would now and again give out some essential word or name with a cry that went up into the dome and halfway down the nave.

In gesture, he was swift and impulsive, not clumsy or purposeless: it was not for nothing that he had been a good athlete. Men preaching for the first time in St. Paul's are likely to be warned to direct their voices toward the statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds: but Holland, with admirable effect, swinging now this way now that, brought all of us together. His movements were as natural, as apt to his preaching, as the swaying of a tree in a high wind: it would have looked grotesque, if he had stood still, while the rush and fire of his voice were tearing round all the space under the dome. He kept us too busy with his thoughts to care what he was doing with his hands: but it is certain that he was not unmindful of the rule, "Do not saw the air too much with your hand, but use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion, you must

acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness."

He found enjoyment in preaching: as he says of Hoxton, in 1874, "Sermons I liked as much as ever, especially my Good Friday one"; and in 1898, nearly a quarter of a century later, "I was a limp wreck until I got into a pulpit again: and then I at once recovered." It goes without saying, that he hated to be "run after." He was in demand here, there, and everywhere: he might well forget an engagement: he did, once, go off to a suburban station, and forget the name of the church, and follow all the bells that were ringing, and fail to discover where he was expected: but that is the only instance on record. The earliest reference to his preaching is in a letter from his cousin, Thurstan Holland, Jan. 1873: "I heard Scott preach, for the first time yesterday. He gave us a very remarkable sermon, full of thought and depth of feeling, and with an originality about it that delighted me: his language and power of expression left nothing to be desired: his delivery is at present too rapid, the more so because his sentences are often full of a conception of ideas, which the hearer wishes to work out, before he is led on to others." Mrs. Arthur Acland remembers a talk, at Newquay, in 1874, on preaching: she upheld simplicity of treatment, and said that the aspects of a subject ought to be presented one at a time: "Scott Holland flashed out with 'It is only by a nice adjustment of epithets that any estimate of truth or any complete idea can be obtained': on which ensued much laughter, and a defence by him of his own method."

His sermons, of course, "read well": but they who never heard him cannot realise the magnificence of them. Take, for example, his way of using *and* or *but* or *only*, at the beginning of a new line of thought: the word, in print, is nothing: but when he spoke it, he could make it as

effective as the knocking at the door in Macbeth. Or his power of visualising the workings-out of natural forces, and the development of mankind; his imaginative sense of whole nations and populations labouring and shifting and passing. Or his way of putting the case against himself, stating it better than it had ever been stated, making it look more true and more attractive than it had ever looked—as Philip Waggett said, "Holland's men of straw are more formidable than other folk's men-at-arms"—then would come *But* or *Only*, or *Yes, but*, or *Just because* or *And yet;* and all the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces would begin to dissolve. Or his way of describing the unhappiness, injustice, and unrest in our national life. There is a great collection of letters to him, thanking him for this or that sermon in St. Paul's or elsewhere. One instance especially pleased him: a man who had gone under, and had made up his mind to jump off London Bridge, turned into St. Paul's on his way to the river; listened to Holland, set himself once more to find work, and found it and did well.

After he had left St. Paul's he was rather unwilling to preach again there: but his love of the place and of its services never failed him. There are letters to Canon Alexander: one, in 1909, on his appointment to his Canonry: "You know how warm and cordial a welcome you will find here. It is a deep relief to me to have a friend who comes into the little brotherhood. I do not think that you will find anything in our tradition which will not commend itself to you as a sincere effort to make St. Paul's the central home of England's worship. May God help us to hold together and to work for the one cause, the honour of Jesus Christ." In 1913, from Oxford, he writes of the re-gilding of the cross, "I hear that necks are positively broken on omnibuses in efforts to keep gazing at it; and

Burge told me how he saw it blazing away from Brockwell Park." Another letter is concerned with something that had been said in St. Paul's: "You must keep the Dome still Christian with a living message to the people, in spite of these disastrous utterances." Last of all, on Jan. 2, 1918: "I was so glad to hear from you and of you. You have had a deadly time to pass through. I cannot imagine a worse strain. These ghastly raids touch the limits of which cruelty is possible. Horrible: and so relentless, so untiring. By God's great mercy, the Dome is still lifted to bless London."

II

FROM 1885 TO 1889

EARLY in 1885, he writes to Dr. Talbot, on the prospect of Dr. Liddon's appointment to a Bishopric :—

What I feel so forcibly is, that the opposition to Liddon comes not from questions as to his particular qualifications, but from a deliberate determination that he is not a man whom the Church of England can afford to promote. This is what stings. It is a challenge of the whole High Church position. It is a relapse into the condition of things when we were all rebels. We were just learning to forget the bitterness of that unhappy time. We thought that the reconciliation meant that the High Churchmen had won their right to be considered loyal members of the Church. It was this thought that made the general reconciliation so large, and hearty, and effectual. But then this must cover Liddon's general position and attitude. He is an Anglican of Anglicans: a very sample of the class. . . . We feel the perils of Liddon. We cannot profess that we do not think his line to be hard to foresee. We do not expect to be able to justify all he will do. But we do hold most emphatically that it would be a blunder, a wrong, and a disaster, for the Church to treat Liddon as a doubtful and excluded character, who is not at home in her body, and whom it would be too risky to allow to come forward into his natural place.

In the summer, he was with friends in Switzerland: but he was not up to climbing, nor did he care for "the weird, sad gletschers." He amused himself with the hotel-life at Bel Alp—"no mountaineers, but excellent people

who go to daily matins at 8, and discover strange flowers, and take out lunch with them, and do the pension at 10 frcs.: old Tyndall presides daily: and we all chatter, and make great friends, and of course everybody finds that he knows everybody else's grandmother"—and he delighted in Vevey, "the loveliest view, by far, in the world: the Dent du Midi just clearing from soft summer cloud, faint and purple like a dream: the Lake a wide evening blue, with sheets of sunset white and pink: all the hills one blue haze, uniform from very satisfaction with the perfect day that has gone. And ah! I have bathed—twice bathed—and the lines of the old hills all grow out upon me like memories, like friends: I know them all, a thousand times over. It is too beautiful: it demoralises." He writes to Dr. Talbot, of a visit to the St. Bernard Hospice:—

A most noble High Mass that we came in for at the Grand St. Bernard. It was a high day, a reunion of all the brotherhood, and the Prior came in state: and it was a stately and pure office: and one felt the force of the strong life behind it, in the snows and the solitudes: and it was most impressive to send up the great Christian song, robust and dignified, there amid the wet mists and wild wastes; and my heart went out above all for you, and for my brother restored to us out of such peril—"Blessing and honour and glory and power be unto Him."

In Jan. 1886, at Torquay, he made friends with Mr. W. E. Forster and his adopted daughter, Miss Arnold-Forster. She writes, "He became a most welcome visitor in my father's sick-room, skilfully drawing him out to talk of old days, of his early Yorkshire experiences in the Chartist times, and of his friendship with Thomas Cooper, the Chartist poet. His own health was at this time very uncertain: he was suffering from constant and overmastering headaches that obliged him while they lasted to remain a prisoner in darkness. I never at any time

heard him speak voluntarily of himself: but he never rejected sympathy concerning what he would call 'my silly old head': and at a later time he would say that he thought he was learning to 'manage himself better.'"

In February, he and his elder sister went to Athens: and from Athens he went with Mrs. Meynell and her brother F. G. L. Wood on a yachting-cruise among the Ægean Islands; and was for three days at Patmos, and visited Smyrna.*

To R. L. Nettleship †

Bless you, dear old Nettle, bless you again and again for the touch of old days and delicious memories, in your letter from Snowdon. I can't say what a deep joy it was to me. How we used to love to record mere sights and sounds! That is the time when friendships are making that last deep as life. They never cease, though active intercourse may drop. Always they live on, and any touch revives them. They are like walking, skating, swimming. Once we have found the balance, the poise, it is found for ever. It needs no use or practice to sustain

* See his letters to Mrs. Drew, in "A Forty Years' Friendship." Many years later, in Commonwealth, April, 1902, there is a most unexpected reference to Patmos. He is writing of the Government inspection of laundries under religious sisterhoods. He says that the Superiors will be able to hold their own against the Government: "They have only got to welcome-in the Inspector and the Home Secretary, and they will capture them as their hopeless slaves: they will tie them to their apron-strings. Let me recall, in hopes of this result, my delight at a certain scene in Patmos which might have its prophetic lesson. The two great Abbots of the Monastery, who hold all the island in fee, and whom the people ardently venerated, came aboard our yacht to tea. In their train, we detected an obscure little creature in a fez, who crept about in the rear, and seemed only anxious to lie low. We politely asked who he was. 'Oh, you need not notice him,' implied the Abbots by a grand wave of the hand. 'He is only the Turkish Governor of the Island.' Why should not the Superiors reduce the Home Secretary to the same wholesome humility?"

† This is the only letter from Holland to Nettleship which remains. Holland's early letters were burned by Nettleship in 1872. Their letters after 1872 were mostly on the ordinary affairs of the University: the class-lists, and so forth.

it. In a moment, as I read, I was with you, as of old. I knew the old tingle; I responded with the old delight. Days and hours all came floating back—and your voice: and the toss of your head. It will be ever so: do not doubt it.

I shall be leaving Oxford, I dimly foresee. We may see each other even less: though I trust not. But no years will ever stiffen or deaden the turn of my heart to you—and any word from you will "draw blood," as of old. Goodbye. I sail tomorrow—my boat is on the shore: meaning, by that, the Dover Packet. I make through Italy to Athens. Perhaps, then, a yacht to Athos. Certainly Athens, for a stay. Goodbye. God bless you, dear friend, with heart, and courage, and hope.

To Dr. Talbot

Brindisi. Feb.—We ought to be at Corfu tomorrow, and at Athens by Sunday evening. That sounds wonderful—Athens—and ever since Rome I have been in pause, waiting for some name that could evoke an interest, after Rome. Human interests are all in all. Beauty is only intended to be around and about them, ennobling, making memorable, hallowing. But without a core of human interest to vivify it, beauty is a poor superficial affair. So no Salerno Bay, or Sorrento hills, can compensate for the loss of Rome: and I wait for Athens to recover me from the collapse that has overtaken me ever since I saw, amid crowded priests, outside the door of the Sistine Chapel, the old man pass in, in gold and glory, carried on his throne, bearing his tiara, on the day of his coronation. A beautiful old man, skilful, cultured, clean, devout—worthy of the centuries behind him, and of the surpassing burden laid upon him. And, in the crowd, pressing through into the Chapel, the quiet good face of Lyle—in the dress of a Seminarist. Two or three times I caught sight of him—the same look, repressive and noble, with a stiffness. Good faces abounded, I think, among Cardinals, Canons, Priests. A really fine band of men, old, intelligent, holy—I should doubt whether we could do better in the way of heads.

Athens. Holy Thursday.—You ought just to see the divine glory of light and sun that is pouring over the

Parthenon, now as I see it, from my bed-room window, with the most perfect air ever breathed curling round its yellow splendour. It is delicious. Yet it knows nothing whatever of disturbances, and trouble, and sin: it has no thought at all of Passion, Agony, Burial—of Redemption, Deliverance, Resurrection: it looks singularly remote from the Easter we are keeping at its feet.

. . . I find it impossible to doubt but that the time has come for me to leave Oxford. There! I have said it. If it was not for you, I could say it without a quiver of doubt, though with most heart-wringing sorrow. It has grown steadily in upon me for months. It seems to me obvious, and undeniable. I am, practically, useless in London unless I can be there in the autumn months—from Oct. to Xmas. These once missed, the year is lost. Yet these are my only real months in Oxford.

As a rest, I see Oxford is useless. Even with all positive duties gone, it remains the same hurrying, incessant, wearing place. Nothing can avoid this. I am arbitrarily, and forcibly, inventing for myself a place in Oxford. I am not placed there by anything except my own will. This makes it all doubtful to me; when I see how little I am making of my London post, to which I have been externally called. I dare not say, I am giving the Church her money's worth, for what she allots me. I am establishing no footing in London; I am doing nothing positive: I am building no house: I am nothing but a flying sort of voice. I feel apologetic for myself: and this is demoralising.

I am sucking too much of the good things of life, if I retain Oxford. I am not venturing enough. I am clinging to the nest already built, where everything flatters, is comfortable, is easy. I am nursing myself along on what is already done. I am not putting my back into building up a new work of any kind. It won't do. I am sure of it. My conscience will not stand it. It ought to be done, now in October. But oh, Warden, the wrench, the horrible wrench!

1887–1888

In these two years, three books of his sermons were published: "Creed and Character," "Christ or Ecclesiastes,"

and "On Behalf of Belief." In his preface to "Creed and Character," he says that every Christian preacher, of necessity, undertakes the responsibility of representing "the mind of Christ." That is what ought to be felt, and recognised, as the beginning and end of all sermons: "and this, not as a vague commonplace, but as a Presence, that growingly, with ever more masterful pressure, with ever intenser force, pervades, utilises, covers, vitalises, absorbs the entire and undivided attention. . . . It is the expression of a single personal Self, conveyed into us by a vital and personal Spirit. It must exhibit itself as personal—that is, as a living individual Being, self-consistent and self-identical." The manifestation of this personal Will, in action upon the affairs of earth, is in two forms: in mind, and in character: in the two forms in which a will does, as a matter of fact, show itself in action. "The Kingdom of Christ is the manifestation of Christ's sole Will: and it must embody these two forms. It is the display, on earth, of a certain body of motives and intentions, peculiar to Christ, co-ordinated into a certain characteristic combination, peculiar to Christ. Where do we find the first of these two forms? In the Creed of the Church. Where the second? In the ethical ideal of the Church: in the Christian character." And he says of this character, that it "combines the uttermost of self-abnegation with the uttermost assertion of vigour and vitality."

In the preface to "Christ or Ecclesiastes," he declares his belief in "the supernatural setting of the Faith"; and says that "the supernatural, as it is in Christ Jesus, is no intellectual encumbrance, but rather the very key by which alone life is rationalized, and the spirit in us set free to think, and work, and grow."

In July, 1887, he was at Ballaigues, Vallorbes; with the Talbots, Dr. Gore, the Drews, and a party of undergraduates:

"To be back in the old Oxford ways, to be talking the old talk, to be caught up into the old bright easy ways of undergrads, to feel the prick of familiar interest in Schools and Classes—this was delicious; and to bathe again: and to catch cricket-balls, and to chaff, and to jaw—this is what I never dreamed of recovering."

In October, he writes to a critic of his views on Ireland :—

I am very sorry if I have at all wounded a lover of St. Paul's. Pray do not let anything I say or do lessen your love. But I am only saying what I am forced to think when I say that the Government have set themselves to break and crush the two great popular powers which have built and organised the National League: and those powers are (1) the *entire* Parliamentary representation of Catholic Ireland; who are always treated as a hostile body of hateful conspirators; (2) the Archbishops, Bishops, and priests of the Church, in whose buildings the League meets, from whose altars its notices are given, after whose services its meetings are held, whose priests are its local chairmen in every village. I could not imagine language more calculated to madden and enrage an exasperated people into acts of violent retaliation, than the cruel, bitter, scornful, tyrannical language that has been poured out by the Times, echoed by the main body of the Press, against everything that the Irish peasantry hold dear as their lives. I wonder daily at their self-control under such brutal and harsh contempt. It fills me with sorrow and shame to read it, above all in Church papers. Forgive me if I have spoken strongly.

In March 1888, he writes to a friend, of his determination to remain unmarried. In Sept. 1882, on the news of another friend's engagement, he had written, "The sudden sense that I alone of all my friends am really going to be wifeless, is borne in upon me with unwonted energy, and makes me feel strange, and wondering; and I clench my teeth a little, and feel sterner (but not less resolute)." In 1888, he writes :—

I know, I know, the offer of renunciation which God makes to me. But then, how little I have picked it up as a single act to be lifted before the Throne. I have scraped it up, in pitiful fragments—little wretched pieces, one at a time, when I found it impossible to delay any longer, or to avoid taking the bit that lay there in front of me. And what I hunger after, is such a selfish, poor, small, comfortable, caressing sort of affection, on which to spend myself in pretty fondlings. This I weakly desire: and I have to learn from others all the high and trumpet-tongued honour which is the real soul of marriage: and which is so real a loss, unless one can pitch one's devotion to Christ in as high a key. God bless you for your blessed words. At my best, and now and again, I strive to make the renunciation a willing sacrifice: and I do see how God would gain more from one, in some ways, through it. But I am always minimising the sacrifice, by intense enjoyment of all the multitude of little loves which are given me—and I am apt to fritter away, in their enjoyment, the will that should go to the greater deed.

In May, he was asked to let himself be nominated for the Bishopric of Glasgow. In August, when it was probable that the Balliol Theological Fellowship would soon be vacant, he was asked whether he would take it.

Toward the end of 1888, he published "On Behalf of Belief." Dr. Gore writes to him, Nov. 21: "Bless you for the Belief volume. I cannot tell you how I thank you, and how I wish the wicked would read. Ugh! they are stupid. I begin to feel my vocation will be to write notes to your books in order to make them look dull. I sometimes think people measure the seriousness of an intellectual effort by the dulness of its appearance. May I write long notes to your books, and appendices, to induce the stupid to read; and leave the present editions for those who have a soul?"

At the end of the year, he writes to Mrs. Talbot, on the

appointment of Dr. Talbot to be Vicar of Leeds, after eighteen years at Keble as its first Warden :—

How the eyes and the heart go flying back over the years ! back to the thrill and the fun of the little cabin-hole in the corner, with almost the glow of a picnic about it : and the early twin-life with the dear Warden, brimming with hopes and joys : and then the sudden blessed discovery of children : and the great big house, and the crowded drawing-room, and the social centre, and the friends from London, and the firm-grown College, with a history, and a past : and the merry renewals of Terms—and, then, the awful shadow of the sickness, and the wonder of the release from fears, and all the renewed heart, and the laughter, and songs, and tears—All to go ! What a memory to carry away. What a brimful treasure. What an endless joy. No taint upon it. In the full hey-day of vigour and triumph.

Think if it had got to languish, before you left it, and to decay, and tumble down, and to drag, so that you were glad to escape from a downward fall. How miserable it would have been. How different now. You walk out, clothed about with the radiance of a most wonderful day, your Oxford day. Nothing now can ever spoil that. You may fail at Leeds : you may find difficulties, and anxieties ; but you will always pluck up heart as you send your memory back to the blessed days in Oxford. This will be your stay, and your comfort. How lovely they have been. How teeming with affection and warmth and friendship. God bless the memory of them to you, and to the dearest Warden.

1889 (*æt.* 42)

This year, "Lux Mundi" was published.* It had been planned in 1887 by the holy party : and in September 1888 they had met at Amen Court, to consider the essays

* Lux Mundi : a series of studies on the religion of the Incarnation. Edited by Charles Gore. London, John Murray, 1889. The writers were Holland, Aubrey Moore, Illingworth, Talbot, Moberly, Arthur Lyttelton, Gore, Lock, Francis Paget, Campion, Ottley. The first of the essays is by Holland, on Faith.

written for it. In June 1889, they met at Malvern, and finished the book for publication.

This year, also, the Christian Social Union was founded. A few months before it was founded, Holland had written to Richmond, in 1888, "We live in economic blindness down here, of the blackest kind. The world seems to have reacted into the mind of 40 years ago. You would think that it had never talked democratic language. We are in a mad back-water, eddying furiously." *

Early in 1889, he called a meeting at his house: and it was decided that some lectures should be given, at Sion College, to clergy and others. The chances of success for a new Society might be measured by the success or failure of the lectures. They were given during Lent, 1889, by Richmond, whose "Christian Economics" had been published in 1888. The Chairmen at these four lectures were Bishop Westcott, Canon Furse, the Bishop of Marlborough, and Holland. Between April and June, two more meetings were held at Holland's house; and on June 14, he presided at a meeting in the Chapter House of St. Paul's, at which a Committee was appointed to form the new Society. Westcott was its first President, and Holland was Chairman of Committee. The Society's first office was at Canon Mason's mission-house, 8 Trinity Square, Tower Hill. Its first Secretaries were G. C. Fletcher and Cyril Bickersteth; after them, John Carter, now Bursar of Pusey House.

* Another phrase, in a letter to James Adderley: "For the first time in all history, the poor old Church is trying to show the personal sin of corporate and social sinning." An account of the beginnings of the Christian Social Union, by Dr. Percy Dearmer, was published by the Commonwealth Press, July, 1912. He notes some of the earlier episodes: in 1833 and 1847, the Factory Acts: in 1854, the founding of the Working Men's College: in 1871, the Act legalising Trade Unions: in 1877, the founding of the Guild of St. Matthew: in 1888, the appeal of the Lambeth Conference for more study of economic problems. The name of the Christian Social Union was suggested at the founders' meeting, June 14, 1889. Another name thought-of was "the Brotherhood of Christ."

Its first work, during the Dock Strike in August, was to get Dr. Temple up from Wales to London.* A leaflet was issued, to announce the new Society :—

This Union consists of Churchmen who have the following objects at heart :

(i) To claim for the Christian Law the ultimate authority to rule social practice.

(ii) To study in common how to apply the moral truths and principles of Christianity to the social and economic difficulties of the present time.

(iii) To present Christ in practical life as the Living Master and King, the enemy of wrong and selfishness, the power of righteousness and love.

Members are expected to pray for the well-being of the Union at Holy Communion, more particularly on or about the following days—the Feast of the Epiphany, the Feast of the Ascension, the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels.†

* *To Dr. Copleston. Aug.* 1889.—I was up in the Engadine at the Maloya Hotel, with poor Truro very ill, but at last, and genuinely, progressing. The hills were ugly : but the people very pleasant ; and a lovely band played to us ; and Huxley talked amicably to us ; and we danced on Tuesdays and Fridays, and played lawn tennis : and so survived in spite of the Alps. And certainly I got rather well, and wrote a good deal of a memoir of Jenny Lind which is preparing ; and was generally happy. Now, we are in the thick of the strike. On Monday night, Cyril Bickersteth flew off, without a rag of luggage, to Dolgelly, to hunt out the Bishop of London. London appeared two days later : came straight to Mason's on Tower Hill : we collected some clergy, and talked it all out with him. Next morning we got Champion and Burns to meet him at Mason's. Since then, he has been enclosed with the Mayor, Manning, and Sir John Lubbock. I am delighted. The noble old Chief that he is—he sticks rather hard at certain points : and is rather stiffly economical in the older fashion of economy. But he is so great : and high : and square. And he is working hard now, in the cause. The men are most patient : and orderly : and reasonable. They will not *look* at a Socialist Programme. We had a most happy meeting of the essayists at Malvern, in June, full of delicious talks of the familiar type—most friendly, helpful, active. We shall be out in November. You will scoff loudly at much that is in the book.

† *To Dr. Talbot.* 1890.—We deliberately made this a part of our Union, as essential to our compactness and definiteness of aim. We did not want to grow indefinitely large : and the difficulty, of course, is not

A pamphlet, also, was issued ; it bears marks of Holland's writing :—

We believe that political problems are rapidly giving place to the industrial problem, which is proving itself more and more to be the question of the hour. It is the condition of industry which is absorbing all attention and all anxieties. It is the needs and necessities of industry which are the motive powers now at work to mould and direct the fortunes of human society. It is the intolerable situation in which our industrial population now finds itself, that must force upon us a reconsideration of the economic principles and methods which have such disastrous and terrible results. . . .

We are of those who are convinced that the ultimate solution of this social question is bound to be discovered in the Person and life of Christ. He is " the Man " ; and He must be the solution of all human problems. That is our primal creed. . . . He is Himself, in his risen and ascended Royalty, the sum of all human endeavour, the interpretation of all human history, the goal of all human growth, the bond of all human brotherhood. It is in this character that He is kept so little in practical mind ; it is this office of His which is reserved to such an obscure and ineffectual background. He has never failed to be " placarded " before the suffering poor as Jesus Christ, the Crucified. So far, the preaching of the Church has been faithful to its message. But the significance of His vital relation to the historical growth of man in the mass, has not been so effectively understood, or so loyally declared. . . .

But this application of the redemptive force of Christ to actual society can be no very simple matter. The problems raised by human society are manifold, intricate, and immense; and, however firm our conviction may be that Christ is Himself their one and only solution, yet the solution of a difficult problem must, of necessity, be itself difficult : and, if the perplexities have been themselves of long and

your excellent Nonconformist, but your fervid Socialistic Nothingarian. So we thought it right, without passing a positive exclusive rule, to say that we were men who had a bond of union in the Sacrament of Christ's Body. Some did not like it : but we passed and carried it. It is right, I think. So there ! You see how narrow we are !

gradual growth, then their undoing, also, will be slow and gradual. It is a work that needs care, study, patience, deliberation.

Richmond's lectures at Sion College attracted much attention. They were published, in 1890, under the title "Economic Morals"; with a preface by Holland: but only a part of it can find room here :—

The scraps of economic philosophy which most of us have picked up belong to that political economy which, in the days of our youth, was still in the condition of an isolated science. At that stage of its career, it had set itself to be as abstract as possible. It did not profess to admit of direct application to human life. It only dealt with isolated laws acting "in vacuo." It is the favourite phrases of this stage of political economy which have passed into popular language, and have become current coin in the market-place. It is these which newspapers bandy to and fro, and which we all are apt to bring to the surface when we are trying to appear scientific to ourselves or to others.

. . . The gap between the isolated laws which these catch phrases signalise, and the actual living world with which we are dealing, is immense. And we have no bridge by which to pass over it. The laws are rigidly true, no doubt, but, in their present isolated condition, they would apply indifferently to Saturn or to the Earth. And yet the Earth differs seriously from Saturn; and how does the difference affect and qualify the action of these laws? *That* is our burning question.

. . . We live as shuttlecocks, bandied about between our political economy and our Christian morality. We go a certain distance with the science, and then, when things get ugly and squeeze, we suddenly introduce moral considerations, and human kindness, and charity. And then, again, this seems weak, and we pull up short and go back to tough economic principle. So we live in miserable double-mindedness. Each counter-motive intervenes at purely arbitrary points. When our economy is caught in a tangle, we fly off to our morality. When our morality lands us in a social problem, we take refuge in some naked

economic law. There is thus no consistency in our treatment of facts ; no harmony in our inward convictions.

Now, in this work of Mr. Richmond's, this dualism seems to me to cease. The fusion of the double elements which enter into the facts is complete. The science succeeds in being ethical, without ceasing to be scientific. The ethical principle does not appear as outside the economic, entering on the scene merely as a sentiment to check, and to limit, and to correct it ; but it is itself the intelligent and constructive force which builds up, from within, the scientific principles. The economic laws are exhibited, not as arbitrarily limited by moral considerations, but as themselves the issue of moral relations.

The Christian Social Union grew rapidly, and found plenty of opportunities both for the study of social problems and for the improvement of conditions of industrial life. It started "white lists," in this or that town, of tradespeople who were deserving of custom because they were generous to their employees. It investigated and published instances of overwork and bullying and beggarly wages, in business concerns or in domestic service. It went into facts of dangerous trades: cases of phosphorus-poisoning, lead-poisoning, accidents from unguarded machinery, and so forth. It set itself to support proposals for public works, such as afforestation, and reclamation of waste land. It was determined, above all, to improve the conditions of female labour, and the misery of sweated women. It was in touch with many institutes and authorities: it had a good share in the quickening of the national conscience toward industrial evils.

(From 1889 to 1894, the Christian Social Union had no representative journal: but it edited the "Economic Review." In 1894, Holland and Adderley started "Goodwill": but that, after all, was nothing more than a "parish magazine." In Jan. 1896, came the first number of "The Commonwealth.")

Among lesser events of 1889, he became Warden of the Guild of the Epiphany, and held this office to the end of his life. The Guild of the Epiphany, founded in 1884, is a society of Churchwomen who are concerned with teaching in secondary schools, and are agreed in their desire to be drawn together for mutual encouragement, for theological study, and for united prayer. The Guild magazine, "A Flying Leaf," was first issued in Feb. 1886. The name of the Guild, and its motto, "Vidimus Stellam Ejus," date from 1885, when the first meeting was held, at Epiphany, in St. Paul's. From 1887, the Guild met annually at St. Paul's, for conference and worship. Miss Murray, who was Superior for 20 years, writes that there are now about 700 members. The Guild has centres in Leeds, Manchester, Brighton, and elsewhere.

At the end of 1889, he went to Egypt. Bishop Wilkinson was nearly broken down, with miserable depression, and had been ordered away: he and his daughters had been in Italy, and had gone on to Cairo in October: he was in need of such help and friendship as Holland, more than any man in the world, could give him. Holland went out, with a medical friend, Dr. Drewitt. He writes home, on Dec. 31, "Drewitt has helped capitally; strain and anxiety are passed." On Jan. 20, "Things are very anxious, and the outlook very bad: I cannot see how resignation can possibly be avoided." On Jan. 30, "In general, he is tired out, and cannot shake off the depression." Miss Wilkinson, also, was not in good health. Against these troubles, Holland set himself. But he had no great liking for Egypt: and he must have longed, now and again, to be in England. They were three months on the Nile: from Cairo to Assouan and back.

For the general happiness, he wrote a journal: it was not read aloud, but they all read it, bit by bit, as it was

written up. It was designed to amuse them ; and he kept all anxieties out of it. Much of it—"The Log of the Water-logged," he called it—is put here, in a chapter by itself. Their dahabeah, the Pharaoh, belonged to Cook and Sons. The *dramatis personæ* are the Bishop, his daughters Constance (Mrs. Davis) and Margaret, 12 years old (Mrs. Henley), Holland, Dr. Drewitt, and others who must be arranged in the order of their appearance on the scene :—

Dr. Porter, "Fez Pacha" ; an American cleric, of Charleston : his great work was a school which he founded after the American Civil War.

Miss Gooch : half-sister to John Maxwell-Lyte, the Bishop's chaplain.

Tudros : the dragoman.

The Rais : the captain.

The Sirdar : not Lord Grenfell, but Mr. John Cook : a person of great importance in Cairo : Holland gave him the title.

Miss Amelia B. : Miss Amelia B. Edwards, whose book on Egypt was read during the tour.

Dodson : Miss Wilkinson's maid.

The Old Lady : one of the crew, who was remarkable for the ample drapery of his garments.

III

"THE LOG OF THE WATER-LOGGED"

(STARTED Dec. 16, 1889, from Cairo.)

Tuesday, Dec. 17.—About 11, a whistle: and Cook was on us, in his glory—a big steamer—48 personally well-conducted tourists: and Mohammed the Magnificent. We landed: scene: screams: scrimmage: herds of donkey-boys, all yelling at once: Mohammed too imperial to assist in the fray: Bishop calmly mounted amid the hubbub: the women like vast lumps of bulging shawls on the tiny asses. The procession moved off: shouts: sticks: yells. A mingling of Memphis and Margate, Pyramids and Primrose Hill. Then long ride: Cook and chaos: Sakharah, lumpy and stupid: Serapeum, vast and depressing: Tomb of Tih, fascinating and lively: many things forgotten; exhausted faculties; noisy boys; repeated horrors of scrimmage: felt as if we should never reach the dahabeah, with its hearts waiting to greet us, and sweet Cookless quiet. At last! Only, we find that the ladies have been strangely happy without us.

Thursday, 19.—Final flight of Margaret's red hat. Taking advantage of a sudden gust, it took to its heels and ran. The good little boat at the stern caught and held if for a moment; but it shook itself free, just as a sailor snatched at it; and far away it floated, like a dying scarlet sunset, to be swallowed by some startled crocodile. Still the S. wind blew: we crawled: we crept: we stuck.

Friday, 20.—S. wind persistent. We crawl a few scamped miles: moor on desert-bank. Drewitt, with Margaret, shoots hoopoe. Bishop, with Holland, retires up desert, for contemplation. Startled by strange, remote snorts: saunter with mild wonder: rain falls: they sit under bank: see jackal. Snort, snort. Finally it breaks

upon them that the tug is calling them home. As they near the ship, Fez Pacha seen high on bank, menacing, shouting. They tremble, tumble in: ship flies off, at the rate of half-a-mile an hour.

Saturday, 21.—Porter Pacha can endure no longer: starts on the war-trail, to secure letters, and scalp Cook: disappears over side into tug: reaches Assiout: stands amid wondering Arabs, ejaculating "Cook-man": hoisted on donkey, through the black night, beards the Cook-man in his secret lair: Cook-man too terrified even to ask him to dinner, but surrenders letter-bag, with which he returns: is greeted with enthusiasm at Beni-Souef by grateful dahabeah. The walks at Beni-Souef, dull rainy day, reminded us forcibly of back parts of Hammersmith.

Sunday, 22.—(H.C. 8.30, M. 11, E. 6). Village on shore all Copt Christian: very little work on Sunday: most kindly Sheik, in afternoon, greeted us, with fine, clever face: clean house. Cigarettes of peace passed round: Drewitt did his duty unflinchingly at a critical moment: Bishop and Holland ceased to regret that they did not smoke. Kingfishers: geese in flight: ugly heavy sky.

Monday, 23.—Creepy-crawl: crawly-creep. Quiet morning: read Wallace together. Tug paused: Bishop, Miss Gooch, and Holland enjoyed a walk abroad, and eagerly conversed on Old Testament: time flew: a flying figure recalled them to a sense of the situation: of course, 10 min. after they had started, the tug had felt an impulse to start: as they neared, snorts warned them of their fate: the fez waved, high and ominous, on the quarter-deck: they crept in, amid universal abuse, and the gallant ship bounded forward on its headlong career, making, at times, as much as half-a-mile an hour.

Tuesday, 24.—The grand crisis with our dear little friend, the tug. The early morning light revealed another dahabeah close behind, positively overtaking us and our tug, yet it had but men, against steam. Council of war: no one had a word to say on behalf of our young friend: with all its child-like zeal, it was obviously beaten. After prayers, the decision was taken. Back to Cook and Cairo, it flew off. And we set out tracking. No more bubble-and-shake at our side, as it lovingly clung to us: no more blacks on the nose from its chimney. General delight at being left to the simple resources of primitive nature. Quiet movement,

almost soundless, as the big river slid past. Rest mid-day: Bishop, Miss Gooch, and Holland walked through filthy village of Bibbeh, and discovered Coptic church. Saints looked down at us roughly but kindly with a touch of solemnity and peace. A great joy to kneel and pray. If only the dear good Christians would be but a little tiny bit cleaner than their neighbours. But perhaps that is asking too much. Sunset unutterable.

Wednesday. Christmas Day.—(H.C. 8.30, M. 11, E. 6.) The brightest and most beautiful morning of all: the air brisk, and the sun brilliant, and the earth aglow. A most refreshing bath of illuminated air. And Margaret was a-bubble from morning to night: from the first moment when she woke to find the stockings hung at her bedside, charged with hidden mysteries and nuts, down to the last hour when, with the splendours of snapdragon over, she out-sat all other bed-goers, asleep, with happiness, crouched amid the folds of her sister's wraps on deck in the dark. The gentle Mahommedans decorated the ship with palms. The Bishop played ball on the sandy shore!! Tudros built up the most beautiful Xmas dinner, served on a table made touchingly hideous with spikes of cut palm-leaves: in the midst stood a pear-tree in a pot, with oranges tied on it (or, as others assert, an orange-tree with pears tied on). Toasts were drunk: glasses tinkled: a rich and perilous cake, covered with sweets, made a vehement protest against those heedless souls who, in the excitement of the hour, were tempted to forget that Miss Gooch had a birthday. Finally—while the American boat, at hand, was crowned with lanterns, and after their felucca had startled the poor blind Nile with red and blue lights, and Arab howls—Margaret's dream was realised: snapdragon appeared: the darkies crowded round with snatching black fingers, and gleaming teeth. The last blue flame flickered down: the last gleam died away from the black dish: and Christmas Day was over: and the stars that were shining over English fields shone down on the quiet deck, where we all sat on, in the peaceful dark, talking until happy bed-time came; and even Margaret was ready to sink asleep.

Thursday, 26.—At last we move! It came as the men were tracking through wide creeks, plunging into the water, swimming with bare black backs, wildly shoving poles,

in passionate zeal to pass the American dahabeah; singing weird sailor-songs in double refrain; rushing on deck in the boat; rushing off again to shore, with the immense rope drawn after them, in chorus.—In the thick of it all, the Bishop looked up from his book, and lo! the other dahabeah had its small sail hoisted. Why not we? We turned to protest; when lo! we find that ours is already up, and we had never seen it happen. It is the north wind so long desired. It is come. The men have to let the tracking-rope be dragged from their hands: we pick them up, with a rush, as we scud close to shore. Soon the great mainsail is loosed: we are flying: 20 miles are cleared before nightfall: we sit and listen to the novel sound of the water gurgling away under our keel. The sunset spreads its splendours; and we fly on, into the very heart of it. The moon rises, and gleams, and still we fly on. It is delicious: everyone is uplifted: the crew are happy: the Rais shows his white teeth: the sail curves high among the stars. All is well with us. So we scud; and, at last, sleep.

Friday, 27.—Through all the day, we keep it up, four or five miles an hour. Porter Pacha in high delight: he stands erect on deck, like Columbus in the act of discovering America: at last, he feels, things are moving. The Bishop is not even allowed his exercise. Most delightful, to scud on in the face of a grand, windy sunset, full of wings, and hair blown like Margaret's across her face—a wide, wild sky all aflame. All the hosts of the stars walked out, as usual, to look at us, and to wonder why on earth we had come just there, of all places. Bishop trudged, at night on land, with a lantern, doing his duty and satisfying his imperious conscience.

Saturday, 28. [*After a visit to the rock-tombs at Beni-hassan.*]—We swarm home: wild little cats of children crowd like blue flies round Drewitt, who imprudently bought three mummied cats. A brute of a donkey-man hit one of the children a hard thud with his pole: the Bishop had to spring from his donkey and make amends to the tiny crouching creature. On they swarmed, and shrieked, and laughed, with scraps of clothes, with engaging grins, down to the very shore. Drewitt summoned, at departure, to cure small fragment of a child, in the midst of sympathising crowd. The poor little scrap had his

lungs damaged; and accepted meekly the situation. He was sent off with half a mustard plaster, and the Bishop's comforter. This last gift multiplied the symptoms of a like disease in several bystanders.

Sunday, 29.—Right away we go, with our sails reefed by marvellous feats of crew, crawling high aloft by help of toes and eyelids, with skirts blown in voluminous folds over their heads: swaying in the wind like tossing clothes hung out to dry. One small rag rigged up against a jury-mast is enough to carry our good barge along.

Monday, 30.—We and a crowd of boats had lain all night within the perilous Bluff of Abulfayda; in the morning, we all rushed the corner in a mass—a beautiful scene of flying sails, like a covey of swallows, cross-winged—we, two dahabeahs, big and portentous, like two omnibuses that had taken wings and mingled with the flight of birds. Round we sped: cliffs craggy, scrawled, beetling, brilliant in white and yellow. Then the first grand bend for Assiout. Wind grew tremendous: barge heels over, lower deck under water: yells of screaming Arabs, hauling at big sail, almost lugged into the river: Tudros loses his head, rushes like a startled alligator into ladies' cabin: Miss Wilkinson with dressing-gown: Tudros summons them to the deck: compels them to fly up ladder; anyhow; in anything: up all must come. General impression, that all is lost. On deck, the row is terrific: yells, lugs, struggles: the captain breaks from his statuesque calm, shouts, suddenly rushes to stern, and roundly boxes on the ears a number of his crew. This restores order. To our universal rapture, the other dahabeah is seen to be driven ashore. We tear along, and round the corner triumphantly. Margaret, with magnificent nerve, stole down to the cabin to comfort the children [her dolls]. Finally, in the howling blast, the men climb out like cats along the yards, to secure the flapping sail: a miracle of climbing: sails reefed: captain's dark face is lit with inward laughter: he cannot hold-in his pride: his white teeth gleam: he squats, and lights a victorious cigarette.

Tuesday, 31.—A fair run, with a rising wind: we round one big corner: the wind grows, but we are all now as brave as lions; even Margaret's children keep calm and cool. The Bishop and Holland start for their normal walk: ladies scoff heartlessly: Tudros taps his forehead

significantly: but the two enthusiasts enjoy themselves thoroughly: come back refreshed and pleased, conveying silent reproaches to the "mugged" ones in the boat. It is New Year's Eve: and we think much of many. Margaret defiantly and desperately sits up alone, with all her children, to see the New Year in: by this feat, she goes ahead of her sister May: a distinct triumph. The year entered, in Egypt, she found, in much the same way as it does in England: as soon as the clock strikes twelve, there it is at the door, and no one saw it come—not even Margaret! Very odd!

New Year's Day, 1890.—H.C. 8.30. Cards, and presents, and joys, for Margaret. And the mail! Great gladness. Miss Gooch in high and fertile activity all day, exuberant in response. Idle and heedless men go happy slumming with Margaret in Assiout, on asses. Return by American Mission: excellent buildings: good blind old lady: thin, sick, dry Scotch Missioner: and ah! the chapel!! rigged up for examination: portrait of Her Majesty, and Tewfik, in "sanctuary": in front, arm-chairs, and a globe! Too much for the Bishop, who flung himself into his donkey-saddle, and rode off fast and furiously for home. After luncheon, Miss Gooch still at it. Men and Margaret off again on excellent asses to mountain. On return, we receive distinguished visitors: three gallant heroes of English occupation: Baker Pacha, grey, kindly, dignified, paternal: Johnson Pacha, spare, alert, lonesome, with the luminous brown eyes of a prophetical idealist: Harrington Bey, vigorous, hearty, and human, with jovial intelligence of men and things. Interview delightful, but so prolonged that at its close we reel to our beds for repose. Dinner: moon: sleep.

Thursday, 2. Dr. Drewitt departs: amid chorus of regrets. We feel that our hold on Science is lost, and much kind, quiet, friendly help withdrawn, together with a general cheerful sense that all things are getting better and better every day: *this* we lose: and a genial, smiling companionship, that is always at hand yet never obtruded. General grief: as we glide off at 3 oclock, dropping down seven quiet miles in a sunny untroubled slithery, slipping sort of sliding way.

Friday, 3rd.—We retired gracefully on to a sand-bank. The Rais called upon all his intellectual resources, cast

anchors far out, and lugged the ship's nose round: great sing-song: appeals to Mahomet. The men dragged the ship off: they plunged into icy water: they skipped and grinned: and away we went again for a nice evening run. Began "the Bothie." Great tub-crisis was opened upon us. Mysterious odours, tracked by diligent search underground to the oozing bath! Horror!

Saturday, 4th. The big tub-boom continues. Pacha descends into the black hold: is believed to have gone down the pipe itself: emerges, dusty but convinced. It *is* the tub. All the circumstantial evidence substantiates its guilt. It stands publicly convicted: it leaks at all its corners, poor dear. The Sirdar had worn it through.

Sunday. Tudros rises to the occasion: deploys his plumbing forces: digs up the boards: plunges, with all his hosts, into the black depths: he putties, plugs, and powders the whole place. Once again, the Pacha descends the pipe: and pronounces the ultimate verdict. "There is no smell left but the smell of the stuff that was put to destroy the smell." But the bath must remain silent and unused: there will come no more the happy splash of early sponge: no frisky plunge will ever again awake the rosy morn, nor any bump of head or elbow shake Miss Wilkinson from her last hope of sleep. Silence reigns there: for indeed the tub has yielded to the inroads of Time, and to the weight of the Sirdar. No putty can cure its cracks, nor any plug its corners. We can only reserve our gathered wrath for the devoted head of "Jeune Cook"—when we see him!!! A delicious walk round the town, at sunset, glowing, amber, mellow, solemn. A boy, who had carefully thought how best to please the Bishop, made up his mind at last that it would best be done by lifting a ragged donkey by its tail; but he was disappointed.

Monday.—A momentary pang at passing Abydos; but Tudros and the wind together are irresistible. Away we scud, with just a look of penitential reproach on the Bishop's face: we cannot help it: we feebly fortify our misdeed by the example of Miss Amelia B. We make another 10 miles before we settle-in for the night. The great golden moon suddenly pushed itself up above the red crags, wide as a big dish, and yellow as corn in harvest, round, full, strong, glorious, in the dusky-blue vault of eastern sky.

Tuesday, Jan. 7. The wind dropped like a shot: a dead calm, a pause for thought: and, then, for the first time since the loss of the poor infant tug, we felt the puff of the *southern* wind. Tracking, punting, faintly lifted by side-puffs, we crawled into Farshut, at the nastiest, dirtiest, ugliest, noisiest, smelliest, horridest spot that the Rais could select. Sugar factory high above us. Roars and jabberings far into the night, all round us. A thick, damp mist rose. Dust: filth: shouts. This is Farshut.

Friday. Dendereh.—For facts, see Murray: for sentiment, see Miss Amelia B.: for rich and deep impression, see inside any one of the party. It was the first sight that was complete enough to produce its direct and original effect, to be felt and apprehended even by the Cookiest of souls. Margaret glowing, over the donkey. Back by 11.30, in a wild attempt to induce the crew to attend their Friday mosque: but Time and Tudros were too many for us. The crew relieved themselves with what we tried to believe were hymns: Tudros, more suspicious, attributed to them a totally different character. P.S.—It should be mentioned that, during most of this period, Margaret had been suffering from a curious local disorder, known scientifically as "the bubbles." It is due to an unfortunate excess of happiness, of which it is difficult to relieve the poor child. Time alone can work a perfect cure.

Sunday.—Luxor inspects us through its glasses. We do not know what we looked to it: but to us it looked strangely hideous: to Miss Gooch's profound disappointment, who had expected a fairy sylvan bower. In the depths of the dust-heap, we could detect, with the naked eye, good English folk patiently passing, two and two, to church. The sight kindled our imaginations: and four of us shot off in a boat to church (accompanied by Gregorian chanting from the crew).

Monday.—

> Tub! in which our fathers plunged
> Many years before us:
> Where the happy Sirdar sponged,
> And hummed a merry chorus:
> Who could dream that you would prove
> Ridiculously porous?

Some such impassioned lyric burst from the lips of Porter Pacha, it is believed, as he entered Cook's office on Monday morning. The result of his appeal was, that the entire resources of civilisation were to be applied to remedy the disaster. In the meantime, we all discovered that everybody greatly preferred the small tub to the big: and lastly, the armies of officials who pranced down to the rescue found that everything had been done already. So they scraped the putty off the tub and themselves: and thus ended the great tub-problem, to everybody's satisfaction.

We had a big day over the water, at Rameseum and Medinet Abu: until all faculties collapsed, with exhausted admiration. We all came to a dead stop at the same moment. Returned by poor foolish belated old Colossi, who had sat down, in a corn-field, about 4000 years ago, and have never since been able to remember where they had intended to go to. We left them, still there, bewildered and dumb.

Tuesday.—Post to be responded to: pressure, confusion, upset. At last off to Karnac: luncheon there. Immense and melancholy havoc of old Time. Dusty and thick smells; dreary musty sights: and, in the midst, broken grandeur—self-assertive, proud, unyielding—strong in cruel magnificence of self-display, but with a touch of haughty patience, as if it would endure to fall. A tangled mass of memories, jumbled, tumbled, mumbled. Exhausting, very: but we come to a sharp check, just in time, through signal-cry of Dr. Porter. Visitors begin to abound; pleasant but perilous. Byrons, Greenwood, Strange, Effendi: brains reel a little: where will it end? Bishop calm, but resolute. Margaret still suffering; most violent attack of "Hubble-bubbles."

Thursday, 16th.—Visit to the Kings' Tombs—the culmination of the Egyptian ideal—the royal seclusion, the deep secrecy, the mystery of the dead *body*, the fatigue of re-iteration. The type, too, of the *failure* of the ideal—the seclusion penetrated, the secrecy exposed, the tomb rifled, the hiding-place emptied. Johnson Pacha at tea: good eager talk. And then!! The charity of the Bishop draws a veil over that hideous rout of Comus, the Oriental feast! The dreadful details are burnt into our memories and need no record in the log. And the good, fat Effendi had right intentions, we believe. So there! we will say

no more about it. It shall remain a dumb and buried nightmare. The Bishop took kindly to three Radical Liberationists, and courteously entertained their expressions of opinion on the clergy, etc. They were hearty, and amicable; and, moreover, neither they nor their excellent ladies showed any signs of amazement or distress at the horrors of the meal. Naturally, coming fresh from their own barbarian dens, they would be less sensitive to the loss of knives and forks with which they have, themselves, become but recently familiar. No doubt this is the very fashion with which they devour their food in their Radical homes. We, in the meantime, fly headlong home, sick, hungry, exhausted, to calm ourselves with claret and biscuits. Night closes in, to comfort and soothe us.

Friday.—Johnson Pacha to dine: in excellent force: the brown eyes all alive: the face alight with decision: frank, clear, forceful, enheartening, delightful.

Saturday.—At last, off! With the old delicious sense of easy motion, wheel-less and smooth; the old freedom of air and light: breezy movements, happy gurglings, sliding waters, rippling keel: and, high above us, into the windy skies, the towering sail once more, curved like a hawk's wing, swelling, with shadowy hollow, against the glow of sunset, as the sun goes down in all his old habitual splendour—all this is good! We feel the freshness of free mariners, who roam at large—released from mud-banks, and stuffy conventional society, and the feathers of plucked geese, and the ragged tatters of skinned sheep.

Sunday, 19.—Dear Bubbles erected again her painting apparatus, and started at the pink-yellow hills: a short, sharp bout, and poor Bubbles fell back, beaten again: the hills grinned at her victoriously. But she will conquer them yet! the silly old pink things. Just let them wait a bit and see. *Friday: Assouan.*—We draw up to the green island, by a green strip, past eight other dahabeahs. Graceful town: brilliant desert: and, above us, the moving waters, feeling their way down the islands, which are piled like castles gone to sleep in a dream, and have a strong touch in them of Cornish coasts. There we lie for a week, pleased and freshened. *Wednesday, Jan.* 29.—Altogether, the "Tropics" have behaved with admirable moderation. We have perpetually searched for the Tropic of Cancer;

peeped under Margaret's bed: looked in every hole and corner: never could catch a sight of it.

Friday, Jan. 31.—Today we look our last on Assouan: we go south no more: we organise a retreat. We find ourselves sidling along, in a silly, weak-minded sort of apologetic impotence, broadside to the stream, like a hen in a gale of wind, or a crab gone out of its mind. In some such side-long fashion, we made six miles. *Saturday, Feb.* 1.—That old Tropic turned up with a vengeance. Stupid old thing. She was determined to make up for being so late. We tried to appease her by shedding garment after garment: but not a bit of it! The worst of it is that as the old dottering ship moves round and round in her chassez, the sun seizes the opportunity to hunt us round and round the deck, roaring with laughter at us, the jolly old boy, as he drives us out of each tiny fragment of shadow in which we struggle to escape his eye. We go hot to bed: and Margaret, in the dead of night, turns (it is believed) a complete somersault in the air, and is found on the floor, with her head to the door, and a startled jug of water staring at her in pale amazement: neither she nor it could tell how she got there.

Monday.—A good long day of work—rowing, sliding, waddling, careering in mooning circles, slipping along somehow, the old ship turns her nose to every point of the compass, with an aimless and brainless air of good-humoured indifference. *Tuesday.*—Dear old Tudros had been a wreck from sciatica: but had been hot-ironed out by Dodson, and, after sleeping all one sultry day stuffed up in tiny cabin crammed with tinned meats and preserved lobsters and potted jams, felt much better; and brightened: and now, in the height of his revival, was seized with a passionate desire that Miss Wilkinson should see the Temple of Edfu. At the bank, to our horrified indignation, a "scene" took place: a donkey-man had lost self-control: he gave himself up to his passion, like a baby; he screamed, he tore, he yelled: three policemen appeared, and joined in the hubbub. Everybody roared at once, except the donkeys, who looked meekly dignified at the thought that all this immense noise was about *them*: which at least raised their importance in the world, even though morally it was to be deplored. Such was their look, as far as I could catch it. Rode through dusty streets, under dirty

sky, to dull-brown temple. Fine courts, but sunless day: Milbank walls; depressing weight of matter. At the very crisis, on the roof of the innermost shrine, Mr. Byron, who had joined us, broke into a cry straight from the heart: "I *do hate* Egyptian temples." Bishop strove gallantly to stem the tide of abuse; but it remained that we were impressed with the mighty failure of these vast, monotonous secresies. Highly intelligent women visit us, by moonlight. Great talk. Bishop secreted by a lady: gallant rescue by Miss Gooch. Peace. Bed. P.S.—Dreadful dusty cloud of locusts: drifted to and fro, innumerable, and awful.

Wednesday, Feb. 5.—A day of dank despair. That postal steamer, long expected, entirely refused for hours to turn up. At last, far down the river, a black and snorting speck. The postal boat at last. Out with the felucca. Tudros to the helm. Eyes strain: hearts beat high. What is it? An uneasy interchange of shouts: a steamer puffing defiance in our faces: a retreating felucca: a blank Tudros: a mail-less company! And all because our bag was tied up inside the Assouan bag, and could not be unsealed! A really desperate moment: a collapse: a veil drawn over our dismay. Oh, Mr. Cook! Mr. Jeune Cook! Miss Annie Cook! Oh, All the too many Cooks who have spoilt our broth. Don't come too near us just now: for we are desperate.

Thursday.—A boisterous north wind. We are reduced to the helpless meandering gait of the waddling and incompetent goose. The boat adopts the general air of a portly and elderly gentleman, who, having gone off his head, insisted on dreamily dancing a quadrille entirely alone, with benign satisfaction beaming on his face, and with an anxious solemnity in the performance of all the steps. So we sidle, waddle, back, retire, advance, set to partners, bow, turn, chassez to right, chassez to left, cross, down the middle, back again, set, first position: repeat as before. Finally, we accomplish a good four miles: and retire to sleep, in a bank of lupins. Tempers very fairly preserved.

Saturday: Esneh.—Temple deep-sunk: grand portico, with miserable detail. Regrets, that it cannot be utilised for front of St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Bishop anticipates floods of conversation between wide pillars after morning prayer. Dr. Porter retains his general views on the subject

of Egyptian architecture. He does *not* recommend it for universal use in Charleston.

Tuesday, Feb. 10.—Luxor persists in its moodiness. Just as before, so now: a dull leaden English sky hangs over the dust-bin. Rameses the Great is in, and disgorges its multitudes, amid yells, on to the Thebes shore, where 70 patient asses insert themselves beneath their destined burdens, and bear off lumps of heavy Cooky matter towards the west. This settles *us* for Karnac. Surely, we will kindle to its magnificence. Surely, we will, now at last, be adequate to our opportunities. Still, Karnac looked a huge desolate heap: a forlorn mound of tumbled rubbish. Obelisks stuck through it, like fish-bones in a curry. They seemed out of place: and difficult to swallow. The Great Hall still looked choked, and loaded, and cumbered. We snatched a rare and partial joy from the one fragment of light clerestory. Round and about the temple, the mounds and the humps of the villages still left a sense of dirty melancholy. No, the great impression was not to be had. We rode home a little disconsolate.

In the night, at about bed-time, a low moan crept round. How the wind is rising! Before we know how, it is a hurricane, rushing, roaring, tearing: the waves break over the lower deck: the feluccas toss wildly; the masts groan: the men are all out, struggling with ropes and chains: the ladies are flitting to and fro, from creaking cabin to groaning saloon: the old barge rises, and bumps, with ominous thuds: above the stars shine clear. A really tremendous storm: but the Rais sits like a toad, without a sign of alarm; and at last falls asleep with the chain still in his hand. It roars away till 3 oclock. Old Tudros looked out from his bed, with red rag tied round his head, weird and awful. "Never, doctor! Never: never!" He had never seen it like this. It was an event. The men's beds were soaked, poor things. But they took it with habitual good cheer.

Wednesday.—Pacha Johnson at tea: told of his capture, with loss of men. His good eyes gleamed with distress. *Thursday.*—A glorious day with the Kings in their tombs: Sethi did his level best for us: the paintings stood the second visit: beautiful gaiety about the tomb of Rameses IX. A good ending to Luxor: only, alas! the end, too, of Dr. Porter. He was left for the postal boat, to take

him to Sinai, Antioch, Athens. A deep grief: the dear old man clung to the ship, full of parting benediction: could not tear himself off: sat lonely on the bank as we unmoored: and finally, stood upright and grey against the sky, waving and waving till we could wave no longer. A real wrench, this, so long we had lived together, so familiar the companionship. Sadly we missed the commanding figure; we have no fez to shake at Tudros, now: the fine grey head, with its dignified story, its pathetic past, kindles no more over old moving tales. We shall miss him much, we feel. But it cannot be helped. There he stands, far away on the dusty Luxor bank, waving his handkerchief, a white square in the wind. Good-bye, Doctor! Good-bye! We are so sorry! Good-bye!

Friday.—We fly along: stopping for mosque at the Bishop's request, who sees his flock to prayers. They wash; and run—with gaiety and vigour: but Margaret nourishes unworthy suspicions, having caught sight of pipes and talk at the mosque door. We all plead for Mohammedanism. *Saturday.*—Just at tea, scudding along full sail, foaming at the bows, came the Horus. Our felucca hardly could catch hold for the pace. Yet in to our bank they gallantly turned, and stayed. In and out of each other's dahabeahs we popped, drawing odorous comparisons. They were superb, and vast: we cuddled our snug old homestead. But ah! Their sketches!! crushing. All from their having rose-madder! Who can say what we and Margaret would have done if only we had had rose-madder?

Tuesday, Feb. 18. It relieves us to find that our old Pink Ranges have not been crushed by Tawny Assouan: but are still Pink: and take noble colours: and give the old wonderful feeling of a silent motionless watcher who lies, like a dumb wondering lion, gazing at the movement of cultivated life on the green strip, unable to understand what it means, and too astonished even to devour it up. Sunsets, too, pull themselves together, and do the old trick with immense success. Art revives: Margaret is at work: brushes fly about: yellows and reds are all aflame. *Wednesday.*—By gigantic exertions, we made our three miles: and, then, the wind roared: and we flew to embrace the ever-friendly mud. There we abode, through the day. *Thursday.*—By yet more splendid efforts, we succeed in getting three hundred yards on our way.

Storm: hurricane. Impossible. Once more, the identical bank of sociable mud. Bad, indeed! Most interesting walk through the same village as yesterday: only now, we take it at a new angle: this lends a charming sense of variety to the expedition. We all begin to count the miles to Cairo: and to sum up the number of days left: and to look thoughtful. But the wind roars remorselessly. There is no choice. There we sit. Good-night.

Sunday, Feb. 23: *Ekmim.*—The Copts bring back cakes as a tribute of affection from Bishop to Bishop. This lays obligations: we start off to fulfil them: the Bishop, Miss Gooch, Holland, with Tudros glowing. We pass, in triumphant procession, up the filthiest streets, with the main body of a population of 25,000 souls, apparently, at our heels. At last, in the heart of Copt quarter, we step in, under a large red doorway, into a most still house; quiet courts in deep shadow: bits of Cairo carving; all picturesque, especially the terrific smell. We are led to seats in a dignified little alcove—in a peace that reminded us of Amen Court. Miss Gooch, who had remained humbly secreted in passage, was ushered forward into pride of place. (Our Mussulman sailor was let in, too: this is mentioned for its historic interest, *not* to crush Miss Gooch.) The old man is supported in from the church: 83 years old—("with knees worn by sitting," according to Tudros)—a common homely type but very kindly, reverend, worthy. Most courteous and gentle: the attendants stand off, with a peculiar charm of dignified humility. Coffee: cigarettes: we fail at this pinch: otherwise all goes well. A good visit altogether: leaving a pleasant memory of the serious and tough reality of this most ancient Church which no force of Islam has had the power to erase. There it abides, poor, ignorant, dirty, but unbroken. One of the marked nights: with all the quiet glory of Egypt in it.

[During the next fortnight, from Monday Feb. 24 to Monday March 10, they were often delayed by bad weather and the north wind: it was a dull time: and the fear of missing the Orient ship at Cairo worried them. The log was written up till March 9. A year and half later, in Scotland, Holland added a postscript.]

Culdees (*Aug.* 1891)

Here occurs a yawning abyss, into which disappear, at one gulp, a whole year and a half—at the close of which the poor old log, now balder than ever, with the wrinkles of age on its withered brow, and with a last solitary hair turning slowly grey, beat its unhappy brains to recall the days and hours at which the final crisis made itself known. A Highland mist hung over the limpid light of the Egyptian desert: and only in vague glimpses could the log catch sight of the dim past. It seemed to recollect a dullish Monday, during the whole of which the stumpy impertinence of Sakharah perversely protruded itself, at every conceivable angle, upon our unwilling attention: and, then, on Tuesday morning, the bomb fell! A summons from the shore revealed a Cook-man in ambush, with the awful news that the Orient ship was three days ahead of her date: and might be expected at Ismailia by Wednesday!! Horrors! We are still 25 miles from Cairo.

Never did a startled alligator, suddenly conscious of having swallowed six tenpenny-nails, look more dismayed than Tudros, as he broke in upon us with the disastrous intelligence. His grey moustache hung damp and listless: his old eyes filled with dim despair. But there we were. There was nothing for it but to pack like mad. Two figures stand out triumphant and supreme, at that grim hour. First, the Rais: black, silent, mysterious: but resolute on reaching the goal. Never yet had he failed: somehow, he looked as if he meant it—and he did! Far on into the dark, he kept them at it: we slipped, and slid, and scraped, and thudded along: somehow, by hook or by crook, the long reaches vanished: and, far off in the night, we found ourselves tied up amid the lights of Cairo. It was a magnificent effort.

And then, Dodson! Dodson the victorious! Hot: large: florid: tempestuous: she ranged over the trunks, like a war-horse: things vanished into boxes at her crude but masterful touch: it began to appear, that we should really get packed.

Early Wednesday morning, we moved round to the eastern bank, and lay under what we at first thought was the main drain of Cairo: but this turned out to be an illusion. Up and down Cairo we caracoled: Cook-

comforted by the news that the ship would dally till Friday, and that we might shop till Thursday evening, and then start by a train that afterwards turned out to be intended for cattle chiefly. So we trotted: and got gold: and spent it.

And still Dodson packed; with ribbons streaming in the wind; with loud cries: with immense resolution—a tempestuous whirlwind in petticoats. And the ladies were, throughout, indomitable. Alas! the beloved coverings of the saloon had to be torn down: we did not recognise our home: all was ugliness and confusion.

The final moment was backsheesh: all backsheesh. No coarse or casual tips, but a scientific process, delicately and subtly graduated as the tints in Margaret's sunsets. The Bishop sat in solemn dignity in the midst; and shook hands with each in turn. We think that a faint tear stood in the Old Lady's eye: she had begged for a testimonial, and we had with difficulty composed one for her in the masculine gender: we refrained from mentioning the inane smile with which she would take us into the bank. The dear Rais glowed blacker and blacker with emotion. The crew counted their coins carefully before grinning thanks. There was a slight question as to whether the two washermen were thoroughly pleased: but we tried to fancy that it was a fear of breaking down that kept them silent. Tudros looked haggard and anxious till all was over: and murmured, "Doctor, the letter: the letter, Doctor." We never knew what it was to convey—this letter: whether it was a detailed account of the status and difficulties of the Ancient Coptic Church, or a summary of the more urgent wants of Tudros' youngest infant. The mystery is still unsolved: for the letter has not yet arrived.

At last, on Thursday evening, we dragged ourselves out of the beloved old ship. For three months, it had been our home; in fair weather, and in foul; in the wind, and on the mud; flying south, and waddling north. Sun and stars had walked round and round us as we floated; and, always, we had loved the kindly and comfortable barge. For three months, it had been to us as a floating fairy-house, cut off from all the harsh necessities of responsible dry-land. It had been to us all like nothing else in the world—a separated period—which we alone, who had been in it, could ever know, or understand.

"How dull it must have been!" So we hear ignorant people say: and we smile to ourselves, but we cannot tell them why. Only we recall the long endless reaches of broad flowing waters: and the ring of jolly black grins: and the grey haunted eyes of Tudros: and the Rais' gleaming teeth, as "Good morning" broke from his black face: and

> In and out the dear old barge
> The bubbles of our merry Marge—

and, behind Marge's sun-bonnet, there is the yellow desert, with the pink glow, and the wide sky. And we know that all this will never be again: and our hearts are very sad, and very grateful, as we look back at the old boat, under the bank at Cairo, and say, for the last time,

Good-night. Good-bye. Good-night.

So many cares, anxieties, prayers, have been shared in common, within that floating homestead: and there are memories too of quiet communions, while the river slid past the cabin-windows almost without a sound. Yes, there is much to remember: we have been sad, and glad, together: and now, it is over.

Good-bye, old Boat. Good-bye.

IV

1890 TO 1903

1890–1891

THEY came back by Naples, and were in Rome for Easter, 1890:

All the streets and churches are just where they used to be: and the Pincian has not moved an inch. I enjoy sauntering about. It seems very European: and close home. I think we shall stop on over Holy-Week, unless the women besiege the Bishop too hotly: if so, we must take up our baggage and fly in the night. All the world is gadding and gushing. I never saw the Pyramids again!! so I can never face my relations. I never saw the Coptic Cathedral at Cairo: so I never dare meet Liddon! I cannot be at Gayton—or at Amen Court. I shall take rooms at the Salisbury Hotel: and hover about in disguise.

He writes to Dr. Creighton on his appointment to be Bishop of Peterborough: they had been in Cambridge together, the day before the appointment was announced:—

So the dumb thing was sitting inside you all the time! I am really very glad indeed. There will be a good deal, I fear, to curb and block you, against which you will kick: but you will find much that draws out the warmest and tenderest things in you. Something touching and pathetic in simple folk struggling along, with immense efforts and pains, to achieve tiny results—something doing in odd corners, behind the door—something of children in nooky churches—all will be brought near to you; and you will

be to it as a jet of wonderful light: and you will be half sad, half glad to think that a kind word from you can do so much that becomes historical in these little out of the way nests and can win eternal gratitude. A Bishop has a delightful way of going about giving blessings, cheering up, opening churches and porches and windows and organs; and flags fly, and everybody is in a bustle, and he has only got to be decently sympathetic and gentle, and all is done! God be with you always.

In June of this year, 1890, the holy party had its first meeting at Longworth, Berkshire, 12 miles from Oxford; where Illingworth was rector. Here they met each year, till 1915, the year of Illingworth's death.* The name which Holland had invented for them fell into disuse; and they called the party "Lux," or "Longworth." The daily life was the same: except that the times of silence were remitted. There is a full account of these meetings, in the Life of Illingworth. Holland grudged the loss of one of them: "I keep thinking of you all," he writes to Richmond, "and of all the happy regularities of the perennial drama: the slow saunters to church, trailing through the roses and the hay: the chatter of the evenings, with Mrs. I. curled up in a window-seat: the long-suffering plaintains on the lawn, prodded by Roffen in the agonies of debate—delicious, all! If you want to feed my soul, would you be a brick, and write me your thoughts on the talks: how they went, and what was in the spirit. It *would* be good of you."

* The East window in the church, Heywood Sumner's work, was given by them in 1900 to commemorate their tenth meeting. "I was at Oxford," Holland writes to him, "and ran over to Longworth and saw the window. It was quite beautiful: so fresh and simple and green and quiet, yet flooding the little white rabbit of a church with rich solemnities. The opalescent changes in the glass spaces are delicious; and it lives and speaks in varying tones, and down every side of the church. And you feel the country through it, pouring in from outside and taking on a divine touch as it enters."

In the autumn of 1890, he founded the Junior Clergy Missionary Association. Prebendary Isaacs writes :—

The first meeting, of just half-a-dozen of the younger clergy, was held in his study in Amen Court. The Association has now become a great federation of Associations, and has proved itself one of the very greatest forces in the rekindling and stimulating of missionary interest in the Church of England. The whole movement owes its origin, or certainly its first send-off, to his enthusiasm and guidance. The venerable S.P.G. was felt by some of us younger men to be too venerable in its methods. Its Annual Meeting, for instance, was held in the old St. James's Hall, at the eminently respectable hour of 2.30. There was no attempt to kindle enthusiasm. And most of its methods were, like its literature, deadly dull. We felt that there was little to create a vision in the younger clergy. We could not dictate to our elders, but we could set to work to " enthuse " ourselves.

The Bishop of London (Dr. Temple) at first was cautious. He was not sure that the movement was not in the nature of an attack on the elder generation. He hesitated, for the moment, to give it his support. Then Canon Holland went and saw him. And ever after, the Bishop was our truest and most generous supporter. He came to, and spoke at, our inaugural meeting (1891). We began with a great popular evening meeting, in the old Exeter Hall. Archbishop Benson presided : and so great was the crowd that he had to be escorted up the stairs by the police, and an overflow meeting had to be arranged in the Hall of King's College. Of course we had the one who had so inspired the movement as one of our principal speakers. And year after year he came and spoke at those Exeter Hall meetings. I have a report of his address at our first meeting before me as I write. And how true, in the light of the events of today, are his words spoken then : " It is the home people who decide what the impress of England shall be on the story of the world."

Besides his work for the Junior Clergy Missionary Association, there is his work for the Universities' Mission to Central Africa. He was Chairman, for eighteen years, of its evening

Annual Meeting: and he so won the love of his audiences that they will never forget what he did for them.

At first, in the earlier years, when all speaking for missions was expected to be solemn, he had not found it easy to be fervent over them, or to impart fervour to a cold audience. He needed for his appeal not a pulpit and a silent congretion, but a public meeting, and the relief of light-hearted talk. He writes to a friend, of this difficulty which he felt early in his life :—

The coldness you speak of is really so deadly that one is forced to seek out warmth, and to make the atmosphere warm for oneself about missions, and this is apt to feel artificial and unnatural—yet it must be done, I think: for, unless one plunges one's head now and then into the missionary water, and by forgetting all else and shutting one's eyes, makes at intervals that which is only a basonful appear like a great sea, one could never keep the real faith which one's religion forces upon one, alive. It is really only an intenser form of the difficulty of believing in God, in an atmosphere of silent suspicion at His existence. Faith compels, against sight; and I can say, "If I believe anything at all, I believe, with it, all that missionarism involves": and this *is* faith, to hold fast to God, in spite of darkness and doubtfulness and coldness.

1891

This year, he and Mr. W. S. Rockstro published their "Memoir of Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt: her early art-life and dramatic career, 1820–1851." (Two volumes. John Murray. 1891.) Three editions were brought out in 1891: and an abridged edition, in one volume, in 1893. It was translated into Swedish (1891) by J. R. Spilhammer.

In the autumn of 1891, he was at Hawarden; with Lord Rosebery, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Sir Algernon West, and Miss Mary Crum: he gave an address to men, in the

gymnasium which Mr. and Mrs. Drew had instituted in the village. "We had a very successful meeting in the gymnasium, and it was a great joy to speak to the men. Then we had a superb exhibition in the gym, eight Liverpool heroes over, performing magnificent and most thrilling feats. The old man came, charged with earnest attention. He was wonderfully noble, and dignified, and simple: very old, but full of splendid force, with his eye flashing and thunders in his voice. He is absorbed in his new Library. I had a good walk with him alone; and talk in plenty."

To his Mother

Oct. 6, 1891. *Hams, Birmingham.*—This is not a birthday letter, but only one of love, such as might belong to any day in the year: for all days are the same to our love for you, dearest: our own mother, the one blessed name which has in it a sound such as no other name can ever have. And into the name, which is itself so blessed, you have brought blessing, and made it sound to us so full of beloved meaning, such as few children can know; and we thank you for all this, and thank God for you. And now as the years grow heavy, we long so to encompass you about with comfort and to ease the road with our affection: and to assure you again and again of the fondness that watches about you, and clings to you, and feels you still the centre of the home-life, whom we could not bear to lose.

So dear it was to have you all that time in my house! It is a delightful privilege to have a place in which to make you a home. Oh, if we could walk on together, you with us, till the end. So long we have been allowed to keep the ring unbroken. I dare think of nothing that will shatter it. Only, the Love of God is stronger than Death. He will hold us fast. God keep you, my own dearest.

In December, the ring was broken, by the sudden death of his father. "He had had a nasty accident," Holland writes to Richmond, "and we all came home: but that was clearing—when his heart gave way, and in a moment he

had passed away. He was 75, and was failing: but it is the very first death in our family circle: and that gives it such intense meaning to us all. And he was so full of life, and character, and affection: a very marked person in our lives." And to Adderley, "When do you expect me? I feel as if it were no earthly use to preach, or do anything. Do you know how miserably rich I shall be? It is like a nightmare to me. I can't think what to do. The whole problem begins. I had so hoped to die without a penny at my bank: and earning all I had. But I shall have to think, now, very seriously. It adds to my great sorrow greatly: I do so loathe it."

1892–1894

In August, 1892, came the news of Nettleship's death on Mont Blanc *:—

To Dr. Talbot

Gayton Lodge. Aug. 1892. I can think of nothing but that white silent body waiting for its burial, under

* He and two guides started, on Aug. 24th, at the very end of his holiday, to make the ascent by way of the Aiguille and the Dôme du Goûter. In the afternoon, there was a heavy storm; and they lost their way. About 5 o'clock, they dug a shelter in the snow, to pass the night in. Through the night, they tried to keep themselves awake by talking; he sang them an English song; and urged them to eat. About 8 o'clock in the morning, he opened-up the shelter with his ice-axe, saying, "Il faut faire quelquechose: mourir içi, ce serait mourir en lâches: il faut essayer de sortir." Then, "Allons." They roped themselves, and moved on for about an hour: then he cried and fell. They raised him, holding him by his arms, and rubbing him. They asked him what was the matter, but he did not answer them: he struck his forehead, and began speaking English loud. They tried to give him wine, but he said loudly, "Oh no:" and when they offered it again, he shook his head. He held out a hand to each, and pressed their hands very hard. Gaspard Simond said to him, "Au revoir; dans un moment, c'est à nous." Alfred Comte said, "Au revoir, Monsieur; tout à l'heure." He went on talking for some little time; "pour se recommander à Dieu," Gaspard Simond thought, "j'ai cru que c'était une chose comme cela comme si il voulait prier": Alfred

the snows. It is such a strange end for him—he who never made a mistake, or got into a wrong place, or did the wrong thing, or slipped into any unsteadiness, or caused trouble. He was so reliable : he was sure to come through everything right. Then, he was so bent on never making himself out heroic, or tragic. He would never startle anybody ; or rouse interest ; or evoke sympathy. He would always abhor doing anything that made demands on other people. And now, there comes to him this striking, terrible, lonely tragedy. It is horrible to me to think of that day and night : it must have been ghastly. I long to know more.

Where the intimacy has been so close it cannot ever *grow* under the cloud of difference. But the old sense of it never failed on his side, or mine. And he was so loyal, and so supremely noble, with such high delicacy. . . . I cannot tell what he finally thought of Christ. I am given to accepting a fixed position, and not expecting it to alter. The line of thought which sometimes disturbed me in him was a sort of spiritual fatalism. But I know few whom one could leave so quietly to the mercy of God.

Toward the end of 1892, he published a volume of sermons, under the title " Pleas and Claims for Christ." (Longmans, pp. x, 323.)

In August, 1893, Lawrence Holland died. In some ways, the brothers were not unlike : but Lawrence was hard to know : he was held back by a rather unsociable and abrupt manner. The key to him was Shakespeare : to know him, people must hear him recite, and watch him act. The Holland Hall, in memory of him, at Oxford House, Bethnal Green, was opened in 1894 : he had for

Comte thought the same : but they said they could not really tell at all what he was talking about. He continued doing this till suddenly his eyes closed, and he was dead. The guides at first thought of sitting and dying beside him, then roused themselves, marked the place with his ice-axe, and pushed on at haphazard. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a gust of wind shifted the clouds, and showed them Mont Blanc : and they made their way to the Cabane des Bosses. On the 26th, his body was found ; it was buried at Chamonix. (These notes on his death were made, from accounts given by the guides, by his friend Mr. Godfrey R. Benson.)

many years helped the Oxford House dramatic society. He not only had by heart some ten or twelve of Shakespeare's plays, so that he could give a two-hours' recital of any one of them—his recital of Antony and Cleopatra was admirable—he also was a critic and a student. Some of his published essays on Shakespeare were reprinted in book-form, after his death, with a preface by Scott Holland. Another great interest of his life was in the volunteer service. He died of heat-stroke during the Aldershot manœuvres of 1893; and received the honour of a military funeral.

To Dr. Talbot

Gayton Lodge. Aug. 21, 1893.—Once again, as with my father's sudden death, the sight, the neighbourhood, the affectionate intimacy, have all served to diminish the fear, to make it seem but a little thing.

That quick short sigh: that ending of all that was painful, and sobbing, and strained: that slipping out, with a look of relief and gentleness: that half-amused content on the quiet face at the moment it is over—all serve to give instinctive continuity to the life that has gone.

It is just what it was. It has gone round the corner: in our midst: while we kneel round, and touch it. So close it must be! Just in the other room! Without surprise, it is there. It is hid: that is all. This seems to me overwhelming as a conviction. Only as you draw away from closeness to the actual scene can you think of what it means to doubt it. Only—the very force of this conviction does make the *silence* more dreadful, more impossible. That appalling silence of the poor body: it feels almost wilful, almost wicked.

Yet the body has the most amazing air of security about it. It carries peace with it: so smiling, so dignified, so assured, it lies on there. You cannot look at it and not recover some calm. It seems to pledge you everything: so full of benediction: sealed into silence and peace. All your trouble and wailing becomes like a childish matter, which it is too tender to rebuke, but which it is waiting

to laugh over on some future day; like we do over the passionate tears of a child.

He lay so like a soldier: all the soldier in him came out. And then came this marvellous military funeral. I have never seen anything so beautiful and noble: and for him, with whom soldiering was an enthusiastic passion, it was wonderful. He would have died any day, to win that burial. . . . All was like a splendid triumph: and to my mother, with her soldier heart, it was a triumph all the way. Every nerve and fibre in the dear old boy's heart would have tingled with the victory of it. After all, he was a soldier; and had died for his Queen. We can never forget the lift of it: and the touching affection of his men, and their reverence, and their loyalty.

Other letters, about this time, are concerned with industrial affairs: the minimum wage, and the miners' strike in 1894:—

To Dr. Talbot. Sept. 1893.—Can you get Wakefield or Ripon to understand that the crucial question for the men is solely whether the wage is one on which it is possible to live and save? This is what we can demand for them: or they for themselves. This lies outside arbitration. There are no subtleties about it. Wages ought not to drop below it. The market ought to recognise an adequate minimum: and to adapt itself to that. What are the dividends at? What are the contracts with the railways? They must yield to the necessity of providing the adequate wage. It is very vital that this should be seen to be the question at issue. It is human, moral, "Christian," to ask for this. A Bishop might speak out on it.

To Adderley. 1894. An industrial question ought not to be determined by so fierce and terrible a weapon as starvation of women and children. War itself would strive to avoid winning by such means. The men lose heavily enough if they are wrong: without this horror added. It simply puts them outside competition: for no one can compete without a possibility of refusing to agree. Starvation only affects one side in the competition: and destroys all power of choice. It will be a great thing if you can do something, by taking the plain line of relief. Whatever the

rights or wrongs of the struggle, you can claim that the conflict should be kept within its proper industrial limits, and should not spread over into the savagery of a barbarous war that lays its hands on women and children.

This letter was to Adderley as editor of "Goodwill," the magazine which Holland and he announced in 1894—"a parish magazine, which shall deliver the strong and simple Gospel of the Incarnation in its Catholic fulness; and which shall, therefore, include within its scope the interests, anxieties, and aspirations of the labouring, and the poor. It will not attempt a political propaganda of any kind: but it will assume that everything that has to do with the fortunes of those who labour, is within the range of its sympathies and its consideration." There was to be a serial story: "I am rather alarmed about the story. We must purge twaddle. It ought to be a strong honest story, real and frank, with no moral, interesting for itself, and helpful by being what it is. Sprinkle good mottoes about, and bits of good poetry, just to break it up." Adderley was editor of Goodwill for sixteen years.

Holland published, in 1894, "God's City: and the Coming of the Kingdom." (Longmans, 1894, pp. 342.) The four addresses on "God's City" were given at St. Asaph, to the Bishop and clergy of the diocese.

In Sept. 1894, he writes to Dr. Talbot, on the difficulties of the Christian Social Union:—

You were tolerant of much more than my "Socialism," which, indeed, I am too fagged to rise to. The thing has got too hard and big to face, when once spirits are low. You were tolerant of this slackness in me, and of my sterility and dulness. As to what you ask, I own that I have been and am oppressively anxious over the Social Union, etc. The problems are deepening fast: and we do not know where we are.

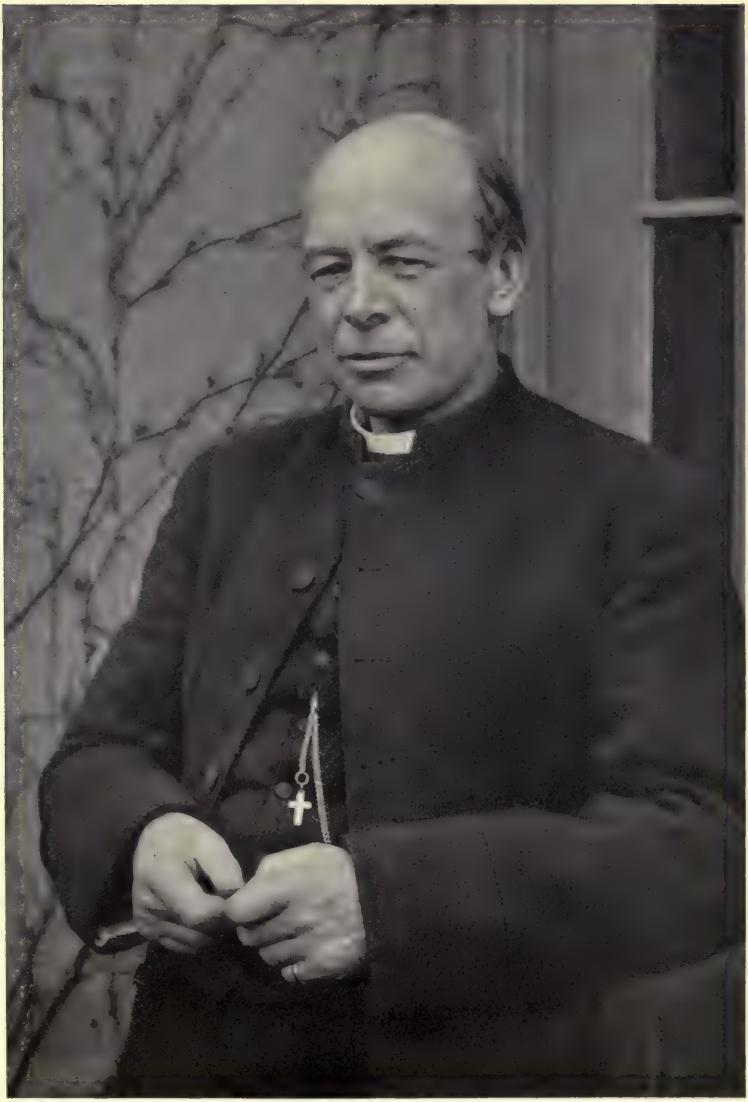
Adderley is always good and helpful, and has never made difficulties for me. I rely on him much: and everything he takes up comes off in a mysterious way, with brimming success. Dearmer is personally most loyal: and nice in every way. Still, of course, he is extreme. He has, on the whole, been wonderfully good.

But *this* is a set who are most annoying, partly cracky, partly fervid. They always talk; they lose their heads nearly always. They shock the "Respectables," yet are not bad enough for me, as Chairman, to sit upon. At least, I have not exactly done this.

The Respectables lie so low: they never show what they think: they will not speak. I do not know who they are, or what they expect. I cannot get them on to the Committee, because they are silent and unforward. So we of the Committee find ourselves hopelessly out of touch with our public.

I am far too ignorant and untrained for the work. And there is a great deal to do: it tires me out. Yet I have absolutely no one to hand it over to. In my mild sort of way, I just serve to mediate: that is all. I suppose light will come.

Still, in 1895, the Christian Social Union had twenty-seven Branches, with a total membership of more than 2600. A General Council had been instituted, with an Executive Committee: and the parent Society had become "the London Branch," that there might be no jealousy between London and Oxford. The Report for 1895 says of the Oxford Branch, which was founded in Nov. 1889, "It has published six pamphlets, seventeen leaflets, and four volumes of the Economic Review. Considerable practical results have followed from the action of the Branch in regard to the conditions of work in various local trades." The London Branch had published books, reports, and pamphlets: and had arranged reading-circles, lectures, and little relief-funds. Other Branches had "taken public action either to influence local authorities or to educate public opinion." The London Branch, also, in Lent 1894



[*A. H. Fry, Brighton*

1895

and 1895, had organised courses of sermons in London churches. These sermons were published in book-form, with introductions by Holland, under the titles "Lombard Street in Lent" (1894: new and revised edition, 1911); and "A Lent in London" (1895). His introduction to "Lombard Street in Lent" is of special importance to students of his Christian Social teaching.

He writes to Adderley, after the General Election of 1895:

1. Down goes the middle-class Radicalism: and the Nonconformist conscience. They lie smashed in ruins. How shall we do without them? It will be an immense and most perilous shifting of centres. The field is open for the Church, as never before. But then, the road of gradual and peaceful evolution has been made impossible. The process, now, will be revolutionary and violent, unless some kindlier human judgment comes to the rescue. And this will make it far harder for the Church. I sit in dread. Your "Merrie Englands" have no conception of the inherent Conservatism of the English, or of the tremendous forces of reaction that will be set in motion, if once a positive move is made from the Socialist side.

2. I cannot write about the I.L.P. without abusing the Conservative Party in a way that Goodwill could not stand. My bitter complaint is, that they [the Independent Labour Party] have wiped out both themselves and all the Labour Party: they have ceased to exist. They have handed England over to the strongest Government of property and capital and individualism which has been seen for a century. They have annihilated all the sympathetic Radicalism that could mitigate the roaring individualism of property. They have recklessly and thanklessly and barbarously ignored the forward action of the late Ministry, and have shut their eyes tight and fast to the enormous resistance which any forward attempt is bound to meet from the immense Conservatism of the English people. They have made no allowances for others' difficulties: and have been passionately bitter and angry in their language. Labour, now, is without a vote in the House that is worth a Whip's counting. Its voice will be outside: and that spells violence.

Toward the end of 1895, he founded "The Commonwealth." The first number was published in Jan. 1896. He writes to Heywood Sumner, "It will have a core of matter common with Goodwill, but it will soar to higher flights, besides being twice as large. Goodwill will remain as the 'parish' organ. This will strive for the public attention, more especially of the youth of England. A Church Social organ. The name is good, I think: it is too noble in meaning to be left to the mere use of old Noll: it holds in it everything."

Commonwealth has outlived him, and is a memorial to him. He put in it, month after month, himself: and he had round him a very notable group of men and women. Contributions were unpaid: but sometimes he sent a cheque to console a would-be contributor whose work he refused. He enforced good workmanship: but he would send back contributions not with a curt "Declined with thanks," but with a letter of encouragement and of advice. Now and again he would suggest the toning-down of an article; but he was not averse from very plain speaking, and his own articles could be as angry and as vehement as any. When people were offended, and found fault with him, he was careful to publish their complaints. He set himself to play the game: but not without strong language and hard hitting.

It was the very thing for him: it enabled him to say what he liked: unless he could do that, he could not breathe. He must keep his sermons above party-politics and the events of the day: as Fremantle had prophesied in 1873, "It will not do for him to be simply a brilliant popular preacher: he must be a philosophical preacher." But he had a thousand interests. Therefore he must have a market for them. In Commonwealth, he could be, when he was at his best, "genius in its shirtsleeves."

By Jan. 1898, the success of the venture was becoming clear: "The Commonwealth is now on the point of paying its way. Our difficulties have been great, our perils many; at one time—but that is more than a year ago—we thought we had issued our last number." By 1904, there was talk of making it a weekly paper. It continues in prosperity, with Mr. Cheshire as editor, and Mr. G. W. Wardman as manager. It was designed to endure: it stands for affairs that concern all of us.

He took out of it three of his books: two more books have been taken out of it by Mr. Cheshire: and there is plenty more, waiting to be taken. The two dozen volumes would suffice for half-a-dozen anthologies. But there are things in it which hurt: and in the later volumes there is a touch of disappointment or disillusionment. Causes that he upheld, and men whom he trusted, showed themselves in a less favourable light. This, above all, hurts; that he did not foretell the coming of the War. To one who was as sure that Germany was planning the War as that the sun would rise tomorrow, it is horrible, now, to find him raging against "bloated armaments," mocking at "the German scare," and so forth. That was his way, up to the end. Commonwealth, in August 1914, says not one word about the Serajevo murders, not one word about the crisis. It announces an International Congress of Social Christianity, to be held in Basel; with papers to be read, Sept. 30, on "Christianity and Universal Peace."

1896

On Aug. 19, he writes to Dr. Talbot—one of many letters—about Father Dolling; who had offended in matters of ritual, and had been obliged, after ten years, to resign his work for the Winchester College Mission (St. Agatha's, Landport):—

I should like to say, that I got Adderley to re-write from beginning to end the appeal to the Bishop: so that it might simply be an assurance that, if there could be work given him, we in our hearts believe him loyal enough to be trusted. That is what I still think. And, in our present stress, it is of vital importance to confess that, in face of the awful task set the Church, we will risk something in order to utilise every scrap of spiritual force which we can draw out of our treasury. We cannot hope to meet our tremendous responsibilities without experiment, strain, adventure, in the use of exceptional men for exceptional needs. Dolling's spiritual depth, and his capacity to hold together the confidence of Winchester masters, boys, old boys, etc., coupled with the steadiness of his own flock, justify a stretch of trust which it would still be right to deny to a common or garden ritualist.

Of course, he must not dictate his own private terms: and Reservation, for adoration, raises a matter of principle. But, I think, he would yield to a theologian on that point. It certainly has never come up in this fracas. Winchester would surely have made use of it, if it had been a strong point. And Dolling would, I believe, yield, with Irish impulsiveness, to a distinct act of trust on a Bishop's part toward him. He feels keenly the position of a rebel. And the more he was trusted, the more he would, probably, concede.

During 1894–1896, he was again Select Preacher at Oxford: he writes to his sister, after one of the sermons :—

Bournemouth. Feb. 11, 1896.—I am through: better than I expected. Quite well from half an hour at this gorgeous sea: and feeling guiltily that I ought to come back at once. I was dead on Saturday, but carried over Sunday, gradually getting better. Sermon too long: and few boys—too beautiful a day to imagine them there: lots of dons: anyhow it was done. Gore, in evening, quite splendid in wise instruction to the boys at St. Mary's. Nothing could possibly be better: or nobler. I came down with the old dear by train: he let me sleep. We have totally failed to get Durham into action over Armenia: he appalled Gore into speechlessness by approving of Lord Salisbury's speech ! !

Another letter to her, a few weeks later, describes a sermon under very different conditions :—

The Rectory, Kettering. March 30, 1896. One line: all well: only—what do you think? I innocently went to church in the morning: read lessons etc.: until at the end of third hymn I discovered the whole church to be glaring at me: curate nodding: I was expected to preach! I stepped up into the pulpit, perfectly dazed: I could not imagine what to say; or do. A dreadful pause: at last I read out a text; and, then, fled from my text on to another sermon altogether, which came into my head to save me. I got through: headlong: wild. I saw poor old dears with their fingers on my text, wondering what on earth it had to do with what I was saying. I never was so staggered or taken back in my life.

In November, he writes to Dr. Creighton, on his appointment to be Bishop of London :—

All our arms are open to receive you, as you know well. The old Dome is alive with delight. It knows you so well already. We have a fixed tradition at St. Paul's that we and the Bishop love one another, and that we hold the Cathedral freely for his service. It is a deep joy to think that this tradition will fortify itself now again by intimate personal agreement. I recall so well the night at Cambridge with Arthur Lyttelton, when you had just accepted the Bishopric [of Peterborough]. And I think of dear old Cop out there in Ceylon and of his pleasure in it. It is a frightful burden to lay on you: I hope you will use up everybody except yourself. We want our Bishop to have his head above water—not to be loaded down by the tremendous grind. It will help us all if he reserves himself a little, in order to have time to take the measure of things and give us a lead. This big place cries out not only for noble drudgery but also for a Chief who is at least far enough out of the smoke to see how the battle goes. God fortify and guard your heart.

1897

In 1897, he was fifty years old. He was beginning now and again to feel his age, and to mock at himself for it; and to find more to admire in the past than in the present. There is a letter to Miss May Talbot, June 4 :—

The two last years have been a revelation of where we stand; and I own, it has seemed to me sad. I could not have believed that the response to right and to honour, and to ideals, could have been so slack as it has shown itself. The upper classes have ceased to know what such appeals mean. And the papers that represent other classes have been desperately low, and often wicked. Last year, the Pall Mall wrote articles which I should have thought were beyond the widest toleration. The deadness, the apathy, the indifference, are astounding. And, for years, we have felt bitterly the shrinking of the scale of men—in literature, in art, in law, in Parliament. Watts is alive; yes! that is just it. He is of the past. But, dear May, this is only true of our own generation. You and Ted are of the younger. You may see a different day. It is only a pause: and the pause is sure to break suddenly. The dead bit will be over. You and he must keep up heart of grace. Out of your generation, the new voices will speak, the new spirit rise, the new hope dawn. Do not let us who are in the drag of the backwater sadden you who will see new and great things.

This mood was on him at the time of the Second Jubilee. He did not fail in his loyalty *: but he could not stand the excess of national self-worship; and in Commonwealth, in

* He writes to a friend, of the Jubilee Procession, "It was a most splendid spectacle. I never before believed that one would not see through anything spectacular; but this was simply genuine. But the best of all was, that after all the gorgeous glories of War had passed by, they were wiped out by the simplicity of one dear old lady in a black gown, who sat there for peace and kindliness and brotherhood and mercy, and who would not kill a fly if she could help it. She entirely swept everything else out of sight: and she was human and motherly and tender-hearted."

July, he hit out at it, with an article which he headed "Sackcloth." The hope of peace was gone: "Never was peace more remote, more impossible." The hope of liberty was gone: look at our foreign policy, at Crete, at Armenia: "Our educated classes, our governing classes, what belief have they in the inspiration of liberty? We were often silly enough in old days; and it is easy to scoff at all we said and did for Greece in the old War of Independence, or at our ecstasies over Kossuth and Garibaldi. It was something so to believe in freedom that we now and again lost our heads over it. Would that we could be even tempted to lose them to-day." And the old idealism was gone: "No prophets speak, no great voices stir. It is a day of small men everywhere, and of small things. We are caught in a backwater."

He got no comfort, at this time, from the Liberal Party: they were befriending neither the Church nor Labour. He called a meeting at his house—Jan. 1897—there is a letter to Adderley—"Would you like to have a knot of us to talk over our political future? It is rather a moment for telling the Liberals plainly that if they mean to have our help (1) They must repudiate Sir William Harcourt and all his works, and all the anti-Church sort of business: and (2) that they must throw over the Nonconformist capitalist, and come into close touch with Labour. It is the hour of reconstruction: and we might be heard. Would you think it worth while?" At this meeting at Holland's house, he and other Liberal Churchmen sent a protest to the Liberal Whip, then Mr. Thomas Ellis, against the inertness of official Liberalism; especially, its indifference toward Labour:—

. . . . We are quite willing to accept Disestablishment when it is the nation's will; but the last election made it obvious that the nation has at present no such intention;

and, whatever good it may be thought by some to be likely eventually to bring to the Church, we confess that we do not see that it would in any way relieve the social pressure on Labour.

We are convinced that without a definite policy to relieve this pressure the Liberal party will die. The leader of the party in the future must have the power of inspiring such a policy, which must be broad enough to arouse enthusiasm. Mere skill in Parliamentary tactics cannot replace the moral force and religious spirit that have, before now, given life to the Liberal creed. In a word, it is the social policy that we want, and the leader who believes in it.

Yet it is with Labour that official Liberalism appears to us to be out of touch; the very growth of the I.L.P. is a symptom of it. The rich Liberal capitalist is not necessarily more in sympathy with the workers than the rich Tory capitalist. Parliament is still made up for the most part of wealthy men; nor does official Liberalism show much readiness to concede a fair share of representation to Labour men. This is suicidal and unjust.

Further, we are Churchmen; and we feel strongly that more room may yet be found in Liberal counsels for Liberal Churchmen. There has been a great development of social enthusiasm among our fellows; and it is regrettable that by any want of generosity, any refusal to see our reasonable claims in education or in Church reform, so great an opportunity of attracting to the party of progress this new social earnestness should be lost.

He writes to Richmond, about Disestablishment: the letter is undated, but seems to belong here:—

The Radical case against it has never been said. There is an excellent opportunity for saying it. We might pronounce Disestablishment to belong to the epoch of the Liberalism of the individual, troubled with an individual conscience and its peevish rights. We might show how we have left this excellent man behind, still explaining his limited, petty woes; and that we have moved on, unable to wait for him, on the stronger movements of the mass (not Popish); swept up with its recognition of the corporate life, and its socialistic humanitarianism, and all that most harmonises with a Church. It might be said largely, and

forcibly—in a little volume, popular and cheap, or in leaflets to the people—by five or six of us. We *must* show that the Liberal defence of the Church is other than that of the "Church Reformers."

The autumn of 1897 was a time of grief to him. In September, his sister's health broke down, and she had to leave him: "She has always been so wonderfully good and steady and unselfish; and she has really lived to make my life here run smooth." On Nov. 19, his mother died. He writes to Richmond, "It came so suddenly and quietly at last. We had been very alarmed one Friday: then, this passed: and she had such strength to throw it off that we got hopeful. But the doctors and nurses feared more than we knew. Suddenly, she said, 'God have mercy,' and 'I am so tired: I want a good long sleep:' and died, without a single touch of effort or of pain. The face kept gentle and beautiful, right until the morning of the burial: it was an immense comfort, to live with it. It is the absolute and irreparable end of an earthly home. She was our home. Nothing can change this: or soften this loss. Her hopefulness, her gaiety, her courage, and her tenderness were unfailing founts of gladness. And her whole soul went out in motherhood."

1898–1900

His younger sister was often with him, after 1897, at Amen Court. Her brother Spencer has written of her:—

"With her simplicity of character, and her dislike of all pretence of 'intellectual interests,' she managed to be to him what is called an ideal companion. She made herself a place at Amen Court, with a ready sense of humour and much perspicacity in measuring-up the guests she met there. She delighted in the St. Paul's services and music: and she enjoyed poking about City churches

and quaint haunts with Scott. She was naturally religious, but had no fads of religion: she dismissed all exaggerated ritual as 'funny.' Her attempts to read theological or philosophical literature to him were very amusing: she treated all such as equally 'funny.' Essentially a brothers' sister, she knew our several moods: and when we were 'in a funny mood,' *i.e.*, morose or depressed, she treated us accordingly. She and Scott both of them loved the cottage at Bettws, and delighted in meeting there to roam over hills and up valleys together. Her last lingering illness was borne with exemplary patience. Scott took a leading part in the choice of the reredos in St. Paul's, Wimbledon Park, to her memory. The dog at St. Ursula's feet represents her dog Buzzy: as Scott was sure that St. Ursula was equally fond of the dog that appears in Carpaccio's picture."

In Feb. 1898, in Commonwealth, there is the first notice of the Maurice Hostel. "Some money has been promised to start a C.S.U. Settlement in Hoxton, which is, perhaps, the most neglected part of London." The money was found by Mr. Russell Wakefield, afterward Bishop of Birmingham. On May 4, a great inaugural meeting was held in the Chapter-house of St. Paul's. On Nov. 2, the Hostel was declared open by the Bishop of Stepney, now Bishop of London: a house for men, under the care of Mr. George Haw, and a house for women, under the care of Miss Eves. Holland was Chairman of Committee. Nothing in all London was of more concern to him than the welfare of this Hostel. He worked for it, begged for it, gave to it, helped it in every imaginable way. It went through difficulties: Hoxton is made of them: the work was uphill: but it went ahead, with clubs and classes and guilds and plans for holidays and amusements, too many to be enumerated here. He was often disappointed that his appeals for it were not more effective: he set his heart on its success: and it has alleviated and sweetened the life of Hoxton for more than twenty years.

In 1899, his chief writings in Commonwealth are on the problems of South Africa, and on the impending South African War. There was a time, he says, when it could have been averted: it had at last become inevitable: the ultimatum had indeed "closed every door with a slam": and he hates it all, and most of all he hates the twopenny patriots of "the War-party":—

This is what lays us low in the dust; and round about us the vile passion of the fight rises like a steam; and the air is hot with the lies of the roaring streets, and the savage swagger of the music-halls. . . . We, at home, who risk nothing; who only tingle with the cheap fury of Fleet Street; we have but to glance down the pages of our evening press to learn how terribly the war-spirit demoralises. We could hardly have believed that we could fall so far from the very memory of Jesus Christ.

In April, 1900, he published a series of his St. Paul's sermons, under the rather ambiguous title, "Old and New." (S. T. Freemantle, London, 1900.)

In June, in Commonwealth, he wrote on the Archbishops' decision as to reservation of the Sacrament. He was wholly opposed to "adoration of the Sacrament itself," and to any use that could "confound the nature of a Sacrament." * His chief reason for desiring reservation

* He writes, at this time, to a friend, "We are never to forget for a moment that the Real Presence is 'mystical,' *i.e.*, that it is far more than we know how to define, and does not correspond to other forms in which things of earth are really present to us. We can be sure of its reality: but not of the laws or methods which govern its presence. We dare not describe this Presence, or regulate it, under any formulæ that we know of. Cardinal Newman said this superbly, in language quite startling for its strength. Strong says it well in his little book on the Real Presence. The Presence is an Act of Reality done into us, in and through the united action of the Church's worship. We do not know much about it, as separated from the actual context of that worship." Many years later, in April, 1917, he writes to Prebendary Isaacs, asking him to sign a memorial supporting reservation. "I saw the memorial in various stages. It is greatly improved from its first form. (1) I think that the Bishop

was thoroughly practical. At some later time, it might be justifiable to "press for a fuller liberty than the actual rubric now allows." At present, the thing to be done was to solve a practical difficulty :—

The hideous overcrowding of our big cities, which is worsening every hour, and which now houses 900,000 people, in London alone, in one-room tenements, has made it hopeless to find, what the rubric requires, a decent room for a private celebration for multitudes of our sick. The vast size of our populations has travelled far beyond anything that the old Prayer-book ever imagined. Instead of a stray sick person here and there, easily provided for, there are, at the periods of the great Feasts, numbers of sick folk to be communicated. Quite apart from the rule of celebrating fasting, which, after all, has the immense weight of universal authority and immemorial tradition such as the English Church professes to respect, it is both cruel and wrong to demand of a priest a continual readiness to repeat a celebration. Nothing could be more deadening or unspiritual. In Hospitals, it would be a merciless requirement. Reservation of the Sacrament for the sick has become more and more expedient, to meet the new exigencies.

Toward the end of 1900, at All Saints, Tufnell Park, he and others gave a series of addresses, which were published under the title "The Church and New Century Problems." (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co., London, 1901.) One of the addresses, by Dr. Percy Dearmer, was on the work of the Christian Social Union. It now had thirty-five Branches, and more than 4000 members.

needs to know the sort of mind that it represents; and to learn how large it is. The other folk do pre-occupy the stage. (2) We want to bar rigidity in excluding the Reserved Sacrament from the church. The memorial wants the reservation to be frank and open and in the church. It only bars exposition in all its forms. . . . I hope you may see your way to sign. I dread cleavage in the Catholic movement more than I can say: but there is a necessity for saying and showing where we all are. And this does it in good temper without irritating. How withering it all is."

1901–1903

There are few letters for these years: he was writing himself out, month after month, in Commonwealth. The death of the Queen: the dragging-on of the War: the outcry against the concentration camps: the first elections to the Borough Councils: the victory of the Progressives in the L.C.C. election: the fight over the Penrhyn quarries: —these were his chief themes in 1901: and, when Christmas-time came, he flung round, for relief, to one of his fantasies, a criticism of the figure of John Bull:—

Is he not ludicrously obsolete, in face of the Imperial problems that hold at this moment the key to the destinies of England? What on earth has he to do with the spirit of the hour, with the genius of the national development? In the first place, he is fat: and the fat man's day is past and gone. . . . As soon as we pass from the grassy Midlands, and cover the wider horizons of Empire, the fat men have all disappeared. They have dropped into the abyss. In their place, is the long lean Australian, so curiously American in the type that he runs to. He is tall and compact, bony and muscular. And your African colonist follows suit. Our boys in the ranches or on the veldt cannot afford to wear an ounce of flesh, beyond the decent draping of their bones. Look at India. Did anyone ever see a stout Indian official? We know the cool, long-headed, lizard-like men, who build up our Indian Civil Service.

In the streets of London, where you pass all the hurried financiers, and officers, and travellers, who run to and fro over the face of the earth on our liners, or who control, from the Exchange, the vast fortunes of this Empire of ours —it is strange how seldom your eye falls on the Georgian face. It is the alert, concentrated, narrow, Elizabethan type, with the neat cropped brown beard, or the clean-shaven jaw, that greets you over and over again.

He has no brains. He embodies, in his fatuous good-humour, in his farmer's suit, in his obvious provincialism, the British horror of ideas. . . . And we actually go and

crack him up, as the very type of what an Englishman ought to be, at a moment when we are concerned intimately and seriously with every European race in all quarters of the globe; when we are touching them at all sorts of delicate points, where things are complicated, and a tactless word or a single blundering act may bring down a storm which may shake the Empire. We revel in our own idealess stupidity, at an hour when brains count for more and more every day in the shaping of history: and when the sharpest of American wits, and the enormous intellectual industry of Germany, and the keen subtlety of France are pitted against us, in the world's affairs and markets, with an ever-increasing intensity.

He is without an ounce of imagination. He has no horizons. He has stubbed Thornaby Waste as his highest achievement; and after that, he has but one cry that lasts him into the very hour of death, 'Gie me my äale.' And yet he holds the gorgeous East in fee. His Empire outheralds all fabled dreams. It is the highest imaginative creation that human history has ever flung up. That big fat man is the greatest Mahommedan ruler in the world. And that is only a fraction of the wonder with which his hand is laid upon all that fairy life, so rich and mystic and immense, which passes before our astounded eyes in the magic pages of Kim. And there are the millions of dusky Africa; and the swarms of Southern Islands. Their fate lies with him.

So he goes on, chasing John Bull through all the responsibilities of Church and State and Empire:—

Is it a slight matter, that we should flourish this ancient and obsolete picture about at Christmas time? Surely, it is time to go back behind the Georges to the spacious days of great Elizabeth. Down from the walls of our old English homes and College Halls, those grave faces look down at us of the men for whom the horizon of a world-wide Empire first opened to the Island race. Serious they are, and compact, and alert, possessed by deep thoughts, aware of the mystery of life, and yet daring the high venture with the courage of intelligent convictions. Their outlook is wide: for they are Shakespeare's men. Their wills are concentrated and deliberate, bent on the task set, conscious

of perilous demands, disciplined to walk warily, yet lifted to the level of their destiny.

In June, 1902, he writes to Dr. Talbot, of the look of the crowd on "Peace Night." It frightened him: he had not expected that John Bull would behave like that:—

The evil revelry was no illusion of my Pro-Boer brain. Hall, an ardent fighter, came back sick and furious, more than I was. Macpherson, a fierce Scot, was as disgusted. Inspector Palmer was dark as pitch. It was the utter abandonment, which was so revolting. The faces lose human expression. The girls are simply "loose." The hideous look comes, which marks the end of human nature.

Surely, we might have just had the shadow of the past, to restrain us. We might have realised what we had come through. There are the dead. And, then, the old English thing was to be too strong to let all barriers go. And some faint touch of generosity might have been shown for those who are beaten, and who are signing away their lives. The ugliness of our joy is so appalling: the fat City men gone mad. We must turn some corner, and get away from this: we must recover some tone and control. I know that our nerves are high strung: but our girls must not lead us down-hill.

In Commonwealth, July, 1902, he published a hymn which now is in the English Hymnal:—

Judge eternal, throned in splendour,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
With thy living fire of judgement
Purge this realm of bitter things:
Solace all its wide dominion
With the healing of thy wings.

Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release:
And the city's crowded clangour
Calls aloud for sin to cease;
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace.

Crown, O God, thine own endeavour :
Cleave our darkness with thy sword :
Feed the faint and hungry heathen
With the richness of thy Word :
Cleanse the body of this empire
Through the glory of the Lord.

In the October number, there is his sermon in St. Paul's (Aug. 31), at the time of the London meeting of the Trade Union Congress. His text was, " Two are better than one : because they have a good reward for their labour. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow. But woe to him that is alone when he falleth : for he hath not another to help him up."

On Dec. 27, 1902, he writes to a friend, of Arthur Lyttelton's dying :—

Yesterday I went down to Petersfield, to say good-bye to dear Arthur Lyttelton. He was most noble : so quiet, so steady, so dignified and true. He simply waits for the end, and is afraid that it is all made too easy for him—lying there in God's Hands, with no temptations, no troubles, no regrets—only one sorrow, the parting from wife and children. It is like being in Paradise, to be with him. She is bearing bravely, in the support of his wonderful calm. So we pass. The company is breaking. God grant us to know his peace, as we depart.

In March, 1903, the University of Aberdeen gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. The Moderator, Dr. J. M. Lang, wrote to him, " We in Aberdeen felt that, while your special habitation was the Church of England, you belonged to the whole Christian ' Commonwealth.' We felt, too, that you had laid us under a special debt of gratitude on account of your services in our Chapel, and especially your noble and most interesting lecture on St. John."

In August, he left England, with Bishop Wilkinson

and Dr. Archibald Ean Campbell—then Provost of St. Ninian's, Perth; afterward Bishop of Glasgow—to make arrangements for the Mission of Help to the Church in South Africa. Something had already been done: "Six pioneers went round in 1902, to come in touch with the situation, to collect information, to measure possibilities, to learn what was needed, and where, and how; to bring us back a definite idea of the work before us." By 1903, it was time "to expound the plan that had been framed out of the information gained: to interpret the spirit and the method of the mission: to confer on the spot with those who knew the varieties of locality and condition: to secure harmony of intention: to collect precise details, by which to guide those at home in the selection of the missioners and in their allotment to their separate spheres." (In April, 1904, seventeen missioners went out: and twenty-three more were to follow in the summer of 1904.)

To Miss Winnie Talbot

Aug. 1903. *Madeira. In the midst of the Sea.*—The sea grey, but never rising out of a manageable flatness. It is miraculous. We dance, we play, we go to church, we do nothing at all for hours with qualified success: but here we are. The Bishop is very sleepless, and wretched: we trust for a break. People are nice. Tell May that everybody on board loves matins: they come to it, young and old, with tears of joy in their eyes: the band plays us in, and plays us out: we prance out from Dearly Beloved to the strain of the march in Scipio. It is wonderful. How long this amazing calm will last, I cannot tell. The sea is the most strangely foolish thing I have ever met: such a lot of it, with nothing on earth to do. What is it there for?

To Miss May Talbot

Aug. 26. *Rondebosch.*—We are scuttling out of this charming villa to-day, to go to Grahamstown, two days,

two nights, in a glorious travelling coach, with a chef to ourselves, Mr. Chamberlain's own—all placed at our disposal by the Company. Is not that Apostolic! We are perfect wrecks: the Bishop hideously tired; but speaking with miraculous force. I have lost every scrap of voice through sheer fatigue: rather a bore, in face of 1000 men in the Cathedral last Sunday afternoon: I croaked like a raven. We have done well here, I think: but it is nervous, anxious work, which might easily be upset. You will relieve Winny by telling her that the good Anglicanism of our grandmothers is running strong out here. Really, it is all very "moderate" indeed: with lots of variety: no spikes: sober, English: not a church that does anything extravagant. The Cowley Fathers are the "extremes": and they are quite beautiful. A tremendous lunch at the Governor's yesterday: with Goold-Adams, Dr. Jameson, Merriman, de Villiers, and all the chiefs of both parties. To-day, a political crisis of the direst: the situation is horribly serious.

To Spencer L. Holland

Aug. 30. *Bishopsbourne, Grahamstown.*—This is, I firmly believe, South Africa. We have seen the illimitable veldt. And it is illimitable. We had a wonderful journey in a superb sleeping-coach: two days and two nights over the amazing karoo and veldt. The colours and sights and distances are glorious. Only the endless medley of broken tins and bottles for hundreds and hundreds of miles by the side of the line, with the blockhouses, pits, and trenches, in infinite mess, betray the War. Not a fragment of life for mile after mile. But the colour is thrilling and bright. The little towns, when they arrive, are hideous tin-roofed scamped affairs. But there is a builder and architect, who is working a revolution in the great centres, and raising and designing fine buildings on the old Dutch type, full of dignity. This place is rambling, and pretty: very English. All the problems are horrible: I cannot imagine how we are to combine political freedom with British supremacy. The entire colony is so absorbingly Dutch: except just in the fringes. Yet how fling aside constitutionalism? A very anxious crisis is just arrived. I had a good talk with Merriman, at the Governor's lunch:

a very cultivated and interesting man, of a pessimistic colour: with strong convictions as to equity and righteousness, and great hatred of capitalism and Johannesburg. Educational questions burn. We shall pull through somehow.

To Dr. Richmond

Port Elizabeth. Sept. 4.—We are skirting along. Very anxious sometimes: very difficult often: Bishop has been very low, between-whiles: but has risen splendidly to all the occasions, and has carried things triumphantly along. There is enormous interest in the educational problem here. We are never off it. And St. Peter's Home at Grahamstown is an inspiring instance of what can be done in concert with an undenominational Government that has been sweetly cajoled: and Rondebosch School is a noble example of what can be done, practically, without Government aid. It has a real tone, and tradition: its site and surroundings are full of beauty. It is thoroughly well done. But the College part is being steadily killed by the competition with the Government College in Capetown: I do not see how it can go on. We had a great interview with Dr. Muir, the heart of the Educational Administration: a well-equipped hard-headed Scotchman.

Politics are terrific: I cannot see my way. Merriman is a fine fellow: Jameson looks quite inadequate. But the tension between Dutch and English is very sharp.

To Mrs. Spencer Holland

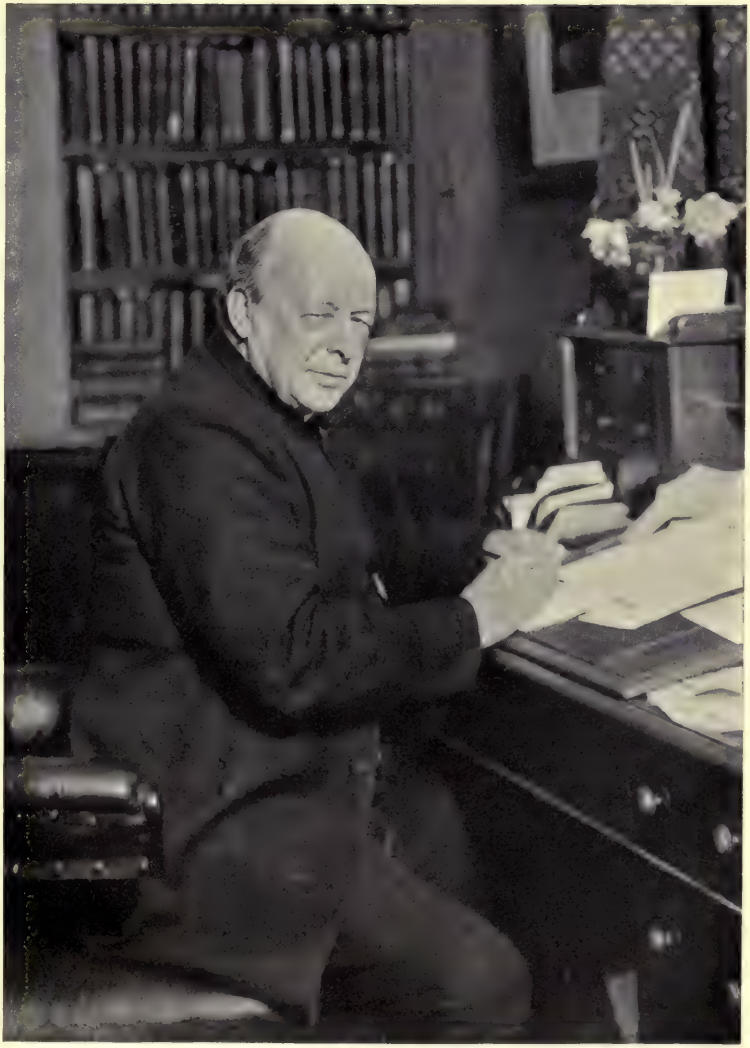
Sept. 30. *Bloemfontein.*—They are building-up an administration, a society: and, for the moment, this thrills. When representative government begins, what then? We don't know. We must all hope, and pray. The Governor excellent: and working like a horse. We lived with him, and with Goold-Adams, Governor of Orange River Colony, in Milner's house at Johannesburg. So we were pretty well rolled-up inside the administration. We defend ourselves by the example of St. Paul and Sergius Paulus: not to mention the Governor at Melita: so it *is* Apostolic. We slide down to Kimberley and Capetown: and *then*—Saxon, Oct. 14: Ludgate Hill, Nov. 1.

V

1904 TO 1910

IN the later years at Amen Court, he had the help of a secretary: first Mr. E. Bramwell, then Mr. J. C. Hall, then (1903–1910) Mr. Laurence Stratford. His brother writes:—

Of Laurence Stratford's devotion, it is difficult to speak adequately. In 1903, he came to Amen Court from St. John's, Oxford. Of a bright, lively disposition, keen and full of humour, and soon an admirable mimic of characters that were in Scott's surroundings, he became a real and close friend as well as an admirable secretary. "My beloved boy," Scott writes, "has gone off for three weeks' holiday. He has won everybody's heart, wherever I have taken him." But he maintained his independence of view: nor was he led, by admiration of Scott, to take orders. His line was history—he published in 1910 a Life of Edward IV.—and education: and he filled his spare time by teaching at the Choir School, and later in a County Council School in the East-end. He read to Scott, and entered with zest into all his literary, social, and political interests. The parting with him, when he entered service under the Board of Education, was a bitter grief to Scott, and could not be talked of at the first break: but the friendship was kept up. In the War, he began by serving in the Ministry of Munitions: then he obtained leave, though he was over the military age, to apply for a commission, and joined up in Oct. 1915; was invalided home in 1916, and re-joined; and was killed on March 28, 1918, only eleven days after the death of his "beloved Canon" (as he so often wrote



[*Barratt's Photo. Press*

IN HIS STUDY AT AMEN COURT

1907

to him). We of Scott's family had all adopted him as our friend, to whom we had entrusted the care of Scott: and none of us will ever forget the debt of gratitude we owe him.

Others at Amen Court were Mr. Mead, butler and doorkeeper—"whose watchfulness over admitting unacceptable visitors was an art, and to hear him say 'The Canon is engaged' was a study in diplomacy"—and Miss Alice Hancock. She was for nearly thirty years in Dr. Holland's service, first in London, then in Oxford: he wrote of her, a few months before his death, "Alice is too wonderful: steady as a host of angels: and always right." She became responsible, in the later years in London, for the management of his house, his supplies, and his expenses: she learned nursing, and "she knew exactly," says his brother, "when to be careful of him and when to be severe with him." In September, 1905, she helped to nurse him after an operation. "What a strange memory an operation leaves behind it! The immense preparation: the 'butcher' look of the stripped man in white: the horrible gasping of the ether: the weird far-away waking. I have never been through it before. God is very good. I have been kept quite happy."

There are two letters, at the time of this operation, from Mr. G. W. E. Russell:—

Sept. 11.—You cannot realize, and would not believe if I told you, how large a place you have filled in my thoughts as well as my heart, ever since we first met in Chat's rooms in the Spring Term of 1873. You have been an ideal and an inspiration to me, all these years. As a rule, people only say these things when the subject of them is dead. My candour takes the form of saying them to the living ear and heart. *Sept.* 13.—It was not really strange, that you should fill a great place in my thoughts, as distinct from my heart. I saw in you, for the first time, a combination of all the things which I most admired—Religion,

Catholicity, Liberalism, eloquence, style, fun, grace, enthusiasm, social ease—only to name a few. After I got to know you, thoughts like these were continually coming up—"I wonder what Holland would do, I can picture Holland, I should like to be like Holland"—perhaps even, "I envy Holland." You were, in some form or another, always present to my thinking. Lapse of years has made no difference. All my old enthusiasms are quite fresh. I have often differed from you wholly about S. Africa, partly about Armenia, education, and other controversies; but the love which has grown up in these thirty-two years is quite invincible.

One of the events of 1905 which deeply touched him was the march of the 500 unemployed, in June, from Leicester to London. He writes to F. L. Donaldson, vicar of St. Mark's, Leicester, who inspired it:—

I keep thinking of your gallant fellows plodding through that awful rain. It is heroic: even though I doubt whether it is quite war. Leicester is the guilty spot: and Leicester must produce the remedy. Their citizenship is there. But they have done it so bravely, that I must send some small tribute. How do you manage food and shelter? Will this £10 help? *

In September, 1905, he published "Personal Studies." It was reprinted in October, and in November. He writes to Mrs. Talbot:—

It is years since I allowed myself the joy of adding to the stock of little nurslings which you are willing to take to your kindly arms from me. So let me have the little pleasure once again. You can simply put it away with the others—if you will, first, give it one passing look of welcome.

It is all old things—"a mouldy one," Edward will call it: but the poor little babe is trying to look gay in its red capôte: and it will roll its head about, like Arthur Edward, and pretend to be very wise, if you coax it a bit. And

* Later, he allowed that he had been wrong in regarding it as a local problem: that it was a national problem, and a national responsibility.

perhaps some old memories will stir and wake, as you read —and old faces will look in: and old voices will cry; and the dead days will rustle their dry leaves: and you will be glad to remember.

On Nov. 17, there was a procession of the unemployed to St. Paul's. "Of course," he writes in Commonwealth, "if the men will come on a Sunday, they are bound to find themselves in face of the normal Cathedral service, which is very elaborate and remote. On Sundays, there is no spare interval for anything else. And it was the direct purpose of the procession to show up at the ordinary service, and to demonstrate their sore need in the presence of the regular Cathedral congregation. This was the heart of the plan. So the elaboration of the service could not be helped. Anyhow, the sweet music rose and fell, and the lights shone, and the lessons from Isaiah and Revelation shot out, and the hymns rolled, and the organ thundered; and the men sat, and looked, and thought, and were warm, and rested tired limbs, and felt not wholly un-at-home in God's house."

1906

He published, this year, a collection of sermons, under the title "Vital Values." (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co., London, 1906.)

On Feb. 6, at a conference held at his house on the Education Bill, a resolution was passed, as follows, and was laid before Mr. Birrell:—

We accept the following principles:—

1. Public control over the whole system of secular education.
2. No religious test to be imposed by the State for appointment or promotion in the teaching profession.

We ask

1. That parents shall be invited to notify what kind of religious teaching they desire their children to receive.
2. That this religious teaching be given within the school hours.
3. That the religious body indicated by the parents shall be given the opportunity of providing the teaching desired.
4. That all such religious instruction shall be given and paid for by the religious bodies concerned.
5. That no State teacher shall be prohibited from giving such instruction.

In fact, we ask for simple equality of treatment for all forms of religious teaching, denominational and undenominational.

On April 10, he writes to Dr. Talbot :—

I sat with Richmond last night and howled at the Bill. It is a biting disappointment. It concedes the absolute minimum to the voluntary schools and nothing to the others. We thought it meant a desperate policy last night : but are calmer this morning. One strong point to make for, is that the policy should at least be uniform for both kinds of schools. Birrell prides himself on having brought both into line with one another ; and then at once sets to work to establish difference of treatment on a vital point. We ought at least to claim for parents an equal right whether in one set of schools or the other. I gather that the transference of the trust schools will give us lever enough to press our claims. We still have a valuable asset : is it possible so to use it as to enforce equitable conditions in the provided schools ? I feel all the talk about the Protestant religion to be a mere sham. The great Protestant religion is full of spiritual issues—life and death, remission of sins, cross and passion, redemption—none of this will appear in the ordinary Biblical instruction. I cannot help feeling there is a great deal in Macdonald's statement that this instruction establishes no religion at all and leaves nothing behind it but a dead memory of tiresome facts.

I just met Bob Cecil, who thinks Birrell will have great difficulties, both with Romans and Nonconformists, but is not very hopeful of pressing better terms. I suppose the financial terms are good.

Birrell apparently did not explain what degree of demand from parents will ensure the ordinary facilities in the non-provided schools. I will write again as soon as anything happens.

In Commonwealth, in June, he puts the case against the Bill :—

A speech like Mr. Bryce's is enough to make one sit down and cry. He actually believes we can still slip along with the old makeshift compromises of the Cowper-Temple clause, and expect to find Christianity as robust and vital as it was in the first three centuries, when according to him it won its victories without a creed or symbol. Has he ever read any one of St. Paul's Epistles? Can he have ever formed an estimate of the vehement and concentrated form of articulated belief which throbs in every syllable of those passionate pages—a belief to which the Apostle can appeal as to an indisputable and established energy of the entire Body? As an historical fact, Christianity, as soon as we come across it at all in its earliest known form, is already a Body compacted together by a formulated and coherent Creed. . . .

What have we been about, all these years, that we should have so utterly failed to create an impression, a tradition, an ideal, of a Church of the living God; of a believing Society, organised to declare the truth that its own spiritual experience can justify it in pronouncing authoritative? Only the believing Body can declare what it is that it believes. Only it can teach it; for it alone knows what it has got to teach. It alone can say what its own Book means to it. And this interpretation of its own life is the Creed which it claims, not in the least to impose on outsiders by authority, but to transmit to its own believing children, as their normal and sanctioned heritage through belonging to the Body.

But what is the good of talking of this? We have not succeeded in getting anybody to remember that we exist, as a Church of God. They are simply bothered to

death, when they hear of it; and blink and gape, as if some novel beast had broken out of the Zoo.

Only the Labour men appear to understand us. They, at least, talk in a language that we can accept. They know what a religion ought to look like, if it is a religion at all. They know that it cannot be made up by a prescription from the chemist. They know that it must have a seat and a source somehow outside and beyond civic and secular officials. They know that to do its work in a tough world of facts and flesh and blood, it must have grit and grip. It must be sure of its own conviction. It must have a background, and must realise itself in fellowship. It must be plain to all that it is a spiritual affair and works on spiritual lines. It cannot be taught by those who do not profess to believe it. All this they see and know: and we and they can perfectly understand one another, even when we differ in the conclusions that we draw. With them, we are out of the fog.

Other events of 1906 were the Sweated Industries Exhibition at Queen's Hall, and the formation of the Anti-Sweating League: the publication of the Report of the Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline, "a momentous and honourable land-mark in the long, strange history of the Church established in these Realms": the attention given to Christian Socialist speakers at the Church Congress: and the publication of the English Hymnal. He was one of its editors. By October, more than 126,000 copies had been printed. An edition with music was published by Dr. Vaughan Williams. Some objection was raised against one or two of the hymns: and this or that change was made.

1907–1910

In June, 1907, his sister Amy died, after a long illness. In February, he had written of her, to Mrs. Spencer Holland:—

She is quite wonderful: so well, so bright, so good, so thoughtful, so natural. I could not have believed that she would have had such force. She has those unknown founts on which to draw, which have so often surprised us. Nothing could be sweeter. Only, it intensifies the horrible sense that she is being murdered. But that is mere illusion. She will come through. She will be given her time. I shall count on that, in all my prayers. All else is dark. But the Sacrament this morning had somehow its old strength of assurance: it seemed to make all things clean, body and spirit alike. And it bade us at all times, however blind, at all places in our lives, however clouded, to give thanks, and to sing out our "Holy, Holy, Holy." We all creep up at the time. God keep us all in Peace.

He writes to Miss Evelyn Holland, on June 17 :—

You know. It means the passing-out of the inner secret of our home joy. She was its spring. Always dear, cheerful, fresh, sweet, tender, quick. Every thought of her is blessed: every memory good. Fifty perfect years. Thank God.

This year, the University of Oxford gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters. Lord Curzon writes to him, May 2 :—

Though we have not met for years, I retain many friendly and agreeable recollections of old days: and I should esteem it the highest honour if you would accept the Hon. D. Litt. at my hands at my Installation Ceremony in the Encœnia at Oxford on June 26. The honour, which is the best that Oxford can give, would be our tribute to literary achievements in the pulpit and at the desk of the highest order, which have conferred distinction on Oxford and great benefit upon your fellow-countrymen.

In April, he writes in Commonwealth of the L.C.C. elections: he is furious over the defeat of the Progressives, and the tactics of the Moderates :—

One last complaint remains. We have never seen an election fought, in the press and in the placards, with such

shameless disregard for all that is square, fair, and true. Some newspapers on the Moderate side, to the infinite disgust of all good Moderates, appeared to suppose that any lie that lived a day would do. The attempt to bribe the unemployed to demonstrate—to exploit human misery for an electioneering trick—at the very moment when the L.C.C. was being accused of pampering the pauper, and of spending the hard-earned gains of the heavily-rated on hare-brained schemes for the comfort of the loafer and the wastrel, was a piece of cynical buffoonery which met with the disaster that it richly deserved. The odious picture, on which thousands of pounds must have been spent to plaster it over every wall and board in London, of the brutal, wicked, hard, sensual face, with its motto, "It's your money we want," was no fair weapon at all. It was not caricature: for it had no relation to the facts. The Progressive majority had its faults: it made its blunders: it was pedantic, sometimes: it tied itself up in its own red tape: it might show itself arrogant: or wrong-headed. But never from first to last had it touched the base and cruel world which was embodied in the beastly face.

In September, in a review of Mr. Reginald Bray's "The Town Child," he declares his belief that the town may inspire children as much as the country, and more :—

After all, that revelation through Nature comes to its crown through Nature's finest instrument, Man. And we have a religion, which finds in humanity the special expression of God's life. And it is in the town, as Mr. Bray continually says, that the human prevails, and that man is in fullest possession of himself. Therefore, there should be, through the town, through humanity upgathered into towns, a finer and richer and deeper and more pregnant manifestation of what God actually is, than in Nature alone. Something ought to emerge, through the city and its throngs, which carries us nearer to God's heart than woods and water, hills or sun and moon. God looks through human eyes: God is to be heard through human talk: God is to be felt in the movement of human multitudes: in a more tingling intimacy than can ever be won out of running rivers and silent stars. That is our Gospel in Christ Jesus: and

that is why His Gospel flung itself, from the first, into the tumult of the town, and found its true home in the crowded courts of cities, while it so slowly gained a hearing from the pagans in the country-side. . . .

Ah! The town has its religious secret: its revelation of God to make! We must guide the town child into its mystery, so that, whatever he may learn of God's stability and awe through "the silence that is in the starry sky, the sleep that is among the lonely hills," he can enter into the Sanctuary of God's heart, with yet more intensity and passion, through the energetic vitality of moving multitudes, and the throbbing intimacy of civic brotherhood. For, indeed, the "far-off Divine event," towards which he moves, is no Garden of dumb woodland glades, but a City, with full streets, where the girls and boys are playing, and where multitudes that no man can number fill the air with the thunder of their massed voices.

In the spring of 1908, Gayton Lodge was finally given up: he writes to Mr. G. W. E. Russell:—

I was away, saying goodbye to Gayton Lodge. It goes on May 1st. It will be my last sight of the poor old place. 47 years of life flung away behind! It is a big up-rooting. All the memories of father, mother, brother, sister—all dead. I went round the rooms: and prayed. So ugly, the Victorian house. Yet so charged with tenderness. And I have loved the Common—with its windy breadths of brown colour. The poor brother [Arthur] is very sad; packing, burning, clearing. So I could not have seen you. God bless you.

On June 13, 1908, in the Sheldonian Theatre, he gave the Romanes Lecture, on "The Optimism of Butler's Analogy." In 1897, at Hawarden, he had read some proofs of Mr. Gladstone's edition; and had written to Mrs. Drew, "The only wonder is that your father, of all men, should impose on himself such immense and intricate labour. I could only have elaborately praised him, if I had spoken: and this would have been impudent. So I was silent, in

handing back the proofs. I *am* sorry, if I seemed by that uninterested. As to Butler himself, who is of profound interest to me, I wanted to talk. I would gladly have leaped at flies. I am so very anxious that the constructive side of the Analogy should be brought out into prominence over the negative arguments, which are apt to stick in men's minds." He hesitated between the title which he finally chose for his Romanes Lecture, and an alternative title, "The Constructive Value of Bishop Butler."

Even one who has never got further than Holland when he was 23—"I have made various attempts on Butler's Analogy, but always come out stifled and suffocated"—can put himself under the sway of this Romanes Lecture. It is the highest achievement of all Holland's literary work. But if he intended it to revive the study of Butler's Analogy, he ought to have written it differently. There cannot be anything in the Analogy so delightful, or so well worth reading.

One phrase in a letter of 1909 must have a place here: it was written of a bride on her wedding-day—"God bless the delicious little sunny head of that beautiful dream of a girl"—and one passage from his writings in 1909 in Commonwealth. It comes in a long article on the Poor Law Report. He describes the failure of the old deterrent system: then he says—

> Deterrence! That was the key-word: and, no doubt, there is a poverty which is criminal, and needs the penalty of deterrence. But is all poverty of this type? What of the invalids? the weak-minded? of the infirm, the anæmic, the inadequate? What of the imbecile, the epileptic? What, again, of the children of these invalids, these imbeciles? And what of the aged, the broken, the unfortunate? And yet again, what of the able-bodied out of work? Are all these to fall under the blight of deterrence? Are all these to be tarred with one brush? Are all these to be

thrust down under the tainting curse, under the ignominy of pauperism? That is, somehow, what happened. We herded them pell-mell and aimlessly together in common mixed workhouses. We could not relieve the workers except through the disgrace of the casual ward: we convicted them of being unworthy of honourable citizenship by the very act of giving them relief. We allowed armies of children to grow up under the cloud of their parents' shame. . . .

They are no longer, for us, a blind mass of grey ghosts, condemned to wander, in shiftless hordes, through some dim and pitiable Hades, cast out of life and the light of the sun, sustained in niggardly existence, contemptible and ashamed. Rather, we go down into the thick of it ourselves, in order to discover for how many we are ourselves nationally responsible. Every one is of individual worth: and has made a separate arrival. Each must be considered for itself: each must be understood, and treated, and placed. Some there are, no doubt, who may rightly come under the discipline of deterrence. But these others? These weaklings? These defectives? These invalids? It is not deterrence that they need: but a welcome: a hospital: a home. The life that we have built up, with its awful pressure, with its relentless haste, with its clanging mechanism, has been too much for them. They cannot live at its level. It is no fault of theirs. It is much more likely to be ours: who have housed them in slums, and taken their mothers from them to toil in our factories: and have given them no chance of sweet air, and clean habits, and leisure, and refreshment, and joy. We are under obligations to them: in reparation for our misdoings, we must ease their days: for Christ's sake, we must cherish their ills. We owe them honour, because they are poor, and weak, and helpless.

On March 23, 1910, to a friend, on Dr. King's death *:—

There are days that are quite alive with him, all through Oxford. And it is horrible to be asked to let them go, and

* There is a letter to him, March 3, from Prebendary Wilgress, who for sixteen years was the Bishop's chaplain. "The Bishop of Lincoln sends you 'his love and blessing; and thanks for all your love'—and to say 'All works out most wonderfully. It is all true. God is perfect Love and perfect Wisdom.' He is, I grieve to say, irrecoverably ill, but he lives-on a little yet. He is wonderfully peaceful, and happy."

to have no talk again that belongs to the loved past, and laugh the old dear laughs. We shall never again see anything so beautiful as he was. He told of the wonders of Grace, by every look and word. Yet all was natural, and utterly himself. Oh dear! We must all cling together, who remain: and tell each other how we knew and how we loved him.

With the end of 1910, came the end of his twenty-six years in London. The Prime Minister proposed that Dr. Strong, Dean of Christ Church, now Bishop of Ripon, should become Dean of Westminster; and that Dr. Holland should become either Dean of Christ Church or Regius Professor of Divinity in Oxford.*

To Dr. Talbot

Oldham. Nov. 30, 1910.—Dearest man, Asquith proposes to move T. B. S. to Westminster: and writes offering me the choice between the Regius Professorship!!! and the Deanery. In spite of my one and only disciple, Neville, I have written to him explaining the absurdity of the first proposal. For thirty years I have ceased to have the power to read or study. We must have a scientific theologian honourably representing learning. I could not do it. I should feel myself a scandal.

But the Deanery—a curious post for me. I have told him that it ought to have a scholar: and I have absolutely no scholarship whatever about me. I could only manage the scholastic side by deputy. Then—am I not too old to begin? I am "nervy" of late, under strain. I quake. On the other hand, I know the thing from inside: and could, perhaps, manage. Have I physical force? The Dean is to be the next Vice-Chancellor.† I don't

* It appears that there was some confusion over the procedure of proposing these appointments.

† He was mistaken here. The Vice-Chancellorship goes to the Colleges not in any order of Colleges, but to the Heads in the order of their appointment as Heads.

think I could get through the interminable business of long sittings. Could I pass it? Altogether what would you say? I have sent Asquith's very kind letter to Gore. I suggested to Asquith that he might talk it over with you. But how will he get time? Tommy would be ideal at Westminster. I had not ever thought of leaving St. Paul's.

Dec. 1, 1910. *St. James's Vicarage, Preston.*—Dearest of Friends, You are too good to me. Your faith in me touches my very soul. I can hardly understand it. For (apart perhaps from St. John) I really know nothing as it ought to be known. There is no subject mastered. I have not material: nor store. Nothing in order. And whole realms of theology of which I am blankly ignorant. I could not help being found out, in the Chair. And at emergencies, I should be impotent. I cannot make up for it, by reading now: for I have not the physical power. Really, this is not false modesty. It is sheer fact. Asquith, as you see, accepts this much.

Gore is greatly against the Deanery. He would rather the other: but accepts my verdict on myself. He does not at all see me in a post of academic administration—would rather leave me at St. Paul's.

1, *Amen Court. Dec.* 9, 1910.—Dearest Man, Gore was so excited by the sight of your letter and Strong's to me that he wrote off to the Central Authority, asking him to re-open the thing, and to-day he has done it, so I suppose it will have to be accepted. You are all too good about it—I do not know what will happen and how I shall manage.

To W. H. Ady

Dec. 1910.—I have no time to write about it. You know how I bless you for believing that I really can do it. It seems to me too absurd and incredible. But "the Learned" have been wonderful in their welcome. We must try. As it is, there is St. Paul's to leave. That will take me all my time. They are too overpoweringly affectionate towards me. Some day, we must talk. Tell Julia, I count on her for one thing, *i.e.* to assure me that the Post-Impressionists are sheer rot, and that Roger Fry is pulling our legs. Please say that is true, or I am lost.

Many had hoped that he would stay on at St. Paul's till he should be Dean Gregory's successor.* He writes from Christ Church, in March 1911, "The dear old man hung on so long out of affection for me. It seemed to him all right, as long as I was there to whom he was used. He has always wished me to succeed him. He has said so over and over again. But this got blurred through illness. As it is, it is better for me to make a new start in the old House. There is a great lift in making a beginning. And they are so warm and affectionate to me here."

Parting gifts came, and so many letters of congratulation that he had to use a printed acknowledgment. The newspapers bore witness to his eloquence, and to his zeal for social redemption: it disappointed him, that none of them said anything about his philosophical teaching.

We in London grudged him to Oxford: and we were not far wrong. We could not afford to lose one of our major prophets. What was the good of Oxford to Scott Holland, after twenty-six years in London? That is how we felt: and perhaps he was touched with the same feeling. But he refused to be solemn over his departure. At the moment of leaving Amen Court, he smote on the knocker, said "Goodbye, old door," and went off. In April, 1911, he writes from Christ Church, to Laurence Stratford, "It is wonderful to be here. Alice and her crew are all inside the new home. She misses her London. The 'tweenies' are all frisky and gay. The van has disgorged everything, with amazing rapidity. And now—to get it all in!! Dreadful! They gave us glorious furniture on leaving. I do not know how to live up to it. And the boys gave me

* Dean Gregory placed his resignation in the Prime Minister's hands in February, 1911, to take effect on May 1. It was arranged that he should not have to leave the Deanery. He died on Aug. 2, 1911.



IN THE GARDEN OF THE CANON'S LODGINGS, CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD

a new hat, so I had to promise to offer up my old one for kickabout on the roof."

He published, in 1910, a short memoir of Bishop Westcott, and a series of Commonwealth articles, under the title " Fibres of Faith " : a bad title : for, as his Introduction says, he was thinking not in terms of structure, but in terms of development : " Our present faith is the product of a process which has in it centuries of gradual or growing experience : and each individual believer re-enacts, in a sense and in his degree, the entire process ; even as the physical embryo gathers up the story of the race. When once the individual faith, therefore, is under challenge, it can only recover justification by going back on the history secreted within it. That is why I have desired to show how the various formulæ of our historic creed emerge, not as separate headings, but as moments in our organic growth, out of the sequence of necessary experience through which our own individual effort in belief has to pass."

VI

HOLLAND AND THE CHRISTIAN SOCIAL UNION

By Bishop Gore

The reader of this memoir will look elsewhere for an account of the origins of the Christian Social Union, and the various persons engaged in it. But there is no doubt that Holland was the centre of the movement, and that the movement expressed a central element of his mind. Thus a memoir of Holland, which seeks to describe the whole man, must contain some adequate account of that in him of which the movement was the expression, and of the way in which he gave expression to it through the movement. And I was so close to this part of his life that I was invited, and could not decline, to undertake this particular chapter.

From time to time a new "movement" arises in our society. That means that a certain group of people, sufficiently akin to one another in their general mind, become conscious together of an urgent need in the world in which they are living to emphasize some idea or group of ideas; and they associate themselves first of all to clarify and give precision to their own thought, and thereafter by means of literature, discussion, public meetings or whatever instrumentality suggests itself, to impress their idea on the public or on the church, with a view to its being sufficiently widely accepted to become a force to be reckoned with in

contemporary society. In this sense the Christian Social Union was a movement. Its motive was the sense that Christianity, and especially the Church of England, had lamentably failed to bear its social witness—its witness to the principles of divine justice and human brotherhood which lie at its heart. It had left the economic and industrial world to build itself up on quite fundamentally unchristian premisses, as if Christianity had got nothing to do with the matter. And now that a widespread rebellion of Labour was organizing itself against the economic slavery of the workers, and against a condition of the law which seemed to regard property as more sacrosanct than persons, it was essential that at least by a tardy act of repentance the Christian Church should bestir itself to reconsider and assert its own principles and let the contending parties and the apathetic church-goers see that it was nothing less than essential Christianity that was at stake.

The makers of the movement were people of very different experiences, though they were at one in being Churchmen. There were students of theology, of the New Testament, and of the Christian Fathers, and students of economics who were conscious of the trend of economic doctrine away from the old " orthodox " standpoint represented by Ricardo. There were readers, who would hardly have accounted themselves as professed students, who had been fired or inspired by the works of Maurice or Kingsley or by *Ecce Homo*. There were those, both men and women, who had plunged into the Settlement movement, then at its height, under the passionate impulse of sympathy for the masses of men and women and children in the slums of great cities who were being exploited in the interests of the possessors and accumulators of wealth. There were workers like Miss Gertrude Tuckwell and Miss Constance Smith for the uplift of women. There were clergy or church

workers who found their whole spiritual work blocked by the gross injustice of social conditions. But they were all at one in feeling that the principles and life and spirit of Jesus Christ had very much to do with the social question, and would be found on serious investigation to have both an illuminating power to be brought to bear on the relations of man to man, and an explosive force in the struggle against injustice and the exploiting of the weak, which could not be equalled anywhere else.

So the movement arose and took shape. It was not new. There had been the Christian Socialists of the generation before, with Frederick Denison Maurice for their prophet: but they had left no organ of their spirit for our use. There was the Guild of St. Matthew: but, while we felt very grateful to it, it did not in some ways suit our purposes. So the movement agreed to find its organ in a new Society, and the Christian Social Union was the result. It was to be a non-political body in the sense that it did not identify itself with any particular scheme or platform of economic or political reconstruction. No doubt, in the general sense of the term "socialist," in which socialism expresses the antithesis to the individualism of the *laissez-faire* policy, it could not escape the charge of socialism: but so far as socialism was a name for a particular theory or group of theories involving the necessity for state ownership of the materials and instruments of industry, it refused to be socialist or to tie its members to any particular platform of reconstructive politics.

Again, while not at all inclined to disparage religious bodies other than the Church of England, it felt its primary function was to awaken the Church, which was called the national church, and was thereby specially bound to think for the whole nation, to the social duties which, if it wished to claim the names of Christian or Catholic, it could not

ignore. So it limited its membership to Church people. Only Church people, it felt, could awaken the Church. Only Church people, sharing the same sacramental system, could awaken their fellows to the real social meaning of their baptism, their confirmation and their holy communion. Thus it decided that the Christian Social Union should be a union of Church people, without any preference given to High or Low or Broad, who were agreed upon the necessity of awakening the Church to the social implications of its Creed and Bible and Sacraments, and were agreed further upon the need of fundamental social reconstruction, if their principles were to find real expression in the common life of England to-day, whether they called themselves Conservatives or Liberals or Radicals, whether they accepted or refused the name of Socialist.

For all this work Holland had very special qualifications, over and above those which came from his brilliant power as a thinker and speaker, his expansive sympathy, and his contagious enthusiasm.

For he was a great theologian, and the theology to which his whole soul responded was the theology of St. Paul and St. John, and of the great Greeks like Origen and Athanasius. In them he found a theology which, while it insisted with all its force on the doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ, very God in very manhood, insisted also on giving to that person an interpretation which was nothing less than cosmic and humanitarian in the widest range of the terms. The first occasion on which I really got to know Holland's mind I remember very well. I had known him from my childhood, for we had been brought up together at Wimbledon, and he had fascinated me as a remarkable actor on the domestic stage, and as excelling in all the physical exercises of riding and swimming and skating in which I felt painfully my own defects. But I had no idea

what he was really thinking about till, just about 1875, when he was a young tutor at Christ Church and I was taking my degree, I found him one day tortured over having to lecture on W. H. Mill's then famous work on *The Mythical Interpretations of the Gospels*. Holland was quite at one with Mill in repudiating the mythical or symbolical interpretation of the miraculous facts of the Christian Creed such as the Virgin Birth of our Lord or His Resurrection. Neither critically nor philosophically nor religiously did such an interpretation appeal to him. He was throughout life rationally orthodox. He knew the supreme value of facts: "Im Anfang war die That" would always have served as his motto. But he resented profoundly Mill's blindness, as it seemed to him, to the large element of truth in the Hegelian interpretation of the Incarnation as a universal fact—as the incarnation of the Universal Spirit or Reason in humanity as a whole, in all its movements and aspects. For it was the Word who was made flesh in Jesus Christ—the Word who, prior to the incarnation, was the being "in whom all things consist," the spirit of the universal order, the reason of the universe, whose disclosure of Himself is to be found centrally in the man Christ Jesus, but to be found also in all the development of the world and in all the upward movement of mankind. And Holland hailed with delight an orthodoxy, coupled with this sort of universalism, which he found in St. Paul and St. John and the Greeks, and did not find in the stalwart modern apologist.

All this "universalism" disposed Holland to demand, as a peremptory intellectual necessity, that Christian doctrine, as an exposition of the particular life and person of Jesus of Nazareth, should be found in congruity with the whole world movement towards truth and justice, which was the movement of the same eternal Word as is incarnate

in Jesus. From another point of view, the Pauline conception of the risen and glorified Christ as the Head of the Body, the Church, arrested and held his mind. This essentially Catholic Church was to be for action in the world. Its function was gradually to gather into the redeemed humanity, and to consecrate in the one body, all that truly belongs to humanity, till "the glory and honour" of all nations had been brought within the light of the Holy City. The Church is to express humanity at its fullest and best, as a social organism or universal brotherhood. It must therefore always, in the social arrangements which it originates or accepts, be thinking of its fundamental principles of spiritual equality and brotherly fellowship, and repudiating every arrangement which would treat any men as mere instruments for the enrichment or convenience of others. He saw how the Church in certain periods of its life and in certain directions had striven with a large measure of success for the realization of these great humanitarian principles. But he saw also with what almost incredible apathy, under the system of modern industrialism, the Church of recent generations had allowed them, almost without protest, to be violated or ignored, and how, in the struggle on the part of labour for better conditions, the Church had been continually on the wrong side: and he yearned to see it once again fulfilling its true mission.

He had great positive qualifications, then, as a theological teacher, for the leadership of the new movement; and he was quite without some of the disqualifications which have sometimes hindered the acceptance by Churchmen of this sort of message. There have been and there are men who have been enthusiastic preachers of the social gospel, who have sat very loosely to orthodoxy of belief, and have caused people to identify the social message with lax theology. But no one could have accused Holland of lax theology. His whole soul beat in tune with the great

theology of the creeds. It supplied him with all the motives and principles which the new crusade needed—not only the doctrine of the incarnation, as interpreted by the Greek Fathers, to which allusion has already been made: but the doctrine of the Holy Trinity also, which is implied in it, and which bids us see in God's eternal being a fellowship of persons, a fellowship of love, which must be reproduced in every society of men, made in the divine image, if they would be true to their origin and purpose: and also the doctrine of the Church and the sacraments, as the continuous expression of the incarnation, which at every point teaches us that our union with God is no otherwise to be realized than in the fellowship of men with one another.

The doctrine of the incarnation, the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, the doctrine of redemption through sacrifice, the doctrine of the church and the sacraments, all alike, as Holland profoundly understood them, spoke to him of social duty and supplied him with the motives and forces for social redemption. The roots of Holland's being, as a thinker and a religious man, ran deep into Catholic theology, and though in certain directions he would have widened the Tractarian outlook, he never showed any signs of deserting it. Social enthusiasm, for him, flowed inevitably from that fountain and that fountain alone.

And another point is worth noticing. There are social reformers who are fond of girding at the Church for having concentrated people's attention on the saving of their own souls. Holland would have been in sympathy with them so far as to insist always that "the elect" must never be suffered to forget that they exist in order to make manifest in the world the purpose of God in all its breadth, and that the love of God and the joy in absolution can in no other way be shown than by the practical love of our brother man. A selfish soul-saving he would have held to be a contradiction in terms. But he had a tremendous sense

of the need of personal self-discipline, if we are to be efficient instruments for God or co-operators in His purpose. Thus he appreciated profoundly all that rigid self-suppression, and painful penitence, by which the old Tractarians had purged their souls of vanity and jealousy and ambition and worldliness. And no one ever heard him breathe a word of depreciation for the ancient methods of spiritual discipline.

Nor was he ever a man of one enthusiasm, harping always on one string. He was as keen in the cause of the White Cross League for sexual purity, and in the missionary cause, as in the cause which found expression in the Christian Social Union.

But perhaps on no platform was he quite so much himself as on the platform of the C.S.U. Year after year the annual meeting of the Union was held in some city—Newcastle, Manchester, Birmingham, Cheltenham, and many others—to which we were invited by the local branch of the Union. And on the evening preceding the gathering of the Council, there was a great open meeting in the largest available hall, at which our great President Dr. Westcott, so long as he lived, was in the chair and Holland was one of the speakers. I heard him under these conditions again and again, and I never heard him speak more brilliantly. Dr. Westcott's addresses have many of them been printed, and stand as memorials of the fact that great public meetings, and meetings of the " workers," do not need to be " talked down to," but will listen with sustained interest to the exposition of profound principles. Holland also enunciated profound principles at these meetings: but nothing could have been less like Westcott's meditations uttered aloud than Holland's speeches. They were indeed speeches: intensely personal addresses of a man to men—rhetorical in the truest sense of the term, in that they conveyed real thought, inspired of vivid purpose, through all the media of appeal.

He was brilliantly witty. For instance—he was arguing for giving a suitable basis and sanction to the principle that the living wage for the worker should be first charge upon every industry. He was confronted with all the talk—the outcome of the old *laissez-faire* doctrine—against "grandmotherly legislation." He had a real social philosophy deep in his thought, on which to draw in reply. It lay in the principle that the tyranny of laws lies in their expressing some domination which the ordinary good citizen recognizes as alien; but that law is no tyranny or burden if the whole sane and well-intentioned body of citizens recognizes it as the expression of what they agree in needing for the greater happiness or welfare of the greater number or of all. He even carried this indisputably true principle so far as to declare that the higher the spirit of citizenship, or the feeling for the commonwealth, in any community, the more and the more elaborate were the laws in which it would rejoice—spirit and law corresponding as soul to body. Thus, in a healthy community, men rejoice in the laws which they recognize as their own. Many philosophers and politicians could think and express this sort of principle. But who except Holland could have delighted the audience which he had already enthralled, by the formula which became a maxim amongst us, "Every man his own grandmother"? I sometimes was tempted to wonder whether his brilliant oratory and sparkling wit did not so delight his audience with a sort of physical joy as to conceal from them what severe doctrine and what unpalatable conclusions were really being pressed upon them. But certainly the body of delegates, who made up the Council and who sat on the platform, and who may have been supposed to know what was really at stake, rocked with delight.

There is another consideration awakened in one's mind by the recollection of Holland's brilliant oratory—that

whereas what he had to say, the substance of his speaking and preaching, was of a kind specially to commend itself to the intellectual world, always critical of theology and largely external to the Church, yet in fact, with some few notable exceptions, Holland never received what I am persuaded is his due estimate among the intellectuals. Judging with all respect, I still cannot but think that it was stupidity on their part to fail to see, behind what they called " fireworks," the depths of philosophical and historical perception which were the real characteristics of Holland's mind. He was a much greater man than most of those whom the intellectual world agreed to admire because they talked its own language in its own academic way. The intellectuals were led astray by their distrust of his brilliancy. He had the things to say, and that not only on the social question, but especially in the region of Biblical criticism, which they had most need to listen to, but could never take seriously from him because of what they called his rhetoric or his journalism. But no one could say that it was mere rhetoric, or journalism which only played for effect. So that their failure to take him seriously was to some of us most pathetic.

But I am diverging from the special purpose of this chapter to the topic of Holland's style or method in conveying ideas. I must return to seek some answer to the question, How far was the movement represented by the C.S.U. a success? In one sense I should claim that it was. Its output in the way of writings of various kinds, and its preaching and speaking—especially through the weight of Westcott's and Holland's names—did contribute very largely to the change in the whole attitude of society and the Church towards the social question. In particular, within the Church, I think the quite new tone in its more or less official utterances—in the " Reports " of its Lambeth Conference Committees, in its Convocation and Church

Congress debates, in the Reports of the Archbishops' Committees on industrial questions—has been very largely due to the efforts of the C.S.U. That is perhaps the main thing. But two things it has not done. It has not succeeded in stirring-up what it believes to be the right spirit in the mass of those who preach in the pulpits or sit in the pews of the Anglican churches. Whatever may be said of the central or official church, the Church as represented locally, whether in town or country, whether clerical or lay, remains, I fear, a body which as a whole the social reformer or the Labour man regards as something which is alien to his ends and aims, and which he finds irresponsive and dull. Also, the C.S.U. entirely failed to raise up in the ranks of the church a sufficient body of Trade Unionists who were also Churchmen to make any effective impression on the Labour movement as a whole.

Now the C.S.U. has passed into a new phase. Since Holland's death, it has been united with the Industrial Christian Fellowship, which is the well-known "Navvy Mission" converted to wider uses. The fellowship is now an organization which seeks the evangelization of the workers by associating the Gospel, as it rightly ought to be associated, with a whole-hearted acceptance of the principles, really spiritual principles, for which the Labour movement stands, at its best. And in union with the Fellowship, the Christian Social Union will pursue its old purpose of stirring up the Church to the realization of what the teaching of its Master about human brotherhood, and the equal spiritual value of every human soul, really means.

In another direction, also, a fresh departure has been made. Some of us, with Holland's entire assent, had long been feeling that while "denominational" societies must do the work of converting their own bodies, there was needed a fellowship of all the religious bodies which name the name of Christ, if anything like an effective witness to the social

meaning of Christianity was to be borne in the country as a whole. And in pursuance of this aim the Christian Social Crusade seeks to form, and affiliate to one another, inter-denominational unions in every town or city, and in country districts, whereby the sundered portions of the Christian Church may learn to act as one body in the task of public social and moral witness, and in the task of co-operating with all other local agencies in the making of a better England. But these new departures fall outside Holland's own activities. Only we feel sure that where he is in the nearer light of God, we have still the sympathy of his great heart and the help of his passionate prayers.

There is one further point which ought to have been made clear in the above sketch. Holland was theoretical, because he was intellectual. He could never undervalue the importance of right theory intellectually held: but he was none the less practical. And he was determined that the C.S.U. should be practical, and himself took the lead in practical works. Thus the C.S.U., aided by the expert knowledge of Miss Gertrude Tuckwell and Miss Constance Smith, did a good deal to combat the evils of phosphorus-poisoning, lead-poisoning, and unfenced machinery, especially in the potteries, and to popularise the use of pottery made with leadless glaze, and Holland was foremost in all this. He was keen also in stirring us up to support all sorts of public works—re-afforestation and the like. He was constantly besieging the Home Office and other Government Departments to do what ought to be done. The Investigation Committee of the C.S.U. was started to serve such practical purposes. Again, Holland was the founder and maintainer of Maurice Hostel in a desolate region of Hoxton. There was hardly a day of his life which was not in part occupied in such practical activities. He was a living embodiment of the union of theory and practice.

PART III

I

LETTERS OF FANTASY, AND LETTERS TO CHILDREN

He preferred talking to writing—"We must talk; let us talk; some day we shall talk"—these were his habitual phrases: but no man ever put more of himself in his letters. He had many styles: and he was expert in the use of a style of pure fantasy. It amused him to pursue small facts up and down the labyrinth of his imagination, as if he could not bear to see them standing idle. For instance, bad weather in Oxford—"Down here," he writes to Heywood Sumner, "it is one slush, one mush, one muddy slush: and everybody seems seedy and poor: and the poor land is drowned out of all shape: and the floods lie in sad ponds of watery discomfort: and nothing will ever be crisp and dry again—not even Common Room sherry." At times, when he could, he would mock at his ill-health: "I have the flu," he writes to Heywood Sumner. "Oh, how stupid a boiled owl must feel." And again, "How wretched it is not seeing you, or saying a word to you. My fault: my grievous fault. Yet it is, believe me, very difficult for my old silly head to arrange itself to write letters. It is always asking me to be let off. It bolts to bed and I can't wake it up. It turns round and round inside and I can't stop it. It gets topsy-turvy and begins to sob and weep if I stick it straight. Poor little knob! I suppose it does its level best, but that is not saying much." And to Canon Dorritz,

"I am in bed, and have got my circulation wrong, which is what the Pilot suffers from: and the doctors declare I must rest from now till Easter. By that time the Pilot will be dead, and my circulation gone up."

Writing to young people, he mocks at his age: "It is such a joy to me," he says in 1891 to his ward, Miss Evelyn Holland, "to feel that you do not find me a hopelessly dry old skull, miles and miles away from you." To another young friend, in 1896, "It is so absurd to be an aged, flopping, crop-winged, moulting, featherless crow—and yet to be given the boon of this endless affection." In 1899, he is "a limp, sick, scraggy, shadowy ghost of a cat": and in 1904, "an old dotty alms-house crock, shaking in the legs, and maundering in the head." Other flamboyant letters allude to things left behind, or carried off by mistake. "Of course," he writes in 1912 to Mrs. Talbot, "the overcoat was somebody else's. Overcoats always are. I am sending it back in disgrace and tears." To Prebendary Isaacs, of a surplice left behind: "Blessed man: how comforting: please bring it: I am unfrocked." To Miss Marjorie Speir, in 1897, of another surplice: "My dearest child, you must own up. Had you not better confess at once? That surplice of mine. It was too tempting. It would make up so beautifully as a dear little white frock for a ball. Just a bit cut down at the neck. Just a tucker taken in at the waist. Just a pucker in the flounce. One red rose in front: and a fringe let in round the skirt. And the thing was done. Can it be undone? That is the question." To Miss Evelyn Holland, of a razor-strop: "I left my razor-strop to weep alone, forgotten: if it will return to its sorrowing friends at 1 Amen Court, all will be forgiven. But it is all very well for the strop. What about half of my heart which I have left behind, lingering in the dear affection of your delightful home? If you

discover it knocking about, will you send it after me?" To Mrs. Illingworth, in 1914: "It hangs, like a black ghost, on the silent peg in the dark corner, glum, morose, despairing. It is the mere shadow of the form that filled it. It is the blind and stupid deposit which casts its evil shadow on vanished life. It has hung itself, in a fit of morbid depression, and refuses to live any more. Enough that it should droop in lonely misery, and sigh in the moaning wind, remembering what has been, and is no more. By this you will see at once that I have left my cassock behind in your cupboard, and should be glad to recapture it. It was delicious, Longworth, after all, in spite of Zanzibar and Kikuyus. I was so glad."

His letters to children are full of interest. Three things in the world, he said to a friend, are absolutely perfect: children, flowers, and stars. "Children are our daylight," he wrote in 1890: "we do not get wiser, but stupider. Do not let us for a moment suppose that the dimness of our later visions is sure to be more real and true because they are later. Children are nearer what we are made to be, than we are: and their eyes are more open. Our Lord said so." His love of them began at the beginning, with the mystery of their birth. "Such a gift," he writes to a friend in 1881, "exceeding all that seems possible: so remote, in its actual entirety, from anything we can account for. Out of the blind darkness, out of the deep abyss, it comes, the strange new thing, so miraculous a result of what seems so inadequate: the blind powers are turned into such surprising instruments which work out a wonder utterly beyond expectation." To another friend, in 1882, "A living being, quite new, quite itself, quite different from any other being. It seems to me altogether incredible: and if I were not compelled to acknowledge that there is a baby that was not there before,

nothing would induce me to believe it. It seems to me at least as hard to believe as a life after death: a good deal harder, I really think."

He was godfather to a legion of boys and girls: and, even when they were grown up, he still poured out his love to many young ladies, in letters as irresponsible and elusive as the Midsummer Night's Dream.

To Miss Margaret Wilkinson

There was a dear old red pillar-box I saw a fortnight ago. And I want so very much to-day to drop in at its mouth a quiet and fond message to a little white soul that lives inside it—such a queer, dear little soul in a blue smock and a sun-bonnet, and a look of the Nile in its eyes, and the glow of an early Umbrian sunset on its cheeks, and two stout little black pins on which it runs about. It has crept inside this big red pillar-box: but I still believe that if only I can slip this letter in at the top, it will rattle down and down within, until it reaches that quaint white soul in its hiding-place below: and there it will be sitting, blue smock, sun-bonnet and all: and it will be just as nice and dear as ever. So off it shall go on the chance. Dear old red pillar-box: do please see if you can't find this funny soul; and give her my love; and bid her be good and sweet and happy, and tell her I shall remember her on Easter morning and all the good days, and shall pray for all good things to come to her. From her fond and foolish old U.D. My love to everybody.

To Miss May Talbot

1. I feel as if "Canon Holland" was hideously stiff. What can be done? If we are going to be real live loving friends, we must find some way out of "Canon Holland." The only name I can think of at this minute is "Bruncle" —that seems to me halfway between a brother and an uncle: would not that be about what I might be called? It combines dignity with affection: mystery with simplicity: age with youth. Anyhow, not "Canon Holland." It seems to put me miles off in the moon, with a wig and a

cotton umbrella. But we want to be quite close down to each other, so that we can hear each other whisper. You must think it over.

2. Such slush! such wind! All brown, wet, mud in the sky. I don't know which is dirty-browniest, the sky or the streets. Only warm hearts can live through such ugly days: and we must be very fond indeed of one another, the worse the weather is. I am so glad you are learning Chopin. Nobody has the soul of a piano in him like Chopin. He feels, and thinks, and talks, just as a piano would if it were alive. And then the playing of him must be so delicious. He is plaintive, is he not? Something tender, and half crying, and pitiful, as if his heart-strings were very delicate and high-strung. It is the sort of sadness which you hear in some birds' notes, and in winds blowing round crannied corners, when they pipe like lost children.

3. My heart was perpetually taking up its pen inside me, and dipping it in a little red blood of affection, and scribbling away over sheets and sheets of thin, silky papers of memory. Only it never could get out, when it had done, and run to a pillar post, and stick it in, and bolt back again to its place. Poor old heart! it wept in its prison, and washed out all the writing with its tears. And now that it can get to the post, it begs to say that it cannot write half it wanted to say. So you will never know.

To Miss Winnie Talbot

1. *To her, aged five.*—I passed Oxford yesterday, and all the towers and spires came rushing down to the station, with all their bells jostling about and crying "How's Winny? Here is a man who has seen Winny! Oh Winny, Winny." And old Tom came puffing along rather late, and growled out, very deep, "How's Winny?" and the little Keble dinner-bell ran up and whispered in my ear, "Does she get enough jam?" and then they all went on singing nothing but "Winny, Winny, Winny"—

> "We miss little Win,
> As she ran out and in,
> On each black little pin!
> We never, now, grin,
> And to smile is a sin,
> Since we lost little Win!

We are sick, we are thin,
We are shrunk to the skin,
We scarcely can tin—
—kle our clappers : we sin—
—k down, and sit in a rin—
—g, with our heads on our chin,
And we sigh, as we sin—
—g, ' Oh, when will they brin—
—g our Win
Back agin ? ' "

I can't think how I should have got away from them, as they all clung about my neck, crying " Winny, Winny, Winny," and poor old St. Mary's spire quite broke down, and Magdalen tower sobbed aloud—but the train rushed on, and tore me away, poor St. Philip's holding on to me to the last minute : and still the little voices kept following me, saying " Winny, Winny." You must go round to each of them when you get back, and give them a kiss ; they will be so pleased. Goodbye, little gossamer thing.

2. *Tyn-y-bryn, Bettws-y-Coed.*—It is so lovely, here : I think it the most beautiful spot in the world ; it is so furry like your head once was in the old polo-pony days—brown and croppy and nestly and snug, with warm human kindliness about it, and soft friendly colours, that feed you with peace—not savage and gawky and green and cold and spiky and mangled, like those Alps which *some* people like so much. And, then, it is crowded with tender memories of dear old days when I was a really nice little boy ; and that must be a tremendous time ago, you will say. And voices of old friends talk and whisper in the waters to me, where we played and swam and laughed when we were young. Oh dear ! Anyhow, you are young, still, my Winny. That is a comfort. It does you immense credit.

3. It is a great relief to us all to learn that the unhappy business was not entirely made in Germany, but much of it is of good British origin, wholesome and patriotic, of some fine old Yorkshire blend, straight perhaps from dear old Brig-gate. It would have been awful if our very measles were not our own, but were supplied by the horrible German competitor for our custom. We should have had to get up a Guild of members sworn to have only English

measles, with Winny as Lady Dame-Superior of the Rose-Pink Habitation. Think of this. The badge would be a rash rouge rampant, crowned by British pimple emergent floriated: supporters, Mrs. 'Uty on either side with bottles proper: below, finely modelled in bronze, very stout German Lady prostrate under attack of her native measles, returned under compulsion from England. It would have a great effect on Home Industries.

4. *Gayton Lodge, Wimbledon.*—How is the "beastly" musical exam? Have you been the first, the solitary plough? So solemn. To think that since the creation of the world, no soul had ever ventured to be ploughed at that exam! until Lavinia Talbot dared the heroic deed. Alone she did it. Alone she stood, testing the new experience, which no human flesh and blood had ever known before. The first plough—is it so? I shall hear to-morrow, when I hope to turn in, steaming with perspiration, after preaching my volunteers off their legs, and seeing my entire congregation carried off in ambulance-vans. They fall and dwindle as I speak: at the close, I and the drums remain: the drums rumble with hollow echoes to my lonely cries.

To Miss Gladys White

1. My Gladys—no, Gwladys—that is much jollier. It is like a gurgle of water out of a bottle with a narrow neck. It is like the dying sigh of a lamp going out. It is like a gargle that has failed to come off and has ended in a splutter. It is full of all happy noises as of birds gloating with joy over early worms; and of bubbles that burst; and of odd watery gulps where a rat has dived. . . .

2. *High House, Winchester.*—Here we live on the top of a sheer hill, looking down into the very chimneys of the town. We could pea-shoot the Dean and Canons. It is a most lovely view: with the Cathedral like a queer old sea-beast that has crawled on shore to dry itself in the sun, and then stuck, and could never get back. It is crammed to the nose with history and bones: and is thinking all the time that it might have been the capital of England, and then it would have been St. Paul's, only it isn't.

3. I was just wondering into what silent gulf you had sunk away, when your letter broke in, and the silence

laughed aloud. There you were, speaking with the old tones and fairly happy out in the blessed country, with the skies and birds and grass and flowers, and one delicious little maid. Is it not lovely? Can you stand the drunken joy of the larks? And we have nightingales shouting for sheer gladness, with liquid bubblings of rapture. And all the hedges are joining in with their sweet greenery; and one and all agree that there really is no time like the Spring. We will meet somewhere in the wilderness. I go back on Monday: when do you? But "things" will be beastly, and will step in. They always do. Why should there be "things"? Who wants them? What are they? They think themselves so vastly important. And, after all, they are only "things."

4. Yes, it is years: we certainly must manage these things better: it *was* the Flood, when last we met. And what a Flood that was! How well I remember the last look of the elephant's tail, as he turned-in for the night! Our boatmen on the Nile used to sing a song full of taunts at a daughter of Noah's, whose name is never mentioned in our record, who refused to get in, and was left behind on the retreating shore, while the crew jeered at her with an "I told you so." Can you have been that unfortunate girl? No, no: get in with us: please do. . . . Dear child, lay hold of the secret of life, and win its joy, and don't let London cloud you down. We don't meet, but I remember you each day, and pray for your gladness.

5. I quite remember the man you lately asked me about: a poor fellow of little account, but, as I always said, with some good at bottom, though no one would believe me. He called himself Canon of St. Paul's: and often professed to have some affection for you. But, of course, nobody could trust a word he said. He disappeared about a fortnight ago; and, with all these funerals about, may have got buried himself. But I had some faint news of him yesterday; he was showing signs of re-emerging: he may yet turn up, and be himself again. And, if he does, I am sure you will find that he still talks of you, and has the same heart that he always bore. If so, would you consent to see him again? Say next Friday at tea? Why not? I would get him to meet you. And all might yet be well.

To Miss Marjorie Speir

The Lodge, Selwyn College, Cambridge. Oct. 1892.—This is a good place. It tries to copy Oxford as well as it can, poor dear. And some bits are really not bad. But oh, the river! with slummy slime mixed up with slimy slum, and a dim sense of dead cats, and greasy spots of shining glutinous matter on it, and smells abounding, and bewildered flies, and seedy straws, all floating in it. An unhappy ditch. But up above the town it is pretty, with a sweetish bathing-place where we plunge, and cows, and willows, and fish, and sun. We have eight children in the house: so I cheer up.

To Miss Cecily Ady

(*He is with her people, at Charing in Kent.*) To think that I should be sitting here for a whole delightful week, waiting for you to turn up under the blossoming cherry-tree, and yet you never come. All the birds are shouting for you: and the larks twitter "Cecily! Cecily!" in the sky, until they drop with despair: and the nightingales pipe long low notes of astonishment: and even the old duck who has waddled up from the Colonel's pond, and is sitting, in a daze, on her eggs in your garden under the warm brick wall, now and again winks one of her foolish eyes at me, to show that she enjoys the fun of my bewilderment.

In 1902, he was staying at Chollerton, Northumberland, where his friend Dr. Hornby, Bishop of Nassau, was rector. One of the Sunday school children, Annie Coxon, had knitted him a purple muffler, or as she called it, a moofler: he was delighted: he thanked her, and wore it in triumph, and later wrote to her from London. "She could not read it," says Bishop Hornby, "her mother could not read it, her father could not read it, the schoolmaster could not read it: at last it came to me." * At the children's harvest-festival, he preached to them: "He said to me, as he

* Certainly, his handwriting is hard to read at first sight: but, as one goes on reading his letters, it becomes much clearer: only, in the last few years, it becomes harder to make out. There is a letter, in 1897,

went to the pulpit, 'What shall I preach about?' I said, Don't preach: tell them what London is like.' And he did."

To Miss Annie Coxon

Dear Annie Coxon, I've been thinking what I should wear at the King's Coronation. Why! I'll wear my purple müffler. And what if the king meets me at the foot of the St. Paul's stairs, and says, "Why, Canon Holland, where *did* you get that purple müffler?" And I shall go on my bended knee and say, "It was made by Miss Annie Coxon of Barraford by Chollerton"! And what if a footman in scarlet and gold lands up at Chollerton station and cries, "Where lives Miss Annie Coxon? for the king cannot sleep at nights until he gets a purple müffler like Canon Scott Holland's"!

Among the last of his letters, is one to Clifford Cock, a godson, aged twelve: Dec. 26, 1917: "Dear Cliffo, How good and sweet of you to write to me. I am so glad to hear of you. I wish I could see you. I am sending you a little book about Francis: because though he was a Saint, he had such heaps of fun about him. And he, and all his Brothers, loved laughing: and were always cracking jokes. He showed how happy a thing it is to love and serve God. Far the happiest thing in the world. I am still ill: but hope to get better. Give my love to your dear father and mother: and to the new bicycle."

to Miss Evelyn Holland: "This is written with your pen. What more can I say? Do you not recognise the rounded forms, the luminous outlines, which it has given to my hand? How spacious its sweep: how grandiose its measured movement! And it is all with the pen. It is beautifully poised for the rhythmic swing with which the large Roman letters sail out on their appointed task. You have endued me with a new reputation. You have saved countless 'swears' in my correspondents. Tempers all over England are sweet and calm, because you have given me a pen which can *almost* make me legible."

II

LETTERS TO A YOUNG COUSIN

THIS cousin's home in Scotland was a place where he delighted to stay. The letters begin just before her coming out, and cover a period of about fourteen years. She remembers the after-tea readings, started by him when she was sixteen :—

I read aloud to him whatever book he happened to have on hand : among them were Tennyson, Browning, Pater, "Ionica," Kipling, Maeterlinck, and Mr. Balfour's Essays and Addresses. "Ionica" led him to talk of his beloved Eton. There seemed nothing he did not know, down to the latest play. Whatever was going on, he entered into it whole-heartedly. Cricket he loved, but golf he never cared for ; he hit out wildly when he tried to swing ; and said he "ploughed the fields and scattered," as he replaced the divots of turf. He used to shout with excitement over fives on the billiard table. Once, in a hurriedly got-up version of the Rose and the Ring, which my brothers and I acted to the household, he appeared as Hedzoff, in a Deputy-Lieutenant's uniform ; and in the intervals read aloud the Bab Ballads. He loved riding ; but did not shine on horseback. After his visits, there was a very flat feeling : "Scott is gone, Woe, woe," is one entry in a diary.

Mr. Gladstone, whom I was brought up to consider the incarnation of evil to the country and the Empire, was his ideal ; and he used to chaff me over this, when he wrote from Hawarden : and once he sent me a nonsense letter, crammed with Irish phrases, and purporting to come

from Mr. Dillon, whom he represented as having converted me to Home Rule at a dinner where I had sat next to him. Lord Haldane usually came to meet Scott at our house. Another friend of his and mine was Mr. Asquith; whom I remember appearing unexpectedly on Sunday in church and carrying us off in his motor to the house where he was staying. On Sunday evenings, Scott usually preached in the chapel in our house.

He had times of depression: but it is his high spirits, and sparkling wit and humour, and above all his extraordinary power of sympathy and insight, that are most deeply graven on my memory.

1. I cannot but wonder how it was that a young, bright creature like you should have shown so much affection and tenderness to an ugly battered old parson like me. And I hope you will let it continue as you leave the last of the sheltered years behind you, and begin, next year, to take your plunge into the big life, outside, where so many difficulties may get so quickly about you, and it is so hard to find one's way, and things get anxious. Do ask me anything whenever you wish it: and believe always that my love will be at your service, to do anything it can to clear your way, and save you trouble, and help you to discern between good and evil in the strange mixed world of men, which you will be touching and handling. It is sometimes so difficult to know what to trust, and what to distrust, in a life which is apparently bent on pleasing you, and attracting you, and showing you its very best face.

2. *Hawarden.*—Just now, as you first break out of the old lines, I cannot but watch, with affectionate interest, to see how you take the harbour-bar, and how the taste of the free salt winds strikes you, and how you breast the dancing waves. It is the loveliest sight in the world, I think, to see a ship, with its flag flying, and sails set, and all its paint gleaming, dragged by ropes up between two old, brown piers, until it plunges at the first touch of the open sea, and the ropes fall off, and it dips its jib in the kicking waters, and scatters the foam, and then feels the wind in its sails, and shapes its course right away, for where? A few old, broken tars look after it, with spy-glasses, from the old pier head: and the faithful old piers follow it far with their lighthouse lights: but it is gone right away—and

the old tars shut up their glasses, and feel a bit sad, and go home to bed.

And I feel rather like an old tar—with my spy-glass still up—and I can follow her a little, before the big seas receive her out of sight: and very beautifully she goes: and it is delightful to watch her: only she must always be getting a little further off.

3. Will you let me tell you, at your start in coming-out, something about men, which is very apt to lie dark, and be hidden by their talk and ways? A girl is sure to see that men are attracted by bright spirits, and fun, and chaff. That is clear enough: and, of course, she will also see how strongly they are drawn by beauty. But I believe that deeper even than their admiration of beauty, lies their belief in a girl's goodness: and it is this which is so often kept secret. Yet every man feels it. Not the "parsons" only, but, often, quite the other sort! Half a man's love of beauty has this for its secret. To him, a girl's beauty always *seems* to mean her goodness.

A man needs the help of a girl to keep up his standard of right and wrong. He feels somehow that he is doing very little good to anybody: that he thinks of nobody much but himself: that school and college have knocked all sentiment about "ideals" out of his head: that he has seen, and heard, and said, many bad and vile things: and that he does not know much about religion and "all that sort of thing, you know." But he wants to believe in goodness: he wants some one to back him up, to help him to stick to high and pure things.

As I long to say this to every girl I know, so I doubly long to say it to you, for whose happiness I care so much.

4. *Holywell, Oxford.*—It would be sweet to be off to your blessed home, and to all your kindness, and to hear you read to me, and to gather from you the news of your flight into our poor, flat wet land: and to learn how it was that the young English boys had the grace given them to win this immortal victory and to persuade you that, even south of the Tweed, there were lads worth knowing. This is news indeed: I waved my hat three times round my head. I should have loved to have just looked in, and seen you all sailing about, and spinning, and smiling, and happy. Are you coming to London? Shall we see

you? The Queen is on the look-out, and ought not to be disappointed.

5. *Tyn-y-Bryn.*—How I wish I could come. But it may not be. I am tied by both hind legs: and back I must go to my funny old post, to stare again at the old white wall in front of the windows, and to wonder how the starving poor are ever to be fed! How are you? and what were your general reflections on a London season? and what have you been reading, or thinking? Oh dear. I should like a talk.

6. I am not making too much of it: I know how thoroughly you enjoy the bright things that come: yet you had a touch of anxiety as you pondered, or looked ahead, as if you were not sure of yourself: or of what you were to do. Now, there is no clever dodge by which to get round such anxieties. They cannot be dismissed by a dose of wise advice. It is only that, being very fond of you, I cannot help wishing to lighten things a little.

Perhaps, it might help to remember that life is always a long pause in which we are preparing for some crisis or other: and these pause-times only get a meaning from the crisis when it comes. In themselves, they look meaningless and useless: but when the crisis or change arrives, we can judge of the pause, whether it was put to profit, or no. A girl cannot tell whether the crisis that will settle things into a definite line, will be marriage, or not. Yet that would make all the difference in determining her aim.

What can she do? She *must* be content to be vague, and in suspense: it is impossible for her to put any strong, definite purpose into her life, as yet: all she can do is to make the pause-time such that, looking back upon it, when the crisis of decision comes, she may be able to say "It was not wasted: that pause prepared me, enriched me, endowed me for what I now am: I am better able to be what I am required to be, because I had that interval of suspense." And the thing for you to do, now, is just to save yourself from ever having to say hereafter, "Oh dear! what a fool I was to let those days slide away unused." Here is a sermon for you, dear! Forgive me. I will never do it again—unless you ask me.

7. I have just got a letter from Haldane, asking me to one of his little dinners, to meet John Morley, Sidney Webb the Socialist, etc. Haldane himself is to lecture to us in

the Chapter House next Tuesday on "Industrial Legislation." I am looking forward keenly.

And the wedding! The Horse Guards: the clanking swords: the jingling spurs: it was splendid! But how dully the gay world dresses. No colours! You would have thought it a funeral, if it had not been for the bridesmaids. The bridegroom very young: the bride shimmering gracefully: the service beautiful. So the great deed was done. It is always impressive. The courage of the girl always overwhelms me. Such a plunge, into such unknown seas: such adventures before her, such risks, such anxieties, such heights and depths. And with no available retreat. Most wonderful; and most inspiring—inspiring to recognise how true it is that life is, for all its apparent hum-drumness, in reality an heroic venture.

So moralises the aged bachelor, gazing out of his ivy-bush, with blinking eyes, at these bright brides that pass along the splendid Way of Honour. You mustn't jeer at the poor old boy for taking it so solemnly.

And did your mother actually dream that I could offer myself to be torn to bits by those raging lions of Unionism? It is most kind of her: but I should never have dared to creep out from under my bed.

8. Of course, anyone who, like Lord Hartington, refuses office, offers an honourable proof of his sincerity which cannot be mistaken. But not everyone, who is ready to take office, is therefore any less honourable. Only, he cannot prove it so visibly; he must be judged on his general character. And what I mean about Mr. Gladstone is that it is quite impossible to know him, and to doubt his moral worth, his moral dignity. There is no one who so obviously appeals to, and works by, his conscience. He is possessed with the earnest conviction that he must answer for every act before God.

But his convictions are passionately strong: far stronger than Lord Hartington's. He is compelled to assert them; he cannot but believe himself responsible for asserting them. He cannot hold them without desiring to carry them out into action. Hence what you call "his love of power." No one could possibly be more free from the meaner ambitions of place, etc. He is utterly unworldly. But he is prepared to act on his convictions: and he ardently seeks opportunities to do so. This is where he so differs from

the shy, bored, honest indifference of your friend. In this ardour of belief in his own convictions, Mr. Gladstone is liable to be dreadfully mistaken. He thinks he is right; he thinks others wrong: and this, with passionate reality: but this is not the desire for place, or a readiness to swallow principles for power. As to the Newcastle programme, there is nothing that does not accord with his convictions there: though he does not care for some of the points half so much as some of his followers do. So there!

9. (*A friend proved false.*) I long to think that the sorrow has opened, and not shut, the doors and windows of the heart. This is the crisis of such a blow. It must do one thing, or the other. You must emerge from out of its shadows a bit softer, or a bit harder, than before it. Either you look out on the world with the eyes of a woman who has become kinder, tenderer, more unselfish, more forgiving, because of the touch of suffering that has made the whole world kin: or you face it with the look of a woman who has recoiled into a more self-centred isolation, and has felt the touch of distrust, and of sharpness, and of intolerance, like a blight, like a frost. Dearest child, these are harsh words: only, I put them strongly because it would be so terrible to me if anything were to freeze up your kindlier humanities, and to imprison and to stiffen the natural outflow of your charities.

10. I could understand a wounding trouble, like last year's. With all the stir about you that you are bound to cause, such wounds must be possible. There are risks, and they are cruel. There may be blows and griefs that will be bitter. But I cannot endure that you should be clouded, as by a settled failure, or should have fallen into a careless indifference to what life may yet bring you: as if there were no surprises, no lifts, no wonders, no glories, no splendours awaiting you, as yet unguessed. Surely, they are coming: surely, they would arrive. What is it that hides them? that blocks their arrival?

Forgive me for writing like this: but it seems to me serious: and I cannot but care with all my soul about it. Happiness is never a thing to aim at: but it is a true index of whether we are on the right way. And you ought to be so much more happy. With all your beautiful gifts, life ought to feel a joy, and a privilege, and a reality, and a

hope. It ought to be happy! It ought not to be heavy-loaded. Can we not win the way out into the light?

Somewhere—close at hand, in your home, at your side—is there not the possibility of some gladness? Is there not a treasure hid in the field? What is it? I don't know. Each must find for himself. But every life has its opportunities. Every life hides a treasure, something which can be unearthed, close at our feet. How can you look for it? How may you find? It always lies in some unselfish interest in other people: but that is all I know.

11. *Tyn-y-Bryn.*—How I long for life to become tenderer to you, and more inspiring, and satisfying, and full-filling. So much you could do, and be, dear, if you found the way. Yet you seem to yourself to have *not* found it. And that is what holds you back from finding it. Ways open, when we don't think about them but walk straight ahead in hope, and in kindliness, and in unselfish trust. But there! This is rapidly dropping into a dreadful sermon. You must forgive it, for at least it tells you how much I care. If you were but here! You might even confess that there is loveliness outside Perthshire. So delicious, and delicate, this exquisite colour and line of Welsh hills. I roam alone, and mourn over old days. Some of the happiest in all my life, for twenty-five years, have been here. And the waters all know it, and go talking on about it: and the hills remember, and are quiet and silent.

12. (*After Lawrence Holland's death.*) Death is an impossible thing. That is the only fact that is clear. Straight into it, we all move; with faces set forward: nothing can defeat us: we take death in our stride. Something happens, which makes us pass out of sight: and what that is, no one understands: and what is done on the far side, no one can say. But, for all that, it is quite certain that it belongs to what we did here. That is what grows to be a certainty which every reasonable faculty asserts. Only, the vanishing is so pitiful: and the silence so quelling.

. . . I was grateful to see you moving about the house so happily, and cheering your mother, and assisting her. Do these things come easier? Home is our test ground, isn't it? What can we make of it? What can we do for it? How can we give it good heart? It is our nursery of faithfulness. And then, if we can be loyal there, we may deserve to be tried elsewhere in a new task.

13. Every book in which I have ever been interested, every poem, every life, every picture, all have said the same. No nobility of character has been gained without suffering. Somehow, literature and art confess it: we are only drawn towards those lives and souls which have passed to their happiness through much tribulation.

This is not morbid: it does not deny the intense value and reality of happiness: it is the proper goal. But yet, in fact, it seems never to be touched in its highest form without this discipline. We are soldiers: life is a war: we battle through to the peace: not without dust and heat, are we crowned: this is the old, old burden of every song.

Yet it is bitter to learn it; we have witnessed to it by our attraction to it in books: but, as we wake to find it actual and true in ourselves, and our own turn has come, and we have to taste this cup from which those others all drank, it is just as fierce and repugnant a reality as if we had never heard of it before.

Surely, pain of this kind compels prayer: compels you to pray that you may see your way, and may have courage, and hope, and patience, and endurance, and, if it may be, victory. Pray that you may find a clue through the maze: and may take the right road: and may apprehend the directions given. Prayer is an effort to walk with God. Not easy, dearest, I know well. I am not preaching at you, as if it were a light thing. Only, it is the one road, which, stumble and groan as we may in finding it, does at last reveal itself as peace. I shall be thinking of you so often.

14. *Hawarden.*—I am certain that the situation you describe is desperately unwholesome. Nothing can be more spirit-killing, or demoralising, than to go on and on with things that assume throughout that they are merry and pleasant, when pleasure is the last thing you find in them. The strain of keeping it up hurts, damages, sours: it is unreal itself, and so breeds distrust of your fellow-creatures through disgust at yourself. It is sure to provoke bitterness, and cynicism, and all the cruelties. . . . I dread your trying to fight down your unhappiness by keeping yourself incessantly "at it." This can only harden: it makes you more sick at heart. The one security lies in occupying yourself in the interests of others, so as to help you to forget your own sorrows. In caring for others' joys and griefs, one can make one's escape good out of the ring of

distressing self-reflections and pitiful regrets. A self-centred life is the hopeless curse. It is doomed to sterile pain. One must break out of it by violence, if circumstances tend to create it. Anything, to get out of the ring-fence of self-preoccupation.

15. *Abinger Hatch.*—You have been lonely in Scotland, have you? It must be serious: those long enclosed winters. And London, certainly, is warm and human, with its teeming life for all who can throw their lot in with the swarm of the hive.

Yet no winter in Scotland can ring a soul round with the loneliness that is so terrible for thousands in this big London—thousands who, in the thick of these jostling throngs, are aware that no one cares a fig whether they are alive or dead; that no single creature would stop to ask why they had dropped out; that every one of these multitudes, struggling for place and room and food, would feel themselves relieved a little because there is one less in the world.

That is the loneliness that maddens, the loneliness that can only be felt in the midst of a huge city. So give these poor souls a thought, and a gush of good hope, when you are down at heart, dear child. Let relief come in the memory of others, who touch a note of sympathy in you, which your own feeling of loneliness makes you aware of.

We had such a merry ding-dong philosophic dinner the other night, in a certain "Synthetical Society" which has started on the task of pulling everybody together. Arthur Balfour opened the discussion, after dinner, in full Cabinet Minister's get-up for the Speaker's levée, which was on that night. And you ought to have seen Haldane making a speech about Hegel, in a Court suit of black velvet. Fred Myers was there, and Gerald Balfour, and Wilfrid Ward, and a job lot of us: rather fun.

16. Do I know, you ask, what it is to wish to "go out," and "have done with it all"? Yes, dear: but I know quite well, too, that when I feel like that, I am letting my weakness get the better of me. It is a deep-seated desire, with a long history to it: it has inspired whole philosophies: and many poems: and one vast religion. But, always, it has been a sign of sterility; of reaction: of surrender. And, always, it has had in it a note of selfishness. It is the cry of the individual self in its passion for life, for happiness.

"I would I were dead!" means (as Grania says), "I would I were alive, alive in all my fulness, uncurtailed, untraversed." It is the false shadow of the desire to live—which is the deepest desire in man's heart.

"I *shall* live." "I *will* live." That is the root-assertion, which we must all make. That is the spring of all that has ever been said, or done. The only question is, "*How* shall I live?" And the answer of hope, and of force, is always "I will live with others, in others, not as my own, but as theirs: sharing their lot: rising, falling, stumbling, breaking, as they do: moving with them, at whatever cost to myself; towards a good which is theirs, as well as mine."

Did you ever read Carlyle? "Sartor Resartus" is a queer wild book: but it said for me, and for many in my young days, the last word on all this. It taught us to go forward, and live, and not surrender, and never despair, and not demand our own happiness, as a thing alone, but, blessing it when it came with a full heart, still to go forward as brave soldiers in the vast campaign. Dearest, this is tough, hard teaching. And I do pray that you may be spared its hardest; and be given joy. But I count on your bravery, and your hopefulness, and your goodness, even though you wait in bitterness for a joy now denied. God help you to keep a good heart.

17. The world of suffering humanity wants you: it needs your help: it craves your sympathy. Carry to it a heart purged by suffering. You understand now: you can feel for all who mourn. Look out upon them. Remember them. You are here, to lend a helping hand: to verify human brotherhood. There is time. You can do it. Only, you must shatter self. Only, you must trust the large, deep love of God. Only, all small longings for revenge, or for hate, must be stripped off. Love is the sole key to life: love that trusts, believes, forgives. Love men and women: those about you, those nearest at hand: think of them, of their wants, of their good-cheer. Take trouble to brighten their days. Then, the heart grows sweet: then, the spirit forgets its wounds: then, life loses its rubs and its provocations: then, the dumb heaven begins to speak. God help you, dear, to grow in tender charity, through your sorrow.

III

LETTERS OF CRITICISM AND OF PORTRAITURE

THESE letters are put in order of time; but the dates of three or four of them have been guessed, not known for certain.

Among his earliest letters of criticism, one is on the St. Matthew Passion-music, given in Cathedral on March 20, 1873: "The recitative is wonderfully sustained and direct, but a little wearying with its Protestant determination to tell you all you ought to know: and the dramatic choruses, marvellous as they are, do not suit English words and tone and atmosphere: they become burlesque. But the strength and force and earnestness of the whole is astounding: the chorales are as perfect, in their simplicity and unending freshness of beauty, as religious music can possibly be, it seemed to me. . . . And the last chorus has all the flooding effect that a touch of beautiful melody has, after the long development of pure musical harmony hardly ever softening into 'tune' throughout the whole of the piece." Another letter, in 1876, is on the B minor Mass: "The depth of religious feeling is so thrilling through that noble music. This is what gives it its more searching and entrancing power than old Handel with all his dramatic vigour can achieve. Handel can treat the dramatic side of religion; but not the inner depths. He knows them not. I do not believe he knew much what a Creed meant; while in

Bach you felt a personal living sense of what Resurrection meant—'Et exspecto Resurrectionem': and then the finer subtler feeling for spiritual life with its manifold and quickening motion—how that broke out in the wonderful 'Cum Spiritu Sancto.' I do thoroughly joy in the intensive power of Bach's chorus: the working-out of part woven into part, growing and growing, and twining in and out; with ever richer and fuller intensity, till they mingle and mingle, and rise climbing one above another, and clash, and break off again." It is to be remembered, that these two performances belong to the beginning of the revival of Bach in this country.

Another of his earliest letters of criticism (? 1876 or 1877) is to Heywood Sumner, on Daniel Deronda:—

Gwendolen, of course, carries the entire book along from end to end, a study full of help and wonder and marvellous minuteness of discovery: she discloses the tissues of life, fibre by fibre, all distinct and numbered and noted. I know nothing in literature more powerful than that sense of the mastery of the man over the woman, of Grandcourt over Gwendolen; loathed, despised, silent, inexpressive, it yet nips her like a vice closes dumbly and blindly on a quivering rabbit; the resolute, unswerving, unfeeling bite of the horrible teeth that nothing can escape, nothing delay or relax. It is most awful; it oppresses you like a nightmare. Yet how easily, how invisibly it is done. No mechanism, no tangible necessity for it. Yet there it is, cold and naked as iron; and she feels it as an animal feels a shuddering sweating terror in the dark; and she crouches and cringes under it as if it were a veritable whip.

But there is another letter to Heywood Sumner (? 1880), on Blake; it displays that more quiet, more incisive style which made Holland a prince among critics: "Blake had an eye such as reads through and through the last secrets of life with the directness and force of ancient days, when minds were fresh and pure as Abraham's at Ur of the

Chaldees. He is so often strong with Biblical strength; marvellous as the earliest tales are marvellous. He meditates like Isaac in the fields at evening."

Browning

Oct. 1882. *To J. W. Williams.*—Our poet is essentially dramatic, and universal in his drama. He notes and watches all: and struggles to insert himself into the heart-secret of all lives. He is always worming himself into the recesses of strange nooks, and vividly reproducing this or that mode of temper.

In the course of this dramatic progress through the human world, he has produced three very short, rough, unimportant side-pieces, which present us with the temper of the demi-monde; and has left these pieces standing, unexplained. "Respectability" is one, "Confessions" is another. And he has tried to make this temper dramatically intelligible. He has sent into it the breath of a sort of justification—he has brought out "the fun of it," the daring, the vividity—he has declared that there is a joy obscurely hunted in it all, and so protests against the assumption that it is all "dust and ashes." The wild protest against smug respectability is allowed its force.

If you want to read a justification of this, read Wordsworth's approval of Burns' poetic treatment of drunkenness, quoted in Myers' Life of Wordsworth. Browning has a strong feeling for the immense value of living action: he likes to follow this out in shapes which by themselves are condemnable: *cf.* The Statue and the Bust. His own justification of himself is given at length in Fifine: *cf.* especially the passage about Raphael and Gustave Doré. He is so firm in his belief in the true absoluteness of the wedded love, that he can afford, he pleads, to let his study and his fancy try to disentangle the web of lust: and, to do this, he must for the moment let his thought and imagination go afield—yet the true wife need never fear: no touch of her real hold is gone.

It is surely impossible to doubt Browning's true treatment of love in its perfect purity. Just conceive the proportion of these three pieces to the large and momentous studies of pure love—Pompilia—James Lee's Wife—In a Balcony—Any Wife to any Husband—By the Fireside—

One Word More—and a hundred others. His whole power and soul have gone out to portray the one; a few stray whiffs of imaginative amusement have been allowed to the other.

A Retreat at Keble

Oct. 17, 1885. *To Dr. Talbot.*—This is to reach you as we sit breakfasting in Keble Hall, after the old familiar celebration in the Chapel—with all the well-known backs bowed in front of one—"featureless organs" perhaps, but yet backs which gather up into their sloping shoulders and slowly-increasing waists the memory of all the buried Terms which have grouped themselves about and around the backs of old Freeling, and of Livingstone, and of Nance, and of all those first caught sight of, at each first Saturday, kneeling in front of one in Keble Chapel. One familiar and dear lump will be gone—the muffled and lumped-up back of Edward King. But the arrowy head of Paget will take its place, with its locks washed back into a thin keen wisp. And there will be fresh-coated backs of the newly ordained, to fill up ranks. And only *one* loss can never be retrieved—the loss of the long-backed Warden, with the drooping surplice and the loose-draped hood. Dear Man, would you could be there.

Tennyson

Feb. 17, 1886. *To Miss Arnold-Forster.* ("*Tiresias, and Other Poems*" *had been published in* 1885.)—I do not think I can leave England, and not explain my rude and rough words about Tennyson, which distressed you.

Certainly he is himself strongly Christian. I did not mean to deny that. But like many a man, his reasons for his creed may greatly differ from his creed: and whenever he offers me his reasons for religion, I recognise a line of argument, familiar enough in philosophy, and which I always, when I meet it, feel to be a form of thinking uncongenial to Christian logic, and unable to arrive at Christian conclusions.

This proof of the Unknown and the Nameless is an excellent and essential piece of philosophic discipline. A

philosopher is bound to follow it out: it is part of his apprenticeship: his proper part is to strip off outward forms, and arrive at the abstract and the general. He must do this before he can begin any fruitful work.

But it is very fruitless, negative, empty. It is an intellectual gymnastic that he ought to practise: that is all.

And I cannot ever believe that the remote and empty abstraction so arrived at can possibly be a fitting subject for poetic treatment. A poet is not a philosopher: in some ways, he is the very opposite: and especially in this, that he is never abstract, always concrete, full, rich; he loves to spiritualise the outward, not to strip it off: his familiar work is to reconcile the inner spirit with the outward expression it takes. He, and religion, are employed in correcting the philosopher: they both cling to the concrete forms: they abhor empty and remote abstractions. They cannot breathe in that artificial atmosphere. They overleap the speculative difficulties, they laugh at the dilemma and antitheses of slow-paced, hesitating, patient, plodding, lagging Reason.

I am disappointed with my poet when he lags behind, too, with foolish old Reason, who is still stumbling about at the first step of all.

Christian thought has left all the bothering dilemma behind, which tries to discover God by intense abstraction from all manifestations. It says boldly, "The Word is made flesh: find God, *in* the flesh: do not be afraid of the old-world subtleties and timid scruples of the philosophers."

This is why I feel Tennyson's argument to be pre-Christian, non-Christian. I do not think it would ever really lead him home to the convictions that I gladly and thankfully see that he holds.

Dr. Temple

1886. *To Miss Evelyn Holland, after her brother's confirmation.*—I rejoice that you love that strong lion of a Bishop, with his hoarse roar, and his jungle of whiskers, and his rock-like face: yet so noble, and tender, and true, and powerful: he always makes me cry with joy that earth holds any one so spiritually great. He is especially

noble at confirmation. I heard him at St. Paul's on the Monday after Bryan's confirmation, when a most sweet Japanese boy was confirmed whom I had been seeing: and I thought the Bishop as great as it is possible to be. I tingle under him. He is like a tiger hungry for righteousness.

Mr. Bradlaugh

May, 1886. *To Dr. Talbot.*—Bradlaugh is silly, and very weak, certainly. We have exposed him, I think, so far as we go. We should never have thought he was so contemptible a creature intellectually, or so hopelessly uneducated. However, we must go on pretending: evidently, he is pleased at being taken seriously: and is very kind, and courteous.

The Gospel Record

Jan. 5, 1889. *To J. W. Williams.*—I had an interesting Jew come to me the other day—an Oxford graduate, of Balliol and Clifton: and he said, "It is curious, but I have gone through exactly the reversed process of Robert Elsmere: I began where he leaves off, in a broad Jewish Theism; and I have slowly become convinced of the absolute reliability of the Gospel narrative." He had shut himself up with the Gospels: he was an historical student, in the History School: he concluded that he must deny his historical instincts if he did not give credit to the Gospel evidence. That was nice.

Lux Mundi

October, 1890. *To Bishop Copleston.*—I was glad and refreshed to get your last dear letter, and to know how kindly you were to us poor Luxites: we feared furies: and dark rumours were abroad: but your criticism was most temperate, and friendly, and equitable. Poor old book! I look at it and wonder. I thought it so dreadfully heavy and dull when I first read it: I never thought that we should induce anyone to read it outside the circle of our aunts and mothers, and a few patient-minded clergy. The

old book itself looked conscious of its own dead weight: and never dreamt of this stormy and excited career. I suppose that this lack of anticipation shows how small are the circles we each live in, and how impotent we are to estimate the effect of our words on those a little further off. We ourselves seemed to ourselves to have been saying these things for years; and to have heard everybody else saying them. Now suddenly we find it all spoken of as a bomb, as a new Oxford movement, etc., etc. We wonder who we are.

Herbert Spencer

Dec. 1890. *To a lady who wanted to read some philosophy, and thought of beginning with Herbert Spencer.*— As to Herbert Spencer. I own that I think philosophy an almost impossible subject to read, without special training. It is the hardest of all special studies: and it is hopeless to make a plunge into it far down the line. For the movement of philosophy is historical: its last steps are unintelligible except to those who have arrived at them by the way by which they actually were reached. Spencer himself has suffered helplessly by lack of previous apprenticeship; he makes a hopeless muddle whenever he does more than thread together the systematic conception of the evolutionary idea. In metaphysic, and, above all, in moral philosophy, he is the clumsiest and most blundersome of guides. I know no one who has such a terrible stupidity. I do not mean that Spencer has not done a great deal in the way of showing us how wide is the ground covered by the formula of evolution. But outside that, he is most barren: and he has a way of stunting the growth of mind in those who yield to him, which is dismal.

Two Poets

May, 1902. *To W. H. Savile.* I do indeed thank you for your most graceful and tender poems. They touch the true chord, and they do so with artistic success. The handling of the technical form is wonderfully easy and effective. It is evidently your natural instrument. I have enjoyed them much. If you happen to read "Songs

of Childhood," by Walter Ramal [Walter de la Mare], will you tell me what you think of them? Several of them appear to me to possess perfect magic, *e.g.*, the Englishman, and The Ogre, and The Supper. They are by an old choir-boy, and Henry Newbolt is greatly struck by them.

The Natural Man

April 7, 1904. *To Dr. Lock, Warden of Keble.*—As to the development of goodness in the natural man. Don't you think that the special aim of our Lord's mission on earth was to convict that very goodness of its failure at the pinch? This seems to me to be the force of St. Peter, St. John, and St. Paul. It is the conviction of the good, that His presence brings about. The development leads up to the consummation, but does not attain without convicting itself of final failure just as attainment is in sight. Have you looked at Lex Orandi, by the Jesuit Tyrrell? He is very good on our old point, that the natural man is an abstraction which never really existed: so that what we mean is, that man so far as he is really natural has the nature of sin: but man as a fact has never been anything else but supernatural.

Newman

May 22, 1908. *To W. H. Carey, thanking him for a little bust of Newman.*—It has got the old touch in the face and the beautiful forehead. You remember the sculptor who said that everybody else's head after Newman's felt like a turnip. It is very gentle, and the face has a look of the old labourer at the cottage door, which Arthur Lyttelton noticed in Cardinal Newman long ago, the sad quiet wistfulness, and a little bewildered at a world which had been so odd to him.

Christianity a Romance

July 10, 1908. *To Mr. Cheshire.*—Stratford tells me that you want to know why Christianity is a romance. There could be no better week to ask why than this one,

while the Gospel of last Sunday is still in our ears. There is romance pure and simple, is there not? It appeals to the elemental instincts that make great ventures and daring experiments, and risk all losses and count no costs and live in paradox. Christianity trusts those basic emotions which defy calculation, which abhor convention and fling behind them that which is safe and secure. All the ninety and nine go for nothing. Is not this romance? And yet it is the very heart of the Gospel and holds the secret of the Incarnation. Pity, adventure, sacrifice, self-abandonment, these are the driving forces which are always to carry us past the sanities of the orderly reason.

Then again there is the trust that Christianity puts in the release of the individual character: which is the note of romance. The individual life is caught into the great paradox, "I live yet not I, Christ liveth in me," and it can fling the whole universe away under this inspiration, and must always be setting out on fresh ventures under the compelling force of Him who said, "Behold I make all things new."

Then, take St. Paul and all those vehement, volcanic contrasts—"as dying and behold we live," "sorrowful and yet always rejoicing," "as poor yet making many rich," "having nothing and yet possessing all things." Or again the great string of adventures "in perils by the sea," etc. Life is for him one long romance, just because it is lived in Him in whom he is already dead, yet alive. All life is paradox to St. Paul.

And then, think of the romance that belongs to a Creed which has for its living heart the tremendous adventure and tragedy of the last night in the upper room, and which lives for ever in the present memorial of a Body broken and Blood shed. Is not this romance in its deepest sense, with all that is mystic and suggestive and inexhaustible and magical and unlimited?

Good Workmanship in London

(?) 1908. *To Dr. Percy Dearmer.*—Look at all the decoration on our best City buildings, or on new big houses on the Embankment, Finsbury Circus and Pavement: it is most delicate. And gaze on my Norwich Union cherubs.

Is not Paul Waterhouse's Nurses' Home in the Adelphi an admirable building? Macartney tells me that in wood-carving we could reproduce our stalls, if they were burned. I am sure that in a lot of work we have got a very high standard. The ladies in the spandrels of the new archway from the Board of Trade to the Local Government Board buildings are exquisite: not the panel, which is commonplace.

A Bit of England

The Bowling Green Inn, Ludlow. Aug. 16, 1910. *To Miss Winnie Talbot.*—It is woeful to have left you, and to feel that the happy spell is over. We must go to Mozart together, and celebrate the blessed summer. Oh, oh, oh! England! Yesterday! Paradise is not in it. I never saw such wealth of gorgeous beauty—laid out on end for happy trains to glide through, laughing with joy. That is surely the one and only way in which to see and enjoy the country. The harvest stood up and shouted at us all the way—with the gold in its throat. Here we are, in a fairy cot, white and high, with a speechless view in front of us, over Ludlow, and the Clees, and sliding rivers, and bridges in dreams, and a motherly tower reigning over the red-roofed chickens of houses like a transfigured hen.

Two Bishops

May 5, 1911. *To Dr. Talbot.*—I was made quite miserable by the sight of Oxford and Birmingham at our Pusey House meeting. I never saw two men look so tired or so forlorn. Frank was so thin that one could have shaved oneself with his head and face.

Theosophy

March 4, 1913. *To Miss Annie H. Murray.*—This theosophy business always bothers me, and I really do not know the literature about it. It irritates me, and I do not follow it up. There is a book which indirectly meets it very well, I think, called "Christ in India," by Lucas. It takes the Hindoo business up with great sympathy, but

also showing its hopeless inadequacy, especially in the form of re-incarnation, and Karma. It fails to give reality to history, or any corporate social purpose to life. It is an interminable private drama of the individual soul. It establishes no bonds, and allows for no remedies. I wonder if Marion has still got the paper book, on Karma, by Hogg, which we had for the Guild of the Epiphany. I think it exhibits the weakness of the whole theory of life, which seems to be so logical, and yet so entirely fails the facts. I ought to be able to give you a lot of books, but I have not got them in my mind. I will write again after a little inquiry. I have always pushed it off in irritation at its emptiness.

I think really that any theory of re-incarnation totally fails to give reality to the body, just as Hindoo re-incarnations of God totally fail to interpret the Christian idea of Incarnation, in which that bodily life, which is taken in, becomes part of the actual personal life for ever, and cannot be detached or changed like a mere cloak.

All that we mean by body is impersonations, that is, is included in the personality and inheres in it as essentially as the spiritual elements do. Re-incarnation always assumes the purely spiritual personality that can slip in and out, and divest itself, and go on, and adopt another transitory form, which in turn fails to belong to it. We Christians will have nothing to do with anything that makes the bodily side of life a mere illusion. Spirit takes up and quickens body, so that it is spiritualized and acquires the reality of spirit. This makes it impossible for a spirit to have many bodies to put on like petticoats.

The Gospel Record

1. *May* 17, 1913. *To Harold Anson, during their joint editorship of Commonwealth.*—I am writing rather at length to —— on a long letter that he sent me. He was very nice and frank; but to my mind it means that he is not really facing the actual Gospel record. However much you may shift the emphasis from off miracles, the presentation made of Christ is one that holds in it inherently and inevitably this supra-normal element, and we have got to take this element; and if we try to form a judgment on

Jesus Christ as recorded for us in the one story we know of Him, omitting this supra-normal factor, I think the whole record falls to pieces, and there is really nothing left that has stability enough to count. This affects the whole life, and culminates of course in the Resurrection: and I feel strongly that this instinctive desire to get away from the facts to their spiritual meaning somehow just reverses the spontaneous temper of the Gospel itself, in which the spiritual truth reacts on the fact and endows it with additional reality and value. This is because the Incarnation is above all things not an idea but an act, not an illuminating thought but a deed of the Divine Will.

I am anxious about this with Commonwealth, because historically for all these years we have steadily voted against the tradition that to be a social reformer you must be shadowy in your creed. The old Broad Churchman has made this superstition common. To care about drains was supposed to mean that you sat loose to the Creed; and we have upheld the counter-position all these years, that the more you believe in the Incarnation the more you care about drains. I cannot do anything now that will traverse this our motive and effort, so you will see why the whole matter is rather near my heart.

2. *December* 22, 1913. *To James Adderley.* How idiotic these people are. As if anybody could die unless he has first lived. And St. Paul, as you say, rested absolutely his whole case on nothing but the Death, at a certain moment, in a certain way, upon the Cross, for a certain purpose, at a fixed historic moment up to which everything had been leading and by which the whole course of history was transformed. So He died once for all for our sin; and the value of the historical Death flows from the historical life and character of the Person who so died. He and no other could by His death have changed men's life; and He was a Person Whom St. Paul loved as a master and friend and adored as God. What more can you want for historicity? The life is included in the death, and must be. If the one is historic, so is the other. . . . Then as to the reason why the historic fact is important. It is because Christianity is a gospel not of illumination but of power. If it was merely a question of knowledge of God, then the idea in the fact would be sufficient, and the fact might drop off. But if what we want is not knowledge

but power, that is, an act, an energy of God put out on our behalf to change us from what we are, then the fact is the act. That is our Gospel: that at a certain moment in a certain way God did do something which changed the situation. The fact is everything. Did He do it? Only if He did, have we a Gospel at all. The Will of God is only revealed in and by an act, and a will is only a will so far as it acts. That is what St. Paul is always proclaiming. God in Christ did something: He put out powers, energy, might; and that is the whole matter. If it did not happen, then God did not do it and has never done it. Is not this all that you want?

IV

LETTERS OF ENCOURAGEMENT AND OF CONSOLATION

Comme à Vingt Ans

To Miss Evelyn Holland.—Dear Child, you believe that I care, don't you? as your birthdays come round: and that I watch you with deep and tender interest: and that I shall do so all the more, as the years thicken, and childhood drops away behind, and the decisions and growth and directions and affections of womanhood begin to press upon you. Dear me! twenty years old! And the pranks and the practical jokes will be all vanishing as their stage ends: and the poor unhappy Queen's English, so long repressed, will be seizing her chance of coming forward, and of pressing her claims on your consideration. Poor old lady! she has had a hard time of it, we must confess. And no wonder her curls are all of a fluster, and her back slightly up. However, we will do our best for her now: and cheer the old girl's heart a little. Anyhow, God bless you always, my Enie: and let me thank you for all your good affection to me: and sometimes, when you can, say a tiny prayer for me; and I will remember you.

To Miss Gladys White.—1. Dearest Chick, pull yourself together. My few remaining hairs are all strewn about the floor at my feet. It is hideous. But on the 31st, I am nailed to a Chair in Holborn Town Hall. For months, that nail has been piercing my vitals: but I had forgotten it. Nothing on earth can drag me off it, I fear. It is an annual and glorious hullabaloo over my beloved Universities Mission to Central Africa: and we whoop and shout and sing like merry niggers. Oh dear! and it will be the burial day of your happy teens. . . . Do not think yourself useless. You are of "use" to all who love you: and

you are waiting, and learning, and gathering in stores, and strength and skill and character, which God will know how to use, if you let Him, when His Day comes. We are of use if we but grow; if we refuse to come to an end. This day will not put a close on what you are becoming: you will go on right through it: it is but a beginning. Let that be your resolution, your confidence. God bless you for your dear love for me, for which I do nothing. God bless you for yourself. God bless you for Himself.

2. Jenny Lind was a wonder and a joy. She passed *through* life. That is what she made one feel: she was on her way somewhere else: it was a movement across a scene—her life. On she passed: often in perplexity and surprise at what she found here. Never quite at home: never comfortable, and settled, and at rest. On she went travelling: and as she passed, she left all eyes following after her, and all hearts wondering over her, as after a sudden vision.

And you, dear child, you may do something like this. Keep the head up and the eyes fixed on something dreamed of, anticipated, never seen. Keep the youth fresh in the heart, and the innocence, and the purity, and the truth. Hold by the reality of God, and of goodness: and demand much of life. She never let her young dreams go. She believed that they were the truth of things.

Someday, you will feel how the world suffers: how the poor moan. And you will feel how great a boon it is to a weary earth for you to bring to it a fresh young heart, and a pure laugh, and a brimming gaiety, and a bright hope. Keep bright and good: and then you will have the best gift to give that can be given—yourself as God made you.

Work

1882–83. *To a friend, appointed Headmaster of a public school.*—1. I begin to think that it does not much matter where one is: and that we had better not think too carefully about what would most befit us. People seem able to do what they have to do, almost anywhere: and in spite of circumstance. I think it is practically surer to ask, Is this a clear offer, and proposal, which comes unasked? Is it work fitted? Is it work which I have no positive

reason to refuse? Never mind, much, the rest. The kind of work that one can do, this a man must settle for himself: and must resolutely set himself in the way of it, and struggle against all that draws him away from it. But this once fairly settled, then the great thing seems to be to accept "calls" to it, from whatever quarter, without asking too many questions about place or opportunities.

2. Whatever happens, it will be right to have attempted it: and, above all, to have stuck loyally to it. I am sure of this: and less and less does it seem possible to pick and choose in this "wild disordered scene"; it grows daily less important what exactly it is that one is doing, as long as one does it. I find myself in a post which I had sworn not to take; and for which I am greatly unfitted: and the years are flying: and nothing is real. Yet it must be right. It is a time when it is everything to be able to push along, and give others a shove in the right way; and, rough and broken as it all becomes, it is impertinent to be troubled over it too much. Only I long that when the apprenticeship is served, and one has taken one's part in shoving weary shoulders against muddy wheels in the dark and rutty lane, and done it unrepiningly, one may be given a year or two of blessed time to think a little and read possibly one book through. It would be such wonderful joy.

3. Work has to be done at a venture: I learn that more and more: it does not come out clear and good: it is all done amid dreadful disorder, with grievous and patent inefficiency. Nothing of what was to be, seems to come off. It is hugger-mugger: it is scrappy: it is poor and thin: and the horrible gaps in it are hideous to behold. I suppose, the one thing is to struggle on with desperate penitence, and believe that someday, far hence, looking back over it all, it will take some form and fashion upon it, it will show itself with some touch of harmony and wholeness to grace it and justify it: it will be known to be taken into the large, sure handling of God. You speak of a deeper sense of the power of evil. That is a growing manifestation. I have felt it proctorially. Not with any new light, or surprise, exactly. The evil is not larger than I should have supposed. It is not worse; but it is felt to be so rooted, so resolute, so firm, so radical: it does not propose to repent; it does not deplore its own frailty and

suggest a change to come. It remains; and proposes to remain: in spite of all our efforts, it will have its way. It does not feel appeals: it lives its life out, unabashed. This is the sort of evil that one's own life does not prepare one to meet or expect.

Marriage

To a friend.—I am sure that the secret lies in what you said, *i.e.*, in giving more than you get. Each gets so much, that it tempts each to be overjoyed with the getting, and to rest content with the preciousness of the gift received. It is very blessed to receive so much. But it is still more blessed to give. And everything that is received ought to spur one up into an effort to give back yet more. "How can I give more than I get?" That is the question that should haunt. And, at the start, the woman seems to give everything: the man to get everything. And this has to be made up for, afterwards. The man's turn of giving comes. He must respect her, serve her, cherish her: at cost to himself: with self-denial, with restraint. Marriage often asks a very great deal of severe discipline from the man, as time goes on. There will be opportunities enough for him to practise self-sacrifice.

*The Church of England**

March, 1897. *To a friend.*—Newman might be excused, in the heat of the first revival, for deeming it an experiment. But it has long ceased to be an experiment. It has shown itself to be a vigorous historical fact, in the strength of which people can live out their lives, still assured that the Real Presence which they ever sought, with all its boons

* This letter was written when Father Maturin had just been received into the Roman Church. There is a story, by Mr. Wilfrid Parker, of a later saying about the Church of England: "Dr. Holland, the Archbishop of York, and I were driving out from Oxford in a motor to Cuddesdon, for the College Festival, in June 1911. When we got to the top of Horsepath Hill, at the point where the beautiful view of the Chilterns opens out, a large shapeless flight of starlings flew rapidly over our heads. Dr. Holland looked at them for a moment, and said, 'How like the Church of England! Nothing apparently keeping it together; and yet somehow getting along all the time. Dear little Anglican birds'!"

and energies, had never failed them on the Church's altars. All this is ours; though perplexities becloud, and uncertainties beleaguer, and cross-voices clash, and dead obstruction withholds, and worldliness chokes.

This is always what the Church has been in the world, on a large scale. Looking on at the great Roman Church from the perspective of history, it offers just the same spectacle of doubtful struggle. The claim to Infallibility only intensifies the strangeness of a sight in which the existence of Infallibility is itself so profoundly difficult to verify or make good. Struggle there must be: anxiety there must be: peril, confusion, contradiction. There is no escaping this. Only, through the cloud, the heart that is true finds the light reach it. In the thick of the trouble, the power is holding us fast. Asleep the Lord seems to those of little faith: but only to those. I never was more sure of the Grace that is with us than to-day.

Human Kindness

1897. *To a friend.*—Never throw over the mass of your fellows as hollow and vain and hypocritical. Never hold aloof from them in contempt or condemnation. Byron, with all his splendid gifts, left us such a sterile message: because he tried to despise those whom, as a poet, he was bound to love. He was himself quite as vain and selfish as the world which he decried. Everyone who denounces his fellows in hate and scorn, instead of in the fervour of his love for them, convicts himself. We are what our brothers are. We and they stand and fall together. If they are contemptible, so are we. If we are struggling after higher things, so are they. If we see visions, so do they. One fate; one flesh and blood; one story; one strife; one glory—this is the underlying secret of humanity, and the poet is only a poet so far as he recognises and interprets this deep unity. He must knit faster the human brotherhood. He must enter by force of pity and love into the heart of his brethren.

Circumstances

Aug. 1899. *To a friend.*—I have kept your plaintive letter: and hardly know how to comfort you. Only

consider how useless and utterly profitless must have felt to our Lord the pinched and cramping restraints of that poor Jew life in Nazareth. Outside, the splendours and treasures of Greece and Rome: all untouched by Him. What weapons, what materials, what instruments His Church was to find in those Gentile arts and philosophies. What would He not have made of them, done with them? Such good wealth, for the very purpose of His Life! Yet the petty resources of a bigoted Jew village were to be His only stock in trade.

And for 30 years—out of 33—He had no more! And could not even put these to use. Is not this unprofitable cramping? Is not this nasty, and damping, and meaningless poverty?

Yet, in accepting the limitation, He made it all His Sacrifice. He lifted it into Divine Acceptance. He gave it meaning, and value, in its very meanness and contempt.

As the Master, so the servant. It was not glorious endurance: it was hidden, stupid, barren poverty of environment. No one saw or knew. Can you not place yours in His, your hard stupid restraints within His? So give glory to God.

To Miss Arnold-Forster

Athens, April 22, 1886. *Death of Mr. W. E. Forster.*—Life is stretching itself out now for you, life with its old habitual needs, with its common tasks, with its necessary business; and all is to be without him, without the dignity and honour and interest and shelter of that dear presence, under the shadow of which you have for so long found your joy. There comes a silence, a dryness, a blank, a flatness, as one settles down to the new and poor and thinned existence.

Yet Easter, with its Passion and Resurrection, will speak to you with full meaning—speak not only of women sitting all day preparing spices for the beloved dead, or seeking him before dawn among the tombs—but of women sent back with a message of hope, of activity, of life, from the tomb itself—of women who must drop their spices and myrrh, and go back to urgent business, to rouse faint-hearted men, to bid them believe, and rise, and act, and

go to Galilee, and obey, and hope. "Woman, whom seekest thou?" The Lord is risen: is alive, is strong. He has work to do, and needs workers: and all who die in the Lord must send back to us the same message, "Woman, whom seekest thou? Go and tell those others what to do. Woman, why weepest thou? Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing?" Back we must turn, to work, to life. Back, not in forgetfulness of the dear dead, but in loyalty to their honour, to work in the silent undying thought of them, to work in obedience to their desire, to live as they would have us live, busy, urgent—more busy, more urgent, because they are gone: and their name goes with us, and their love follows and urges and inspires us. God bless you, and Mrs. Forster, in this your holy work, in this loyalty to him who was so dear to you.

To Miss May Talbot

May 26, 1897. *Death of Mary Burrows.*—There is no speech that is tolerable, in face of such a deadly blow. These are the things that force us to be silent and to feel for God's Hand, to hold by and to press. There is no lower comfort, short of the very highest. It is no good to take refuge in pleas and hopes. It is sheer ruin, so far as this world goes: it wrecks the brightest and most pure and healthy hopes imaginable. Everything demanded that she should live: God's work, man's joy. And she is dead. There is no trifling with sorrows like this. We must walk straight on, without a question, without a look behind. God is so good: and life is so small. That is all that we know. We cling to that. We refuse to fall back on anything else, but that. The thing is sheer unmitigated evil: but God can force even that to become good to those who trust Him. Now is His time. He alone can bring it out into victory. We watch: and pray: while He acts.

To Miss May Talbot

November, 1900. *Death of Helen Paget.*—Go near it. See the Dean, and the children, and dear Mary Church: and you are abashed by your own dismay. They, who are hit hardest, seem to know best what it means: they have

some secret: they see their way. There is hope, and light: faith never shakes. This is always the wonderful thing: that the nearer we go to sorrow, the more divine it becomes. The actual disaster itself is horrible: is cruel. There is no denying that. But God works His victory through the disaster itself: and wins His grace out of the very cruelty. He does not abolish it: but He smites it through and through with His transfiguration. Someday! Someday! we shall know. Come and talk. You had the joy of loving her, just before she passed.

To Mrs. Spencer Holland

Aug. 27, 1907. *Death of Mary Coleridge.*—I knew her so little: mainly, through you. But there was so much that was intimate, I should think, and distinct: with a quiet tender touch, that went home. Oh dear! Death is strangely troubling and sad. It traverses, it arrests, it defeats: it is cruel: it is aimless. Yet this cannot be its last word. It would be so hopelessly unmeaning, and irrational. And so we come round, with a swing, to the great deep beliefs, that are so terribly curtailed and veiled, and yet assure us that they have got somehow possession of the true secret which underlies it all. It must be very simple, and natural, over there.

To Mrs. Henry Powell

May 30, 1915.—This week has been simply terrible. The only strength comes from taking up all the old words of the Psalms and the Prophets, which tell of the wars and the terrors of unknown days long ago, and then giving oneself to take one's place with them, in their ranks. They knew it all. They went down into the deep waters. They suffered just these pangs of our's. And their record is *inside* the book of God's manifestation: it is part of His revelation. His light, His life, came to us by this road of pain.

They took their places in the heroic succession. So must we. Then we are, and not till then, on the road by which the Christ arrived. We must not fail them, or Him: we must fare as they fared: we must take their cries on

our lips. We stand with them: the mystery of God embraces us both. Let us not be afraid. Where they passed, we too can pass.

To Mr. Ivo Ward

Feb. 15, 1916. *During the last illness of his father, Mr. Wilfrid Ward.*—Every day as it passes is one more boon to thank God for, and has its added preciousness because of the peril and pain by which it has been won. "Sufficient unto the day"—there is the perpetual refrain in one's ears at such times. We can shut ourselves up inside the day, inside the hour, inside the moment, and make it eternal by refusing to go outside it, and by deeming it enough to find God within its limits. We can shut ourselves up inside it with Him: not asking why, nor how long, nor where, nor what will follow. It is enough that the moment itself is our own, and can be lived through and is our possession, and carries its own sufficing grace with it. So we can move from point to point, master of each and mastered by none. For God is always sufficient for the evil that is, and will always be too strong for any evil to snatch us out of His Hand.

PART IV

I

FROM 1911 TO AUGUST, 1914

HE was sixty-four, and had been for twenty-six years in London, when he came back to Oxford. His house in Tom Quad, " Dr. Holland's lodgings," was next the Deanery, on the side facing the Hall. He put his name on the door : it was the first brass-plate in the Quad : he was warned that he might be rung-up to attend a confinement, and he said that Miss Hancock would be able to act in that emergency. He was charmed with his new house ; especially, with the garden behind it. His brother writes :—

The drawing-room upstairs was a splendid lofty room, with long windows facing both the Quad and his garden : a fine replica of the portrait of Wolsey in the Hall was over the fire-place : there was the piano which had been chosen for Miss Gifford by Otto Goldschmidt : and comfortable settees : and tables strewn with books. In the dining-room were portraits of former Regius Professors of Divinity ; which belonged to the house, not to him. The study was a delightful room : panelled walls, long rows of books, a big writing-table crowded with papers and with photographs of friends and of god-children ; and a cottage piano. Beyond the study, was his prayer-room.

But the garden was the great novelty of Scott's last home. He had never before shown much interest in flowers or plants : but his garden here was a new pleasure for him. He watched carefully the planting of some rose-trees from Longworth : the creepers, the full border of annuals, the massive old fig-tree, the little garden-strips belonging to

the maids, and Miss Hancock's famous chicken-run, all were objects of his interest: the hens had their nicknames, and wonderful histories of egg and chicken triumphs. In 1917, he writes, "You will see the wonderful chickens. Eggs pouring in. Three broods of chicks, expanding." And in 1918, "Eight eggs from nine pullets. An avalanche." He would rush visitors straight out into the garden on their arrival: and here on the long white seat he would sit and work and read, as he never could in London. The thrushes and blackbirds were a great attraction: there was a bird-bath on the lawn: a supposed mésalliance between a blackbird and a thrush was much commented on, but the female turned out to be only a rusty-brown blackbird, and the scandal was averted: natural history was not his strong point. A thrush sang beautifully in the tree near his bedroom window, as he lay dying: and he used to call our attention to it.

He was happy enough, up to August, 1914. He felt the Cathedral services, after St. Paul's, "rather limp and worshipless": and he obtained leave for a week-day celebration in the Latin Chapel, at which the communicants came up, in the usual way, to the altar. (At the chief service in Cathedral, the bread and wine are carried round to them.) He found many changes in Oxford; but he was prepared for that: indeed, he had helped to start them, thirty years ago. Nor was he without the devotion of younger men: though he pretended that he had only one disciple. Of his lectures, Dr. Strong has written:—

As a lecturer, Dr. Holland did not attract a large class: he lectured on central problems of theology, rather than subjects which are useful for the schools. He was always interested in the connexion of natural and revealed religion: in the historical basis of the faith, and its relation to Christian doctrine: in the ethical results of Christianity. The subjects of lectures announced by him reflect these interests. It is in this part of his work that the war has caused the most serious disturbance. He always exercised a wonderful

attraction upon the undergraduates who came in contact with him: and if it had not been for the war, one can hardly doubt that he would have come to his own, and would have been recognised as the great teacher he really was.

As Regius Professor, he alone decided the acceptance of theses for the divinity degrees: he exacted a very high level of attainment, and thus raised the standard of the degrees. He was in favour of instituting a diploma in theology: this was the subject of his last speech in Convocation. And he worked hard at the plan to provide training, in Oxford, for candidates for holy orders. But the one episode which aroused public attention and overwhelming opposition (1912–13), was his proposal to throw open the divinity degrees. He held resolutely to it, that "a University, composed of all sorts and conditions without regard to any fundamental principles of faith cannot, of course, undertake to act on behalf of any one particular religious body, or give a preferential right in its degrees to any such body." He states his position, in April, 1912, in Commonwealth:—

The Oxford Professors of Theology, together with the Dean of Christ Church, have taken the initiative in proposing to the Hebdomadal Council that the degrees in divinity, and the examinerships in the divinity school, shall no longer be confined to priests of the Church of England, but should be laid open to all who can approve themselves to the University as having attained to a certain scientific standard of knowledge in this special department of human experience. This is the only ground which the University, as such, can take. It can apply an intellectual test, without any reference to belief. The Professors and Lecturers will give instruction in whatever matters that belong to the subject: and they can do this in full and free regard to the creed professed by the body to which they individually belong. The Anglican Chairs will expound the Anglican position.

The Roman, the Congregationalist, the Unitarian, will declare their own reasoned convictions. The Student of Comparative Religion will say his say. Only, the examination in the school and for the degree will have but one standard to apply to all the work brought before it—the standard of intellectual efficiency. This is perfectly practicable and intelligible and reasonable. It will clear the air of all subterfuges, and the stage of all vexatious preferences. It will rescue the Church of England from the odium of special privileges, and from the very doubtful position of having her representative exponents certified for her by a body that has ceased to be qualified for the responsibility. It will be helpful all round if the Church itself volunteers to get rid of the limitations which, while doing it no honour, exclude others who have, on the intellectual side, as good a right to win a University recognition as any of those whom the Church can produce.

In July, 1912, he emphasises this distinction between the teaching of divinity and the examining in divinity. "The University has no conceivable right to step in at any point, and determine for the teacher what and how much of his creed he may teach. It can examine the subject, and appraise it. It can judge who is qualified to teach in his own subject. But there it stops. . . . If the teaching given is to be in any way controlled and directed by the dogmatic or undogmatic preferences of the University, all sincerity and all vitality will die out of it." In January, 1913, he writes hopefully: "The policy of opening the divinity degrees, which was initiated by the Oxford Professors, has now taken some real effect at both Universities. The first vote has been passed at each place by very large majorities, at Cambridge in a very big House by a majority of 104, at Oxford in Congregation by a vote of 184 to 35." He explains carefully, this January, and again in April, that the Professors and Lecturers are to be absolutely free, and that the University is to be asked simply for "an

intellectual valuation of work offered to its scientific judgment" :—

We are considering the conditions under which a learned University, open to members of every possible creed, can properly handle theological questions. It cannot omit them, for, by so doing, it would cut itself off from the highest and most vital department of human experience. It cannot take up a dogmatic position without abandoning its claim to be a national educational institution. It certainly can no longer be asked to ignore the existence of all theology that is not produced by priests of the Church of England. It cannot confine itself to Christianity without undertaking to define what Christianity is. It cannot adopt the undenominational minimum of all the Christian bodies: for then it would leave out all that makes Christianity full, rich, and varied. It cannot select any test without falsifying its profession of being open to all, whatever their belief. What then is it to do? There is no ground left for it but that of pure knowledge: and that ground is clear, and firm, and adequate for academic purposes.

There was an outcry against this well-balanced plan: Convocation was summoned, and came plunging into its intricacies, on April 29, 1913; and upset it, for the time being, by the largest majority seen in Oxford since the days of the Tractarians. He writes to Mrs. Spencer Holland :—

I had got to accepting the blow, before it came. It was inevitable: we had asked too much of the outsiders, who cannot understand the situation here. But I did not think that it would be quite so downright and smashing. And I do think that they might have shown some faint trust in our not being mere weak betrayers. It was too stupid of them. Our whole record seemed to go for nothing. Their timidity shames me: and their total lack of generosity and justice towards those outside the Church, in their rejection of the statute about the examiners. Up here, that hardly needed discussing. Everybody knew that it

was a mere matter of equity. We are " done " for a time. Now what I dread is a compromise—so easy, on the word " Christian." I mercifully kept very well : and for a wonder my nerves did not " go," as they usually do now under any worry. Alice fed me up on mysterious treacles. I am really very well again.

In 1911, he published " Our Neighbours," one of the Handbooks of the Christian Social Union ; and contributed to a series of essays and sermons published in book-form, under the title " Miracles," in reply to Mr. J. M. Thompson's book, " Miracles in the New Testament."

During 1912–1914, he shared the editorship of Commonwealth with Mr. Harold Anson, who had for some time been helping him. In March, 1912, he writes, " I am going to make a big proposal to you : and that is that you should seriously consider whether you could not take on Commonwealth. I do not think I can possibly go on doing it from here, and the time must come very soon, when I give it up ; and it would be perfectly splendid, I think, if you could manage it. Now don't be staggered by the proposal, but consider it kindly. We cannot possibly let Commonwealth die out. I think it would be a betrayal. It has got a position which it would be wrong to abandon." In Nov. 1914, he writes of some difference of outlook between them : " Commonwealth has many tendencies which are far removed from the old position : but these have all come to those who were Tractarians once. It has tried to express the opening-out which has come to the old situation : and this has been its motive and inspiration. We started from a point back there : and I have always felt this to be its office, to show how the old Sacramental position held in it these new possibilities."

There is a group of letters, in 1911, on the story of the healing of the man born blind (St. John, ch. ix.). Mr. C. H. S.

Matthews had sent an article to Commonwealth, in which the literal meaning of the story was called in question.

To Mr. Harold Anson

April 28.—Why, oh why, should he select that particular miracle, of the man born blind, as a type of what may be left uncertain? Surely it is the very best story in the world. I cannot conceive anybody really reading it and doubting it. Every detail is a joy and an assurance, and the writer is revelling in the mere detail itself as a human document. It is the cardinal case where he shews his passionate love for fact and history. A great deal of the story, in fact the whole of it, has no allegorical meaning of any sort. It is impossible for Loisy to discover the faintest ghost of a spiritual allusion. It is fact for fact's sake, and fact in its most delightful form. He never requires to go behind the fact; he finds satisfaction in the fact as such. Just read about the parents and all that they say. Where are you going to find theology in that? And of course, as to the particular miracle, it is just one of the symptomatic wonders which we all believe to be perfectly possible now.* You are never going to strip our Lord's life of the healings. You cannot do it without destroying the authority of the whole story. Just consider the absolutely authentic saying of the Lord asking how it mattered whether He said "Thy sins are forgiven" or "Arise and walk."

I think the line Matthews has taken is perfectly fatal, and he has chosen the very worst instance in the world in the story of the blind man. I would like him to reconsider this particular tale and the suggestion that you can lightly drop all the healings. I can quite understand cases which are much harder and where it is well to tell people that they need not worry.

* No doctor would admit that the miraculous healing of a case of congenital blindness could be regarded as a "symptomatic" wonder. But any doctor might well admit that the Pharisees did "go into the case." The whole feel of the talk is like the feel of question and answer in a Hospital out-patient department.

To Mr. C. H. S. Matthews

May 6.—If this incident of the blind man really did happen, then this is just the way in which it must have been told. It hangs together at every point: and if this is not a genuine story, then I think we have no test by which to say what is. Just consider the psychology of the blind man himself, how he is driven on from point to point by the opposition; and then the fun of the thing, as the opposition come round and round time after time to the same thing, and ask him to say again what had happened. This is just what we always do when we are in difficulties. And he is driven to say, "I told you before: if you did not believe me then, what is the good of telling you again?" And the funk of the parents, and the way they shove it off, etc., etc. To me it is extraordinarily convincing as a document.

In 1913, in a series of essays on "Property, its Duties and Rights," edited with an introduction by Bishop Gore, he published an essay on "Property and Personality." It is a notable example of his use of philosophy in economics:—

Personality lies in the relation of person to person. A personality is what it is only by virtue of its power to transcend itself and to enter into the life of another. It lives by interpenetration, by intercourse, by communion. Its power of life is love. There is no such thing as a solitary, isolated person. A self-contained personality is a contradiction in terms. What we mean by personality is a capacity for intercourse, a capacity for retaining self-identity by and through identification with others—a capacity for friendship, for communion, for fellowship. Hence the true logic of personality compels us to discover the man's personal worth in the inherent necessity of a society in which it is realized. Society is, simply, the expression of the social inter-communion of spirit with spirit which constitutes what we mean by personality. Fellowship and Individuality are correlative terms.

. . . And if the individual is to identify his personal claim with the claim of the fellowship, he must have the assurance that the fellowship is not arbitrary or absolute in the demands that it makes upon him. And this assurance he can only have if the exercise of its ownership by the fellowship, within which his own right of ownership is exercised, be itself the expression of that absolute ownership which is the sole prerogative of the God Who made the earth and all that is in it. Back to God all rights run. Back in Him, the ultimate Creator, producing and sustaining and justifying every capacity and energy that His will has set in action, all ownership stands. All claims are made by Him, through Him, to Him. His righteousness is the bond of all human fellowship. And this is so, just because property in outward goods is but the outcome of personality; and all human personality is the issue and image of the personality of God. In the Divine Fellowship in which God realizes Himself, lies the source and justification of every fellowship into which man can enter. Man's authority to say of anything "That is mine" rests, finally, on his power to say "I am God's."

In 1914, there are two letters to Dr. Talbot; one a birthday letter, the other on Arthur Holland's sudden death:—

Feb. 19.—Is it really true that you are seventy? It is simply ludicrous. I remember when you were seventy. It was about 40 years ago. Since then, you have been steadily taking off decades: every year has found you younger than the last. Taking 40 years from 70, this would make you just 20 now. And I think that is just about right. That is what it strikes me to-day, as just representing your temper and vitality. It is a delicious retrogression to watch —a glorious Recessional, full of good cheer, always recoiling for a better leap into futurity.

Nov. 13.—He had hurried to a Board meeting; and had strained his heart. It was merciful that the end should come that way. He knew his risks, and had made all ready. He was the most unselfish creature in all the world. He was made to dedicate himself to some one whom he loved: he could not live except in this mood. And why it

was not a wife and child, God knows! We had such a specially happy holiday together this August. Earth is emptying fast.*

His holidays, in these later years, were mostly with his brothers and Mrs. Spencer Holland, in some quiet corner of England: he writes of the Bowling Green Inn at Ludlow, "white and delicate like the dream of a Christmas card": and of Caerdem, near Barmouth—"the loveliness of this place, hung-up like a dream in the most beautiful corner of North Wales, with the sea creeping over the sands under the wooded hills": and of Abinger Hatch—"this place is far lovelier than any dream, and runs Paradise hard. Just perfect. And people leave it to go to Switzerland. So I am credibly informed. Well, I never!"

On these holidays, he delighted in motoring: he had at last left off bicycling, nor could he take long walks. His brother remembers, that "Writing and reading occupied the mornings, and for this my wife became a constant resource; she read aloud the heavier books engaging his attention: my part was reserved for the evening readings of novels or biographies, in which my brother Arthur gallantly assisted. Places of interest were visited: but Scott was very rapid in sight-seeing; the points of churches

* His brother's body was cremated: and he wrote a prayer, which was said at the burial of the ashes: "Almighty and most merciful God, Who hast made us out of the dust, that we may live in the Spirit: Whose love is a consuming fire, to cleanse and purify: we commend to Thy keeping the soul of Thy servant Arthur, that he may abide in Thy pardon and peace. And here we lay, in the kindly earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, all that is yet left in our hands of the body in which he showed himself alive, to our love and delight. Grant, O dear Lord, that in the day of Thy coming, he may be reclothed in spiritual vesture: so that once again we may know him as of old, and may see his face, and hear his voice and touch his hand: that he may be to us all that he has ever been: only changed and hallowed by Thy transfiguring power: in the one Body, by the one Spirit; that, together, we may praise Thy Holy Name for ever and ever. Through Jesus Christ, our Redeemer and our King."

were quickly grasped, and monuments and windows quickly disposed of. At Stratford-on-Avon, he raced through Shakespeare's House far in advance of the custodian and his party, and we found him in the motor, impatient to be off and shouting 'Arpon, Arpon,' his name for Arthur, who was laboriously studying every relic. Scott disliked castles and their dungeons and blackholes; and at Ludlow, only the mediæval house in the castle-yard engaged his attention."

Especially, he was fond of Crossways, the Spencer Hollands' house on Berkhamsted Common, which Paul Waterhouse built for them. He helped to choose the site, and buried a penny where the first earth was turned, and blessed the site then and there; and wrote, before his first visit, "Are you in it? Is it true? God bless you both in it. Blessings on your going-out and your coming-in. Blessings on doorposts and hearth. Blessings on roof and lintel. Blessings on the days and on the nights in it." He preferred its Georgian style to the Early English style: "Your's is real, right, more true to our present nature, more entirely homelike, more natural. It is a better thing. And it has a singular power in it, which belongs to the steady shapely residential look of it. It is so good, so right-minded, so satisfying. Every year, it will become more loveable, as it lays itself alongside to Nature, and takes on her spirit of growth." Besides, Mrs. Holland gave him good music: as he wrote after a stay there, "The enrichment of the music, flowing through it all, fed the bones."

Musicians have said that his listening inspired them. His love of music is in his letters, his notes in Commonwealth, his books: for instance, his sermon on "The Spirit and its Interpretation" (*Logic and Life*), and his description of Elgar's Gerontius, in "The Dignity of Death" (*Vital*

Values). Among his work for Church music,* he was part-editor of the English Hymnal (1906) and of the New Cathedral Psalter (1908); and he introduced, at St. Paul's, the use of Brahms' Requiem. In "Appreciations," Miss Gregory writes—

Alike at home and in the Cathedral, Canon Holland had no greater delight and refreshment than music. If he could not get it made for him in his house by a friend, a neighbour, a choir-boy, a secretary, he would make it for himself: and on summer evenings, with the windows open, strains from the little red-bound volumes he entitled "The Simple-minded Organist" would float through Amen Court. The invitation, *Come to a concert*, found an instant response. . . . Little notes of congratulation to all concerned would run round after a newly adapted Palestrina Mass, or a specially glorious Passion-music. His joy in an anthem would be flashed across stalls and choir to a sympathiser. "The collects for the Queen and Royal Family," he said, "are the bannisters whereby you slide back to earth in time to pray for the clergy."

He passionately enjoyed the good things of art; but he never gushed or flattered: as Philip Waggett says of him, "there was a certain ruthless incorruptibility of judgment." He would go quickly through a picture-gallery, rush through a book, and be "ecstatic" over a concert; but he would not fail to detect anything second-rate or insincere. He got keen delight from all that was best in the art of his own time, nor was he frightened of "art for art's sake"; but he laughed at modernity for modernity's sake: he had lived in the company of the Immortals, and he did not admire the strange gods that were coming into

* There is a letter, in 1907, to Mr. Martin Shaw, "I was much struck by the strength and decision of your Te Deum. It seemed to be framed exactly on the lines of true ecclesiastical music; and to possess dignity, massiveness, and reserve. Everything about it was wholesome and manly, and there were no fanciful or artificial episodes."

vogue toward the end of his life. In poetry and music, at the last, he rested in Wordsworth and Mozart. So far back as 1869, he had said of Don Giovanni, " Such melody has never been written since, or ever will be " : and on his last Christmas Day, 1917, he gave to Mrs. Spencer Holland the Life of Mozart, by Holmes, with this inscription— " Music and magic in the soul. That is Mozart. That is Home. That is Memory. That is Love. And all this has come to me through Crossways."

Other inscriptions, in books that he gave her, may be noted here. In *Paracelsus*, " For Alice, to lighten the dark days with the news of one who aspires and attains." In *Aucassin and Nicolette*, " Far from bed and from bacilli, these two children of romance tottered out on their adventure of love long ago. We can do just as well, in spite of all the beds and bacilli." In a rather over-illustrated edition of *The Blessed Damozel*, " You can cut out the pictures, and leave the poem better. So let youth's pictures go, and the poem of life will but deepen." Last of all, to Spencer Holland, in a Life of Dante, " In grateful thanks for patient loyalty to the heart of brotherhood, kept alive and warm in a stricken Earth. Xmas, 1917."

II

FROM AUGUST, 1914 TO MARCH, 1918

To Laurence Stratford

Aug. 26, 1914.—War is Hell. We cling to that, whatever else comes out of it. Christ can harrow Hell. But it is Hell that He harrows. I have said what I have to say in 'Commonwealth.' You will see how we agree. Only I will not allow that all the weary idiots have been right. My one comfort now is to remember that I never insisted on War as inevitable, never shouted Armaments, never saw the Kaiser as the one unspeakable devil. It is just this which I denounce in the Germans. By talking like this, they have made war inevitable. Our folk who did it are open to the same damning charge. The White Paper shows how easily this war could have been avoided. It was within an ace of being avoided. Only, the ruthless and sudden bolt from the blue of the German Kaiser did it. And the wicked Austria: the wickedest of all. It could have been saved. Grey all but saved it. It was *not* inevitable. This is my strong comfort. I never helped to make it inevitable. They did.

To Neville Talbot

Sept. 6.—We spend the days in sickening fears: and still the authorities keep everything back, and tell us nothing. It is a most stupid and cruel policy. We are ready to hold on like grim death. We must secure a Torres Vedras, and clutch, and never loosen our grip. If only the French had had a firmer strategy. If it had not been for our left wing, they would have crumpled up. Oh dear! how

ghastly it is. Only, every day reveals the black blind horror of Prussianism. It is the very devil. It has to be fought: and killed. It is the last word in iniquity. I could not have believed that man could be so diabolical.

To Frank Thorne *

Sept. 10.—Don't say there is no soul in fighting. Do you see how much the individual intelligence and self-control have enabled us to do so gloriously in open order? Spirit wins. And the character built-up in Peace is the one that counts in War. The paradox of Christianity and War falls *within* Christ Himself. He is dumb before his shearers: yet a sharp sword goes out of His mouth. He yields: yet he judges. On His cross of surrender, he strips powers and principalities. He binds the strong man, and strips him of his armour. He rides out conquering and to conquer.

War is right when it is fought on behalf of Peace—to rescue the honour of Christian Peace—without which

* Mr. Frank Thorne was reading for his Final Schools when the War came and he enlisted. He writes of Dr. Holland, "There he was, in the corner of Tom, always the same, always ready to receive us and laugh with us if we were happy, or to inspire us afresh. I have countless memories of hilarious lunches with him, when in the eagerness of talking he would quite forget to carve, or make a sudden dart at quite the wrong end of the beast. And better still, there were quiet dinners with him alone, and long evenings in the library afterwards, with music and talk and poetry read aloud—particularly T. E. Brown, in whom he delighted—and, at the end, a few short prayers in his little oratory. . . . I remember going once to a Bach Choir festival with him, and at the conclusion of a triumphant chorale he, quite carried away, himself burst out into song, to the amazed amusement of all near him. . . . But of all memories of him, those connected with the Cathedral are the dearest. The Tuesday celebrations in the Latin Chapel (which he started when he came)—at which he made the words live as no one else did, and after the consecration stood with his arms flung out above his head or wide from the shoulder, carrying us up in the strength of his spirit—were a consummation of all that he was to us." Mr. Thorne remembers an evening in August or September, 1914: "After dinner, we were talking of Germany and all that she had done that made it so difficult to do anything but hate her and her people for ever. Suddenly he said, 'Do you want to love the Germans?' I said yes, and he rushed off to his piano, and began to play the tenderest German folk-songs, crooning them over the while, in the way he had, his face alight with joy—you know how music carried him up to heaven."

honour it would be no Peace of Christ. I keep singing "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more" . . . Be comforted, dearest child. You are in Him. My whole heart is crying after you.

To Neville Talbot

Nov. 25.—Urquhart was all wrong. This surrender of the vindication of God's Righteousness here on earth is desperate. We are eschatologists. God *must* win. We cannot have anything less. And it would be horrid to take this life as merely measured by its usefulness for our own personal soul's good. This is sheer individualism. *I* am made the centre: and can adapt all this world-anguish to my own spiritual development. Kings and nations may welter in blood: but I have got profit for my own soul out of it: and that will justify it. That won't do, will it? We have got to go one better than the Jew. We can afford to suffer and fail. But we do not abandon his great unconquerable demand that God's good Name shall verify itself here and now. This earth is to be redeemed. We must cling to this.

Dec. 13.—I can understand your wails from the trenches, as you feel the frightful stress. But you must not think so hardly of the workers at home. The men are still pouring in, 30,000 a week: even from the centres where trade is rising and even roaring. Manchester is giving them in swarms, where work is to be had in good plenty. In the Durham Pits, pits are closing down, for lack of men gone to the war: though prices run high. And the Wales tinplate trade is trying in vain to keep men from joining by bribes of wages at 6, 8, and even £10 a week. We have all that we can house, feed, or drill. They are drilling splendidly: they are of good grit: they are coming fast to the scratch: they will be ready for the times given them by Kitchener. . . . We must remember how hard a venture it is for the artisan: into whom it has been burned, by many a bitter experience, that to join the army is to wreck himself for the labour market, into which it is so difficult for him to recover his footing. The old soldier too often has found himself a displaced outcast.

1915

To Frank Thorne

March 14.—Don't be troubled about the spiritual aloofness. It is all right. You are greatly pre-occupied. You have to hold on faithfully and loyally: and not ask why and when you feel, and why and when you don't feel. There are times and times: they come and go: they are beyond our bidding or control. Only our will is our own, and our loyalty in adherence to the living Christ. God will bless you with his own blessing in His own way and time, dear. . . . You will laugh, if you hear that I am going across to Havre to talk to Tommies in Easter week. I half think I shall. But I am a poor old dotty crock—and it may be absurd of me to think that I can do it.

He had only a week in France: doubtless his friends were anxious over his health, and would not plan for him to stay longer. He set himself to tell men that we at home were indeed thinking of them and caring for them. His letters to Miss Alice Hancock were just to assure her that all was going well with him :—

Boncourt, Monday night.—It is 8.30, and I have drunk small beer and eaten an omelette. We get to Rouen at midnight! Think of that! The passage was splendid—with a bubbling sea, and cold wind, but all well. Destroyers curled round us. I got out safety waistcoat: but it is too silly: and I shall give it away. The inventor presented it. Goodbye. Be happy.

Havre, Thursday.—Here at last, 7.30 last night. Have got nice rooms: and an airy street: quite decent food: civil gushing woman to wait, etc. I have settled up my days of work here, just each evening, in varying huts: a good deal of talking. I am quite well in spite of every mischance on the journey. We got to Rouen at just past midnight: walked in pouring rain to a very poor hotel: wretched rooms: however, no fleas: saw the glories of Rouen. . . . Now I have come all the way, I must make it worth while. Be quite happy over me. *Friday.*—Did

the first hut last night. I am keeping very well: the sea-air is splendid: we do capitally at the lodgings, so you need not fret: food and beds quite right.

Base Camp, Harfleur. Sunday.—I came off at 7.30 to celebrate in Camp: and two Parade sermons at 9.30 and 10.30: and now sit resting and writing in this nice hut, with people infinitely kind to me. I am waiting for an evening address in a hut at 7, before being whirled back in motor to Havre. I think I must risk the straight passage home: it is far the easiest journey: the railways are quite awful. This is perfectly easy, if only the weather holds: it is perfect now: with exquisite sun in this beautiful valley, in the thick of an enormous Camp. You never saw anything like it. Very finely organised: and Tommies in thousands, quite divine. I am keeping splendidly well: and survive cold motor rides over rolling stones at night, after hot talks. So all is right. Keep very well: don't worry over the house.

In July, "A Bundle of Memories" was published. He writes to Mrs. Talbot, July 9:—

I hardly thought that I should be brought to book or bed again, and have yet another little pledge to send to your faithful and pardoning welcome. But the thing had to be born, after all. It could not help itself. It is "the Gilbert" of the flock. And so, with Gilbert in our heart, it may go its way to you, just to pray a blessing on your own latter-day child. It is something to be able to give you anything which may witness to my loyal affection for you in this your hour of stress. We have had so many joy-days to remember together. Now, under the cloud, we may feel, with an even deeper sense, the bonds that bind, and the memories that can never die. This poor Bundle is charged with sad irony, because it is trying so hard to be happy. But you will forgive it its quips and quirks, if it, also, speaks to you of the love that, now, when sorrow presses, lays itself down at your feet.

On July 26, he writes to Neville Talbot, who had urged him to write an account of his life, especially of his early Oxford life:—

How nobly you play up to me, my own and only disciple. It is so comforting and strengthening. But I could not do what you want yet awhile. I must think. It was all very ordinary, I fancy: with some very fortunate arrests when I was declining down a wrong road. Anyhow, if I never do it, it is beautiful of you to want it done. I am quaking and praying over Gilbert in his crater. . . . Was not the end of the strike merciful? Could anything have shown up the limitations of compulsion more absolutely? The Government is terribly afraid of acting on the coal prices and the profits. Yet everything turns on this. I am sending you the most delicious volume of Chesterton. At all dark hours, you can read the lyric on F. E. Smith, and be cheered: then, the Nativity hymns are gorgeous, "The House of Christmas": and the Wise Men who are so afraid they will miss the way because it is so plain: and the Vigil of Earth—all glorious. I saw him last week, so far better than he has ever been.

To Frank Thorne

Sept. 23.—Here, we poor troubled ghosts still haunt the ancient shades, creeping moodily round forlorn courts, and longing for a whoop in Peck, or a scurry of running feet round Tom at night. . . . There is a wonderful poem in the Spectator for Sept. 11, which I must get for you, 'Christ in Flanders.' If only we can pull off the dreadful Dardanelles! I lie in bed quaking over it. Then things might begin to end. Come back alive, dear child, to my heart.

Dec. 5.—It was delicious to hear that the Mediterranean Sea did not disappoint you, but that it did its plain duty, and was actually blue. It was noble of it to inspire you so generously: and it must have done its very best to atone for the War which enabled you to see it. Did you run under Crete or any of those long brown sun-burnt Islands? so bare, yet so responsive to sunlight, clothing themselves in every delicate colour, and lifting fabulous cliffs high in air. They turn so cold and grey when the sun is off: as the colour comes again, it is just like the transfiguration of a smile on a worn face. Where are you? How I long to know. There are such possibilities: and such risks: and

such adventures: and such surprises. Here, we plod on in rain. Everybody is gone to something. We old crocks carry on our pretence. The Dean is amazingly effective. The choir is shrinking visibly before our eyes: all the basses are in khaki: soon, we shall stop singing. Keep what you are, dear boy, my son. My heart travels with you, my prayers follow after you. Come back, if you can. Goodbye. May Christ seal you His.

Jan. 4, 1916.—The Dean reports you to be in sight of the Home of the Gods. So we conclude Salonika. All the Islands are round you. They go in and out: and lose all their souls in a grey nothingness: and then the sun is out and they are shining like living creatures—topaz and jacinth and amethyst. Never were there such swift incarnations. But you—are you booted and spurred? and muddy and hoarse? Can you combine Tommy and the Gods of Olympus? I long to know. . . . We are sound at home—for all that they may say. And the workers are absolutely resolute on the main policy of the War. Don't believe anything else. There is a lovely little volume of Morris' Socialist poems out: and Robert Bridges' Anthology is a fine appeal. Keep in Christ, dearest lad, wherever you are.

1916

To J. W. Williams, Bishop of Kaffraria

June 5.—We are just recovering from the agonies of last Saturday, when the first news of the awful losses at sea fell upon us. Personally, we have lost the most noble fellow in Christ Church, our Senior Censor, a glorious and heroic figure, Charles Fisher, our pride and joy and power.* . . . At home, we hold together well: and Labour is playing up nobly. It is really exhausting itself in the terrible

* To another friend: "I always fell under the sway of his splendid presence. And he looked as if there was so much to come. That Admiral's face of his found its way to the right place, and he was playing his part in the very central action of the ship, to the last moment, in the conning tower, by the side of a captain whom he adored. He has ended gloriously. Only, we are thinned down, and cheapened, and robbed of our light and joy."

strain of work, night and day. Our chaplain, Parker, who has been in Egypt against the Senussi, gives a splendid account of your South Africans. They are the best colonial soldiers of all: and so far better behaved and under control than the Australians. They made a great impression in Egypt, by this contrast.

During July, he was at Comrie, near Crieff, in Perthshire: he took duty at the church, and preached twice every Sunday: the little church had not a pulpit, and he used to stand or pace up and down in front of the altar rails. He writes from Comrie to Mr. Donaldson, vicar of St. Mark's, Leicester. The National Mission was to be in October: he was distressed over a series of pamphlets prepared for it by a group of High Churchmen—the 'spiky' papers, as he calls them: and he consented to edit a better series:—

The spiky papers are very repellent, and often stupid. I quite see how important it is to hurry up a better set, to represent the true Catholic Faith. I am trying hard. It will work, I think. Carey has written me a very good paper on "Forgiveness." Would you try a human paper on the Saints? not unreal: nor "ecclesiastical": but giving them their natural places in the praying and witnessing Body? Could this not be done in a way that would commend itself as reasonable and right? We must not pretend that we know everything about the "Far World," when we know so very very little: and we must not rest our case on fanciful speculations as to what happened to Enoch: or what we should like to believe. But a true full recognition of the continuity of the Body of Christ would give us our Saints in action. Could you? Would you? Quite short. Do.*

* The supervising editors of the series were Dr. Holland and Dr. Stanton, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge: the general editor was Mr. G. K. A. Bell, chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The series was entitled 'New Tracts on the Creed.' Fourteen papers were published; including one by Dr. Holland. They were afterwards published in book-form, "The Meaning of the Creed."

To Neville Talbot

July 31.—This murder of the Brussels' captain revolts me more than Nurse Cavell. The blinded conscience, that has lied itself out of life, is an appalling phenomenon. All moral perspective has ceased. There is a readiness to use a lie, as a lie, and to use it to oneself, to deceive one's own conscience, which carries one outside all human experience. It is done, too, in such cold blood, a year and a half after the possible offence: there is no panic or rage to be urged: for, after all, the submarine was never touched. These *lies*, all along, have utterly baffled me. They betray an abyss which I have no means of measuring.

We are growing to the Mission, I think. And the idea of corporate sin is slowly laying hold. What will exactly happen, no one can say. It is all hidden work, as yet. Gore came back from a conference at Mirfield more full of hope than at any time in his life. So he told us. We do not cohere at the Central Mission Council; and I came out rather miserable from all its discussions: we generally get hopelessly at sea: but the separate Committees are working well, with heart and joy. . . . Next week, I take one of the five retreats for Gore's clergy: mine is in Queen's: 120 clergy. Gore is at Radley, for another. Tommy still sits on the whirlwind, and controls the storm. He is perfect.

To Frank Thorne

Oct. 6.—I am really in retreat at Cuddesdon: which must sound incredibly remote from all that you are seeing and enduring. So let me, out of its blessed peace, send you one little word of greeting and affection. . . . I had a month in Scotland, taking charge of Comrie, the loveliest spot on earth. Do you know Highland glories? At the end, old Haldane came for a two hours' talk: and unburdened his soul: and let me record his record of all the interviews with Kaiser and Tirpitz and Chancellor, etc. His case is absolutely good. He was perfectly frank over them. When the papers come out, we shall all confess our sins. And we owe it to him that we had the finest little army ever put into the field ready to sail the moment it was wanted. He is easing his soul now with philosophy,

his first love. Oxford begins next week: and we shall be more entirely a Camp than ever. Our 200 flying-men keep Ch. Ch. alive: and now and again Peck wakes to quite its historic noises. We are all at the Mission, and are placarding our clerical failings on every high hill. There has been a great effort. Every parson has been swept into retreat. If only something follows! Goodbye, dear. Keep your true self just what it was; and you will do. Come home safe, if you can. God is yours, and you are His.

To Walter H. Carey

Exeter, Dec. 16.—I have been ordered off for rest and am on my way to Newquay with dear Winton and his wife, both crooked by 'flu. We are all to recoup together. I shall have to go slowly. I expect I am very, very old. Mercifully, you are young. We will keep our Pagets and Moberlys. But you cannot be like one of them; can you? Only, you can keep your heart open to their worth. That is a great thing to do. We want all sorts: we want the joy of infinite variation: we want to do our own bit all the better, because there are so many other bits to be done of which we cannot even grasp the secret. All along the past we have got into tricks of hugging our own: seeing nothing but the beauty and glory of what we see: and using our own vocation so as to make us blind to other types of calls. Now, we are hungering for rich comprehension.

As to cheerfulness. I read in my favourite 'Œuvre des Jeunes' of the Dominican ideal—so austere and high, yet with a great insistance on the necessity of always retaining the note of joy, supreme and unbroken: the joy of having come through: the joy of knowing that nothing can beat you under.

Marius the Epicurean always haunts me with its picture of the blytheness of Christians, who had faced all the evil facts, and disguised nothing, but abode blythe over against the anxious, strained, cheerless virtue of Marcus Aurelius.

Have you read your Quick? He is our real young man: the best of them all: 'Essays in Orthodoxy.' He flings over the Streeter impasse.

I will send you a tiny lecture on eschatology, which I

rather believe in.* Bless you for Xmas. Christ is born, after all.

He and Dr. and Mrs. Talbot were at Newquay for three weeks: invalids, all of them. But "the weather was so kindly: and the hotel so friendly and hospitable: and the books we read so brilliant and repaying: and we all three kept getting well." He writes, on Christmas Eve, to Mrs. Spencer Holland, "You ought to have seen the roaring seas of yesterday: superb. To-day it is all gentleness: purring over yesterday's thrills. So Christmas comes. We can warm our own hearts' hands over each others' hearts' fires: he, you, and I, the little knot—with dear Lilly felt—that is all that remains. But we are very close and near and dear. And can build up a very good Christmas between us. God bless you both." Back at Christ Church, he writes to Mrs. Talbot; Jan. 19, 1917, "It was a delicious sample of what Providence can do, if she tries. She so seldom puts out her best. She lies back, and gives no sign. But this time, something had roused her into activity: and she really surpassed herself."

1917–March, 1918

To Bishop Williams

July 5, 1917.—We have got past the terror of trying our hands at reprisals [for the air-raids]. Labour is very disturbed, and strained. But it holds itself in with great self-command. It has been very sorely tried by

* On June 19, he gave the Liverpool Lecture, to the Bishop and Clergy of the Liverpool Diocese. He took for his subject Eschatology, the study of the last things of all. To him, in 1916, eschatology consisted not in fanciful thoughts about the Day of Judgment and Heaven and Hell, but in the final vindication of God on earth. As he wrote in the first winter of the War: "We are eschatologists. God *must* win. We cannot have anything less."

mishandling. It will keep its temper, if only the profiteering can be got under. That really maddens it: and there is a dreadful lot of it about. It is very difficult to come to grips with. But we feel it acutely everywhere. . . . We have just had our 'Longworth' at Cuddesdon: very happy, and the garden a dream of beauty and potatoes. But over two matters we could see no light, *i.e.*, training of clergy, and religious education in secondary and primary schools. Both these things are in a desperate tangle. For the women—we shall give them the full rights given to the laymen, in time.

Dr. Alexander Gibson, who attended him—Sir William Osler and Dr. Collier saw him with Dr. Gibson on this or that occasion—writes that up to August, 1917, Dr. Holland's health caused him no anxiety: but he then began to lose strength, and to complain of restlessness, and of loss of sleep: and there were signs that the action of the heart was beginning to be defective.* He was too ill to finish his lectures to the Summer School in Oxford. During August and September, he was with the Spencer Hollands at Beacon Lodge, Upper Colwall, near Malvern: Father Russell, Philip Waggett, and other friends, helped to cheer him: he got some gentle motoring, to Ledbury his birthplace, and elsewhere: and there was an arbour in the

* "It may not be out of place," Dr. Gibson writes, "to make one or two remarks about his character from a doctor's point of view. I have never had a patient who so wholeheartedly trusted me to do whatever was needful. He never suggested or appeared to wish to have a second opinion: and when such became necessary his reply was always the same, that if it was necessary or I wished it, let it be so, and I should ask whomever I wished. He welcomed my visits, and was glad when the necessary examinations and directions as to treatment were over, so that we could turn to general conversation for a few minutes. He was then delightful: his wont was to get me to talk on some medical or scientific subject which had a human interest, and his keenness in being told some of the problems which were being attacked is one of my most precious memories. He professed no knowledge of science, but in so far as it had a beneficent motive he showed more than a passing interest. The suffering caused by the war was a source of pain to him; and it was abhorrent to him to be told of any individual case of interest that happened to be in hospital."

garden, where he could sometimes enjoy to sit and write.

To Dr. Talbot

Malvern, Sept. 2.—Dearest of men, Your love is ever with me, calling me to myself. It is a hard bad time, this recovery. Heart and things gain strength, and are very steady. But the recovery of the shaken nerve-power is horribly slow: and the physical problems are endless. Nights are a great trial. And I can simply do nothing by day, but get "through it." I am very shaky, and must shut myself up into the moment, and not look ahead at all. These teeth difficulties hamper me so dreadfully. I hope I have learned something about myself. I try to hold fast by the light. But so much of oneself is dead, at these times. I think, above all, of the trust and love of my dear, dear friends, and of you, and your beloved wife. Your prayers and your faith are my joy—in the blessing of God, and of His Son.

To Mr. Percy Hartill

Malvern, Sept. 20.—God's good mercy go with you in your priesthood. You may be enabled to do so much, if you are loyal to the grace given. Open all your soul to its meaning. Looking back on all that I have so hopelessly failed to do since the amazing opportunity of priesthood was given to me forty-three years ago, out of my shame I implore you to hold fast by the light shown you *now*, when you are young and at the start. Just not to fail what now you see, will mean everything. May the Power of the Name uplift and bear you unto the end.

To Mrs. Talbot

Malvern, Sept. 23.—Dearest Lady—Dearest Friend, I have just read over your tender beautiful letter, which Alice kept for me until I could bear it. How can I thank you for it? How can I thank God for it? How is it that I have been given such wonderful boons, as a love like yours? I feel so humbled: abased: ashamed. I see how much of my life I have left absolutely loose, and ungirt.

My eyes have been opened, in a strange way, to the amount of sin of which I never took account. It was hid from me. Now, I see. I suppose that nothing but this shock would have opened my eyes. So I am thanking God for the humiliation. But I cling, all the more, to anything that assures me of the love of good people, that has been given to me throughout my days in such amazing abundance. And here is the proof, in my hands, of your trust, and confidence, and affection, and joy. And you are—you! There is no one like you!

So here I sit, in a little arbour, with the rich Hereford countryside rolling for miles and miles to meet the dark slumber of the Welsh hills. And I bless God for all good things, and, above all, for you, and Edward, and your beloved children. Goodbye! With all the love in my heart.

In October, he was back in Oxford: he writes to Miss Evelyn Holland, Oct. 4, "I crept in to the tag-end of the retreat to-day: it is going on in Oriel, close by. It is the retreat to which I have gone all my life." Forty-five years, from 1872 to 1917.

On Oct. 5, he writes to Bishop Williams, "I shall be very little good for this Term, and shall give up lectures, and try to achieve the long-delayed Introduction to the Fourth Gospel. If only I can manage that! I can crawl about, and begin to take up things, as they come. Goodbye, dear man. May God keep hold of us both in Christ." And, on Dec. 26, "I ought to be thankful I have no pain: and I must wait: and pray. I got to Cathedral for my Christmas Eucharist yesterday: a great comfort, though very tiring. I do not think that Henson is to be called 'heretical' over the central creed of the Incarnation. The War is heart-breaking—Russia! Italy! I see no end. And poor old London is shaken horribly by the cruel raids. Goodbye. God ever bless you." And to Frank Thorne, on Christmas Eve, "It has been blackness visible, here at home. And

we both look out, over the narrow seas, and nothing happens, for all our deaths : while the curse of the raids hangs heavy over poor London : and the very blood grows cold for the broken poor, and the old, and the sick, who lie quaking under the cruel horror. Goodbye, dear son. God's gracious mercy be with you, in this blind year. My love is yours."

On Feb. 28, 1918, he wrote his last letter to Mr. Cheshire about Commonwealth : " Our number looks splendid. It really keeps up wonderfully. Old Wardman is pushing along with great courage and skill : and you are most happy and successful. We seem to have lots of stuff." On Feb. 29, his last letter to Dr. Talbot : " And you ! 74 ! Incredible. Your splendid strength lasts wonderfully. But we all are nearing the hour of closing. Only the great mercy of the Pardon can sustain. It is dreadful how little of real spiritual effort is possible, while the weakness is on us. I can make so very little of it : with this languor and barrenness. Goodbye, dearest of friends." On March 2, he took his last walk outside Christ Church : just into the Meadows, and along the sheltered path under Merton wall. On March 6, he had a bad heart attack : Canon Ottley gave him the Holy Communion : Mrs. Spencer Holland and Miss Hancock received it with him. " I am sitting here waiting for the end," he said. He had hoped that he might be moved to Crossways. He could still enjoy to see intimate friends, and to be read-to and played-to ; he said Mozart was " so refreshing—pure joy " ; he listened gladly to Morris's " The House of the Wolfings " and to Sir Sidney Colvin's Life of Keats : and on March 10 he had a thesis for a divinity degree read to him, and dictated some notes on it.

The worst day was Monday, March 11 : he was terribly restless and breathless. After that day, he remained free

from distress: he wandered in his mind a little, now and again: he was quiet and happy. Mrs. Spencer Holland noted in a diary that "on Wednesday we thought that he was sinking, and I called-in Canon Ottley, who prayed with him. That evening in bed he recited a verse or two of 'There is a green hill far away,' and then 'Yarrow Revisited,' in quite a strong voice. He said after Canon Ottley had been with him, 'It was so wonderfully peaceful: why, I am quite quiet now: better, much better, than the doctor's visit.' He understood quite well a message from Miss Enie Holland, and sent her his blessing. On hearing news of his elder sister, he said, 'Give her my fond love.' I said, 'And your blessing': he replied, 'Yes, and my blessing.' On Friday, he spoke about countersigning the cheque for the Maurice Hostel; which he did quite easily. That afternoon, he suddenly began to say the Nunc Dimittis, and then the psalm, The Lord is my Shepherd; and some prayers: all in a strong voice. On Saturday, he said quite suddenly, 'Well, you see the end is not come. It is extraordinary.' I said something about his being surrounded by love and peace: and he said at once, 'Yes, yes: that I believe profoundly.' I reminded him how he often had said, 'God's time is the best': (the Bach cantata he used to like me to play). He said, 'That too I believe most profoundly.'"

On the Saturday evening, when his brother said good-night to him, he said, "Dear boy, you have been so good to me." Later, Mrs. Illingworth, Miss Hancock, and his night-nurse, happened to be in the room together: and he gaily said, "What a lot of people! We must have a dance!" When Miss Hancock was leaving him, he was so drowsy that she thought it would be better not to have the prayer which they were accustomed to have every night: but he put his hands together for it: so she said it: and he said,

"Goodnight, dear," and she said, "Goodnight, Sir." He died quietly, about 1 a.m., Sunday, March 17.

They put in his hands a cross which the Serbian students in Oxford had given to him. His robes were used as a pall for the coffin. His body was placed in his little prayer-room. Early on Wednesday, it was carried into Cathedral, for a celebration of Holy Communion. The day was brilliantly fine: a company of air-men, who were lodged in Christ Church, stood at attention: and an aeroplane circled low to salute him. At the funeral service at mid-day, the Cathedral was filled with a great crowd. From Cathedral, his body was taken to Cuddesdon for burial. There was no crawling black procession: he would have disliked that sort of funeral: there was a motor-hearse, with motors following: so that it seemed as if he were going ahead swiftly, still able to enjoy the sunlight and the country, and signalling with his red robes to the friends who were behind him.

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